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HISTORY

AND

PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

POCUMTUCK VALLEY

MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION

1899-1904.

Vol. 4



4

VOL. IV.

DEERFIELD, MASS., U. S. A.

PUBLISHED BY THE ASSOCIATION.

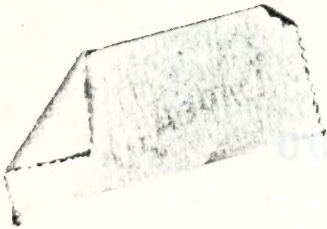
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## REPORT.

Volume IV of the History and Proceedings of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association is herewith submitted to your charitable consideration. It has been edited and published under a vote of the Association at the Annual Meeting of 1904.

The material for these volumes grows more abundant with the passing years. Vol. I covered ten years, 1870-79; Vol. II from 1880 to 1889, ten years; Vol. III eight years, 1890-98; Vol. IV six years, 1899-1904.

This volume will be found uniform in character with the preceding, and the set makes a very creditable appearance. We have not been idle during our thirty-four years of life, and we are willing to place our volumes on the shelves of the great libraries, beside the best historical literature in New England. Every article is original, written for the Association and read before its members.

The edition is limited to 300 copies.

Respectfully submitted,

GEORGE SHELDON,  
J. M. ARMS SHELDON, } *Committee.*

DEERFIELD, February, 1906.

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## ANNUAL MEETING—1899.

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### REPORT.\*

It was the same picturesque, quaint, interesting event—the annual meeting of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, which was held at Old Deerfield, Tuesday afternoon, February 28. The same in general characteristics, as the twenty-nine preceding meetings—the same in the olden-time flavor and antiquarian charm that makes these meetings unique. Both in the old kitchen of Memorial Hall where the veritable and venerable antiquarians, with their gray, or graying heads, and their goodly, quiet cheer, assemble during the afternoon, and in the town-hall where supper and papers fill in the time from early candle-light until along towards night's meridian—there were the familiar, fascinating scenes. Interest in these meetings seems not to wane. This is, doubtless, owing much to the personality of Vice-President Francis M. Thompson who, following in the lines of the older generation of Hon. Geo. Sheldon and Nathaniel Hitchcock, is yet cementing, as must needs be, the old and the new, so that the interest will not die out in the period which is just now at hand when some of the founders are fading, a bit, from the possibility of their one-time activity.

That Deerfield people have unchanging interest in this, their memorial institution, is shown by their unchanging hospitality to all those who attend from out of the town, and, also, by the excellent supper provided and served by the women. The supper has never been better than this year, and from the notably good coffee to Mrs. Ball's sponge cake, it was calculated to conflict somewhat with the prime purpose of the meeting—in making one think intently of the present instead of the past.

\*The "Reports," as in Vols. I-III, are generally those of the newspapers of the day. These show the spirit of the times and the drift of public sentiment.—EDITOR.



A particularly pleasant part of the evening meeting was the music by singers in costume of the olden time—men, women and girls. They all became their costumes—and the costumes became them. They completed a most interesting and pleasing stage picture. Back of the platform was hung the old, old battle-flag. In front were straight-backed old chairs where sat the singers, before whom was an aged little table on which were two candles in antiquated sticks. They were, presently, trimmed by one of the bonneted visitors from the past. One in costume presided at the piano. The music was very pleasant and enjoyed by all. The songs were "New Jerusalem," "Old Hundred" and Sherburne's "Cousin Jedediah."

The venerable George Sheldon, president of the society, was not present, though he almost seemed to be there,—so integral a part of all that is Deerfieldian and antiquarian have his figure and personality become. But the aged Nathaniel Hitchcock, the society's recording secretary, was there, and had many greetings from his friends.

At the business meeting held in the old kitchen in the afternoon, Vice-President Thompson presiding, the following officers were elected :

President : George Sheldon of Deerfield.

Vice-Presidents : Francis M. Thompson of Greenfield ; John M. Smith of Sunderland.

Recording Secretary : Nathaniel Hitchcock of Deerfield.

Corresponding Secretary : Herbert C. Parsons of Greenfield.

Treasurer : Nathaniel Hitchcock.

Assistant Treasurer : John Sheldon of Greenfield.

Members of Council : Charles Jones, Almon C. Williams, Robert Childs, Eunice K. Huntington, Mary P. Wentworth, Deerfield ; Eugene A. Newcomb, Avise S. Arms, Eben A. Hall, Greenfield ; G. W. Horr, Athol ; John E. Russell, Leicester ; Henry M. Phillips, Springfield ; John W. Hoyt, Cincinnati, Ohio ; Charles Corss, Lock Haven, Pa. ; Henry W. Taft, Pittsfield ; Samuel Carter, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A committee of arrangements for the next field day, which will probably be held in Charlemont, was elected as follows :—Mrs. Kate Upson Clark of Brooklyn, N. Y., Rev. Dr. Lyman Whiting of Charlemont, Mrs. Lucy Cutler Kellogg, Jonathan Johnson and E. A. Newcomb of Greenfield, W. L. Harris and J. H. Stebbins of Deerfield. The committee of publication was





authorized to publish the third volume of the proceedings of the Association. A number of gifts were made, among them a piece of wood from the old Stone house at Greenfield, a copy of the address by Whiting Griswold at the opening of court in the remodeled courthouse in Greenfield, March 18, 1873; a copy of the trial of Prof. John W. Webster for the murder of Dr. George Parkman, presented by Major H. Tyler of Greenfield; a letter written in 1845 by President Hitchcock of Amherst College to a lyceum committee of Quaboag Seminary at Warren, of which George W. Horr, now of Athol, was chairman. The letter, which was presented by Mr. Horr, is the quaint old kind of those days before stamps or envelopes had come into being. Mr. Horr also presented a business letter he received in 1854, while he had his office in Brooklyn, N. Y., from William H. Seward. Rev. Lyndon S. Crawford of Trebizond, Turkey, read a paper giving extracts of the story of the life of his father, Rev. Dr. Robert Crawford, for many years pastor of the White church in Deerfield.

After the supper by early candlelight had ended, the evening meeting was opened with prayer by Rev. Andrew Campbell. The first paper was one on "Old-time Advertising," by Edward Branch Lyman of Greenfield. The old-time singers, under the charge of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Ashley, then gave one of their selections and Rev. Lyndon S. Crawford read the poem which had been written for the occasion by Eliza A. Starr. Vice-President Thompson, introducing Miss C. Alice Baker of Cambridge, who read an interesting paper on "Ethan Allen and his Daughter," gave a short, well turned, paper on "Messengers of War and Messengers of Peace." The last paper of the evening was one by President George Sheldon, entitled "New Tracks in an Old Trail." It was read by his son, John Sheldon of Greenfield.



## ADDRESS BY REV. LYNDON S. CRAWFORD.

Dr. Robert Crawford was born on November 24, 1804, at Paisley, Scotland. He was the third child of James and Jane (Kennedy) Crawford, she being the daughter of Douglass Kennedy, from the isle of Arran. His early life was spent in Scotland and his memories of the European wars, and especially of the battle of Waterloo, are interesting. From his grandmother he learned the feeling of many of the people there in regard to the American Revolution, and of the sharp reproof she gave to one of the soldiers who exclaimed, as he was marching away: "I will never come back from that war till I wash my hands in Washington's heart's blood." She, who was a sympathizer with the Americans, immediately retorted: "Then, lad, you will never come back." It was the custom among the Paisley weavers to possess themselves of all the new books and papers they could find, and as they sat at their looms weaving, to appoint a reader while the others listened and discussed the religious or political questions of the hour. As a result of this discussion and thought, it is not surprising that boys, brought up in this atmosphere, developed into scholars and men of literary note.

When young Robert was sixteen his family, with a number of their neighbors, emigrated to Canada. They were assisted by the British government in this undertaking. Theirs was a pioneer life in the new world, entering and clearing the primeval forest and building their log huts and so establishing the town of Lanark, upper Canada.

Near the close of that year (1821) his oldest sister Marrion was married to Archibald McTaggart. The journal records the wedding as follows:

"There was no minister nearer than Perth, twenty miles from us, and my father, the two McTaggart brothers, my sister and myself went there to the marriage, going on foot one day, and coming back the next."

The journal tells of the meetings held from house to house until "after some considerable time a small log church building was erected. . . . I may here state that the first formal sermon I preached was in that little log building. When Mr. Smith, the minister, invited me, I hesitated saying, 'O! I cannot





preach.' I was then a sophomore in college, and was there on a visit to my family. After I had preached, and the service was over, I remember he said to me—'Noo Robert, ye munna say again ye canna preach.'

My text on that occasion was 1 John 4:19, 'We love Him because He first loved us.'"

It was after they had become somewhat settled and young Robert could be spared from home that two opportunities offered themselves to him, one of becoming clerk and liquor-seller on a river steamer, or that of a common workman in digging a canal around the Long Sault rapids. He chose the latter, a fact which gave him great pleasure and satisfaction in later years as he reviewed his life. It was while on his way home from this canal that he and his companion saw at a farmhouse a very old man whom they afterwards learned was the great explorer McKenzie, whose name is preserved in the McKenzie river. In May, 1826, he said good-by to his Canada home and family, and though he had the pleasure of seeing other members of his family, this was his final good-by to his father, who died before he visited Canada again.

From that time till 1832 he was employed as a weaver in the cotton mills of Hoosick Falls, N. Y., and North Bennington, Vt. The son of the owner of the mill, young Thomas Gordon, a student in Williams College, revived in young Crawford's soul the thirst for knowledge which as a small boy he had imbibed in the little schools in Scotland. A visit to his mother about this time, in which she reminded him that he had been dedicated to the gospel ministry when he was born, resulted in his leaving the factories and, after preparing himself by studying nights and mornings, he was able to enter Williams College, where he was graduated in 1836, when he was nearly 32 years of age. During his college course he taught several terms in Bennington, North Adams, Charlemont and Zoar, and had his first ride on a railroad from Albany to Saratoga. This was during the summer of 1833. The journal says: "The cars seemed to be the bodies of the old stages set on car wheels." It was in 1834, during the visit to Canada referred to above that he interested a number of young men in the matter of an education, and six of these afterwards became ministers. His theological course was taken in Princeton (N. J.) Seminary and in the Union Seminary at New York. It was while a tutor in Williams College that he



became engaged to Miss Ellen Griffin, daughter of his former college president, to whom he was married September 30, 1840. He had been ordained at North Adams, August 20 preceding, and continued for 15 years the pastor of the Congregational church of that place. It was there that their seven children were born, and it is there that three of them died. Two years were spent in a parish near Chester, Pa. A northern minister was not welcome there at that time, but when he came to look for a northern parish some doors were shut against him because he was hailing from the South. Old Deerfield, however, was glad to welcome him, and he was settled over the Orthodox Congregational church January 12, 1858, where he remained in active service until the death of his wife in 1881. He remained pastor emeritus until his death in 1896, and was very thankful to be able to preach frequently up to very near the end of his life.

He was upon the school committee of Deerfield for many years. In July, 1861, he succeeded Rev. J. F. Moors, on the removal of the latter to Greenfield as President of the Board of Trustees of Deerfield Academy and was successively elected to that office until 1888. He was the chief agent in the recovery of the "Old Indian House Door," from Dr. Slade of Newton, its holder and owner. On its return to Deerfield a board of trustees was organized for its care, of which he was president. When the P. V. M. Association was formed and an act of incorporation asked for, the five trustees signed the petition and became charter members. Soon after, the old door was formally transferred to the new Association. It is now a great center of attraction in your "Indian Room." He was a member of most of the important committees engaged in the preliminary work of settling the Association in its present quarters. He was the first corresponding secretary and continued in that office thirteen years; he was a member of the council for six years.

In the fall of 1862 he was nominated for the state senate. No one was more surprised than he when the nomination came to him, for apparently there had been no previous mention of his name. When his young daughter told him that he had been nominated, "I answered her rather sharply, thinking that for some cause or other she was, as the children say, 'fooling me.'"

At this period one wrote of him: "He is a good Christian,





kind-hearted, intelligent, trusty, affable man, just what every legislator ought to be. We intend to vote for him and be thankful we have so good a man to receive our vote."

Commenting on this in his diary, Dr. Crawford writes: "This is a pretty good set-off, rather fulsome for a man to read about himself, but just such things politicians like and are accustomed to." He talked of declining, but his deacons and parishioners requested him to remain in the field. After the election Dr. Crawford made this entry in his diary: "Well, the ordeal is past. Election came Tuesday of this week and I was elected a Massachusetts senator for this district, a high honor many would doubtless esteem it; and I feel grateful certainly, yet humbled. In the common phrase, I ran far ahead of my ticket, showing that I had more than my own party votes; and it is pleasant to feel that one stands well, not only as a party man, but with others also. But I mean to keep in mind that I am a minister of the gospel and must maintain my character as such, if I am a senator. God give me grace to do so always."

Dr. Crawford then gives a description of a reception in Deerfield, when Rev. Mr. Hosmer, who had enlisted as a private in the Fifty-second, was presented with a silver-mounted pistol. The Fifty-second had been encamped on Petty's Plain. On Tuesday, November 20, 1862, Dr. Crawford made this entry: "A drizzly, unpleasant day and a gloomy one for many of our people. Our boys in blue broke camp today at 2 o'clock p. m., and marched to the depot, where a long train of cars awaited them and on which they made their start for the seat of war. With all the pageantry of the occasion, there were many tears shed, many hearts ached. With not a few of those brave fellows it was their last parting with friends here. They were never to return again from the cruel but patriotic errand on which they were going. Two days before I had visited them, and distributed to each from our community, a copy of the New Testament and Psalms."

The following anecdote finely illustrates a salient feature in his kindly character:

During his last years, while in Clinton, Conn., at the home of his oldest daughter, Mrs. Emerson, on his daily walks he frequently met and chatted with two little girls. They never knew his name but they knew that he must be "Somebody's Grandpapa." And when he died Oct. 26, 1896, and the "Colo-



nial Express," which did not usually stop at Clinton, did stop one day to take his body on to Newark, N. J., those little girls ran into the house and said "Somebody's Grandpapa is dead but he was such a good man, they did n't put him in the ground but the Express Train stopped and took him on and took him clear to Heaven."

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### THE OLD BURYING GROUND.

BY ELIZA ALLEN STARR OF CHICAGO, ILL.

Where sunshine rests from dawn to set of sun,  
Where wilding roses bloom, not asking care,  
The ancient tomb stones leaning, moss o'er grown,  
The story tell of town and village fair;

Of town and village in the far-off time  
When copse and hedge held, oft, a wily foe,  
And stealthy feet would o'er the meadows glide  
Nor leave a trace upon the frozen snow;

Of August days, ere morning dews were dry,  
And tender mists along the hillsides clung;  
Yet still the story is of death and blood,  
Of noble deeds by blazing firesides sung.

And ours the fruitage, ours the sweet reward  
Of dauntless courage, patient aims that rose  
Above the tidal line of selfish gains,  
Above the loud laments o'er selfish woes.

Lift not the sod upon those ancient graves;  
Raise not a stone a-lean with honored years;  
This is no place for renovating hand—  
A place, alone, for venerating tears.

Again I stand in this horizon's round  
Of melting loveliness; the August skies,  
That brought my birth, bend gently o'er the scene  
To memory sacred and long cherished ties;

Its story of the village and the town  
Set to the music of the noble waves  
That flow beneath. Beloved Pocumtuck, guard,  
With your strong current, my ancestral graves.



MESSENGERS OF WAR AND MESSENGERS  
OF PEACE.

BY JUDGE FRANCIS M. THOMPSON.

On the last Tuesday of February, 1703-04, there arrived before the palisades of the little frontier hamlet of Deerfield, messengers of war, sent forth by Vaudreuil, the governor of New France, under the command of Hertel de Rouville, consisting of 200 Frenchmen and 142 Indians. The people of Pocumtuck will ever remember the nature and the results of this message of war:—but let us forget for a moment, if we can, the devilish work of these messengers, who claimed to march under the banner of the Prince of Peace; forget the fiendish murder of innocent women and children; the scalping-knife and the bloody hatchet; the torch and the flame;—and think only of the daring bravery and the wonderful hardihood of these men who had undertaken and accomplished the long and perilous journey, in the midst of winter's snow and ice, through the pathless forests which then stretched unbroken from the Connecticut to the St. Lawrence river; and imagine the depth of devotion of these fanatics to their country and their king, and their frenzied zeal for their religion so often shown by their intense hatred of the detested English heretic.

But brave and daring as were these messengers of war, their valor and courage was certainly equaled, if not excelled, by those messengers of peace, Ensign John Sheldon and John Wells, who, on their errand of mercy, started on the 20th day of the following December to traverse these unknown paths to Canada, by the way of Albany and the lakes, over that trail which 50 years later became the scene of the "Bloody Morning Scout," long to be remembered, and which for a century was the great highway of slaughter and of death.

Well may the biographer of Ensign Sheldon say:—"We need not go back to the days of King Arthur for exploits of chivalry; our Colonial history is full of them. This man, long past the daring impulses of youth:—this youth,—whose life is all before him:—show me two braver knights-errant, setting out for loftier purposes, or on more perilous pilgrimage."





“Three hundred miles of painful and unaccustomed tramping on snow-shoes in mid-winter, over mountain and morass; through tangled thickets and snow clogged forests, where with fell purpose the cruel savage lurked; with gun in hand, and pack on back, now wading knee deep through some rapid stream, now in the face of the fierce north wind toiling over the slippery surface of the frozen lake, now shuffling tediously along in the sodden ice of some half thawed river, digging away the drifts at night for his camp; wet, lame, half famished and chilled to the bone, hardly daring to build a fire,—a bit of dried meat from his pack for his supper, spruce boughs for his bed, crouching there in his blanket, his head muffled in the hood of his capote, eye and ear alert, his mittened hand grasping the hilt of his knife at his belt; up at daybreak and on again, through storm and sleet, pelted by pitiless rains or blinded by whirling snow:—what iron will and nerves of steel, sound mind and sound body, to dare and do what this man did.”

Three times did this old Puritan yeoman make this journey to search out and recover the English captives, and to a great extent through his efforts, it is owing that within a period of about eight years, all but thirty of them had been restored to their English homes, and of those not accounted for, General Hoyt says, “They remained in Canada, mixing with French and Indians and adopting their manners and customs, and were lost to their friends.”

Nearly two hundred years elapsed, and against the names of those almost forgotten ones, whose existence seemed like a dream,—stood the record, “Taken captive to Canada, whence they came not back again;” when a new messenger of peace, a woman, and a scion of that brave old first messenger, skilled by education and the art of diplomacy, and by her zeal and energy, “iron will and nerves of steel, sound mind in sound body,” in every way fully fitted for her delicate mission, started in mid-winter from Pocumtuck valley for Canada, fully determined to learn something of the lives of the missing captives.

Her route is nearly identical with that followed by the French army and its prisoners upon their homeward march after the sacking of Deerfield, but under what different conditions. In a palace car, inlaid with foreign woods, beautifully upholstered with rich and costly stuffs, heated with steam and



brilliantly lighted, she glides smoothly along, now through some beautiful village standing where once in the deep wilderness her captive relative had shivered in a winter camp; now over some rapid frozen stream through whose icy waters the half-starved captives had been forced to wade; then gliding over the shining rails in full view of the long lake over the frozen surface of which the poor captives had been compelled to haul the loaded sleds of their masters in weakness and despair. She makes her journey from Deerfield to Montreal in about twelve hours, but the English captives on their memorable march were struggling through the wilderness for many weeks.

The first messengers of peace were met upon their arrival with characteristic chivalry by the French governor, with suspicion and jealousy by the Indians, who feared the loss of their captives without ransom, and by the Jesuit priests with ill-concealed treachery. Their steps were dogged by spies, and every obstruction which the government would allow, was placed in the way of the accomplishment of their humane mission. How different the reception of our later day messenger. Every facility for the accomplishment of her purpose was freely accorded her by priest and people; the doors of the convents thrown open, and old records brought out by the parish priest and searched for memoranda of those "who were taken captive to Canada and came not back again." What astonishing and wonderful success met the prolonged labor and keen scrutiny of our modern messenger of peace and good will, and the good work still goes on, and by those means "eighteen of these exiles have been accounted for and the records of their lives identified." For this work, and for much other in antiquarian channels, what a debt of gratitude, love and honor this Association and the people of this valley owe to Charlotte Alice Baker.

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## NEW TRACKS IN AN OLD TRAIL.

BY GEORGE SHELDON.

In threshing over old straw which has been a score of times under the persistent flail, no great results are to be expected. If here and there a few grains hidden away in odd corners, or enveloped in thick husks, be discovered, it satisfies any reasonable demand.





When "The Redeemed Captive" of Parson John Williams and the "Journal" of his son Stephen are subjected to this process, enough new pigment is found to paint quite an interesting little picture of events hitherto lying in the shadow. If nothing new of really historic importance appears on the canvas, I trust some obscure points have been cleared up and some new details of local interest brought to light. It is the purpose of this paper to give the results which this new scrutiny of old authorities has developed, relating to the sacking of Deerfield, February 29, 1704; to the capturing of Mr. Williams and his enforced journey over the snows to Canada, together with that of his ten-year old boy. As these narratives have been my principal authority, of course nothing can be found herein to militate against their contents, but a searching analysis will throw a few side lights upon their somewhat disconnected statements, while a new and interesting historical hypothesis will be more or less clearly established, from the words of those most nearly concerned, John and Stephen Williams.

It is well known to careful students of the history of the times that the inroad upon Deerfield in 1704 was not a purely military affair. Its object was not to conquer territory to be held for France; it was not to capture a fort which controlled a territory necessary for future military operations; it was not to distract an enemy and keep him on the defensive; it was not to reconquer for the valley Indians their old homes or avenge their old wrongs, or settle old scores; it was not to recover prisoners taken in a successful foray. It was none of these, nor was it any other act of legitimate warfare. What, then, was the animus and object of this assault upon peaceful Deerfield? The result of the attack has been too often described to need here more than this simple statement: Canadian barbarians were brought three hundred miles through the wilderness under the conduct of a choice scion of the chivalry of France, and turned loose upon a sleeping village to satiate their native love of blood and plunder, not only without let or hindrance, but under the protection of the French soldiers, "the greatest part standing to their Arms . . . & killing all they could y<sup>t</sup> made any resistance." It nowhere appears that the French were directly engaged in breaking open the houses and in killing or taking captive the occupants. The French acted apparently only as a bodyguard for the Indians in their preliminary work. Later,



they joined in the attempt to reduce the Benoni Stebbins house, and in securing provisions for their homeward march. This expedition was in purpose and fact a purely political measure with a military adjunct for its execution.

In 1703 Philip de Rigaud, Marquis de Vaudreuil, became governor of Canada, and his earliest prominent act was to make the Eastern Indians violate the treaty of peace just made between them and the English, with the consent of M. de Callieres, his predecessor. The new governor forced the Indians to surprise the English settlements in Maine with torch and tomahawk. In return some of the Abenaki Indians were killed by the Maine settlers. The Abenaki Sachems went at once to Canada and asked the assistance of the French in taking their revenge. Vaudreuil in a letter to the home Government expressly declares that he was only too happy to comply with this request, and that the expedition against Deerfield was organized at their solicitation, to show the Indians that the French were their friends, and to break up a talked-of treaty between the Abenakis and the English. The governor says the Indians called upon him in the following June to thank him formally for this assistance.

At the time this expedition was set on foot, a French prisoner of war was in the hands of the Massachusetts Governor Dudley, at Boston. He was called in the correspondence between Dudley and Vaudreuil, Capt. Battis, or Baptiste. He was a man of some importance in Canada with a status not clearly defined. It has been stated that he was a relative of Vaudreuil. Miss Baker finds no evidence of this relationship, but I cannot help suspecting that there were other than reasons of state for the extraordinary and persistent efforts of Vaudreuil for the recovery of this captive. There was much correspondence with Dudley on the subject, upon which it is unnecessary to dwell longer at this time.

Thus far I have spoken by the book, plain documentary evidence. My next step will be an assumption founded on testimony satisfactory to me, although circumstantial and widely scattered. I shall later attempt to point out and concentrate the evidence on which this assumption is based.

I assume that, independent of his declared object, Governor Vaudreuil attached to the expedition against Deerfield in 1704 an important side issue. I assume that for the purpose of ob-



taining a prisoner of sufficient importance to secure the exchange of Capt. Baptiste, Vaudreuil made a special arrangement for securing Mr. Williams. That he engaged two Macqua Sachems and one brave to go along with the army, whose especial duty it was to capture and bring back safely to Canada the Minister of Deerfield, with a promise of a substantial reward in case of success. The capture was made and the prisoner delivered to the Governor, and in due time we shall see that two of his agents received the promised reward, presumably in the coin of the realm, but the third, the leader, we shall also see had already received his reward, in the shape of an ounce of cold lead from the hand of one of the brave men defending the Benoni Stebbins house.

We will now examine the foundations of my assumption and see what light we can get on the methods of the emissaries in carrying their commission to a successful issue. Mr. Williams says, "They came to my house in the beginning of the onset, and by their violent endeavours to break open doors and windows, with axes and hatchets, awaked me out of sleep." As Mr. Williams was to be the principal prize no risk was to be run. May it not be safe to conclude that after all the arrangements for the surprise were made, the attack on his house was to be the signal for the general assault? This supposition, however, presupposes a knowledge of the location of this house, which must be accounted for. There were Indians in Canada at this period well acquainted with Deerfield, who could be perfect guides. One was a woman named Ruth, who when a child had been taken by the English in Philip's War. She had lived in the family of the Reverend and Doctor Gershom Bulkley in Wethersfield, Ct., and had often been at the house of Mr. Williams in Deerfield. Somehow she found her way to Canada and had become a convert to Romanism. Ruth was one who could have drawn a rough outline of the fort, giving the location of Mr. Williams's house and even a plan of its interior. Whether or not Ruth did this, it is evident that both its location and the plan of its interior were known to the Macqua agents of Vaudreuil.

Once safely within the stockade, with not a symptom of alarm from the sleeping victims, doubtless parties of Indians were swiftly detailed for each house in the fort, that the attack might be simultaneous upon a given signal. It would seem at this





supreme moment the French were "standing to their Arms" on the training field, or common; certainly none remained near the point of entrance, for nobody was there to interfere with the escape of those who jumped from the back windows of the Sheldon and Williams houses. It appears to have been a comparatively large party that made the attack on the house of the minister, as the doors and windows were assaulted at the same instant. Evidently his doors were not so strong as that of the Old Indian House with which we are acquainted, for one door was broken down at once. Mr. Williams says, when awakened by the noise, he "leaped out of bed, and, running towards the door, perceived the enemy making their entrance into the house. . . . The enemy immediately brake into the [bed] room, I judge to the number of twenty, with painted faces and hideous acclamations. . . . The enemy who entered the house were all of them Indians and Maquas," none being Frenchmen. Besides the special agents, there was Wattanamon, and probably his kinsman, Sagamore George of Pennicooke. As the enemy crowded into his bedroom, Mr Williams showed a daring that was reckless. "Taking down my pistol," he says, "I cocked it and put it to the breast of the first Indian who came up." This, it will later appear, was the Macqua chief. Had the flint of Mr. Williams's pistol answered true, Vaudreuil's leading agent would then and there have had his accounts settled; but "My pistol missing fire, I was seized by three Indians, who disarmed me and bound me naked, as I was in my shirt, and so I stood for near the space of an hour." The chief prisoner being safe under a small guard, "the enemy fell to rifling the house, and entered in great numbers into every room." Having secured what plunder they could carry, the captors returned to the bedroom, where, says Williams, "they gave me liberty to put on my clothes;" but so cautious were they with their prize, that, with all the crew about him, they were afraid to free the parson militant for one moment, but, he continues "keeping me bound with a cord on one arm, till I put my clothes to the other, and then changing my cord, they let me dress myself, then pinioned me again." The savage who had captured Mrs. Williams, says her husband, "gave liberty to my dear wife to dress herself, and our children."

When "binding me," says Mr. Williams, "they told me they would carry me to Quebec." These words were significant,



but Mr. Williams could not then see, as we now can, the full force of that declaration. All the other captives would of course be carried to Canada, but not to Quebec, for they would be held by their captors as private property, being personal chance captives, to be kept among themselves, or sold to the French at their pleasure. Not so Mr. Williams; he was to be carried to Quebec as a prisoner of state. Had the miserable captive known this fact he would have been saved much subsequent anxiety and suffering on the journey.

Generally, so fast as the captives were secured and provisions from the plundered houses packed for the homeward march, parties were dispatched to the rendezvous about Red Rocks, but the Williams family were kept in their own house. "About sun an hour high," says Williams, "we were all carried out of the house, for a march, and saw many of the houses of my neighbors in flames, perceiving the whole fort, one house excepted, to be taken." Circumstances had prevented his Macqua captors from leaving the house before, and Mr. Williams was too valuable a prize to be trusted to the ordinary captives' guard. Therefore he was moved when the main army began its retreat, after being baffled in the assault on the Stebbins house.

There are many notable points in the brief sentences which I have quoted from Mr. Williams. There were about fifteen or sixteen houses within the walls of the fort, and but 140 Indians in the army, so that only about nine would naturally be assigned to each house. But we find as many as twenty or more attacking the house of Mr. Williams, and we note that so soon as the outer door gave way under their blows, the whole twenty, instead of scattering about in the other rooms, rushed directly to Mr. Williams's bedroom, broke down the door and pushed in pell mell. What was the reason for this concentration about this house and this particular room? Apparently, it was evident to all that that bedroom was the center of operations, that there was the chief prize. It may be that all hoped to share the honor, if not the reward, for the capture of the minister; and not unlikely a portion of the assailants considered it open to competition. And so it would have been if the three Macquas had fallen in the attempt. At any rate here was the chief family in the fort, and here would naturally be the best chance for plunder and other valuable captives. Of this opportunity



they availed themselves as soon as the first prize was secured, entering "in great numbers into every room" in the house, says the narrative.

We have seen that one of the Macqua leaders escaped death by a narrow margin at the hands of Mr. Williams. Can we conceive of any other reason, except the strict charge to bring Mr. Williams back alive or forfeit the pay, why the savage did not instantly retaliate and deal his would-be slayer a deadly blow with his hatchet. That would seem to be the most natural and justifiable thing to do. What else could have stayed his hot hand and prevented the instant sacrifice of Mr. Williams? In the rest of the field of operations we read, "they killed all they could y<sup>t</sup> made any resistance."

Mr. Williams says that while he stood bound in his house, "the enemies . . . all of them Indians and Macquas insulted over me awhile, threatening to burn all I had;" he does not say they threatened to kill him, but "binding me, they told me they would carry me to Quebec."

We may well repeat here that all of the twenty who assaulted Mr. Williams's house went inside, so that there was no one to prevent John Stoddard and another soldier, placed in the house for his protection, from jumping unobserved from the chamber windows and escaping unmolested. And this brings us to another link in the chain of evidence.

In Gov. Winthrop's manuscript we find an item bearing upon our narrative at this point, and accounting for some matters already canvassed:—"One house, viz.: Benoni Stebbins', they attacked later than some others, y<sup>t</sup> those in it were well awakened, being 7 men; besides woemen and children, who stood stoughtly to y<sup>l</sup>r armes, firing upon y<sup>e</sup> Enemy & y<sup>e</sup> enemy upon y<sup>m</sup> causing sevell of the Enemy to fall, of w<sup>ch</sup> was one frenchman, a Gentile man to appearance." Now, the Benoni Stebbins house, the Parson Williams house, and the Sheldon house stood at the northwest corner of the stockade, where it has always been said De Rouville scaled the palisades. These houses, with the temporary shelter of Sergt. John Hawks, formed an isolated group some dozen or fifteen rods from those on the east or south, and, as we have said, were right in the path of the invaders. In the attack on the Sheldon house we have no account of any attempt to force the windows or back door; the marks on the front door bear evidence of only two or three assailants, who





did not succeed in breaking it down. Meanwhile two, at least, of its occupants jumped from its east windows unobserved. Why was this house so lightly assaulted and why was the Stebbins house entirely unmolested, while we have a score or more of the Indians breaking into the Williams house? This is a pertinent enquiry to which there has been hitherto no reply, and no conjecture has so far been hazarded. But are we not now ready to assume that the greater part of the squad assigned to the Sheldon house, and all of that assigned to the Stebbins house, joined that assigned to the Williams house? Can a movement of this kind be accounted for? Those assigned to attack this group of houses would naturally be the first to leave the main army. During the short time they were awaiting the posting of the others, and the signal for attack, the secret of the Macquas may have leaked out. On learning which house contained the great prize and which of course would be the most hopeful place to look for other rich spoils, who can doubt that it was the combined contingent which swarmed into the house of Mr. Williams? Is there any other explanation why the Benoni Stebbins house was unmolested? This being the case, the prudent arrangements for a simultaneous attack were frustrated. The result of this disarrangement of plan was disastrous to the enemy, resulting not only in the death of the officer second in command under Rouville, but of the leading Macqua Sachem and others of less note, but it prevented further progress of the victors south of the fortified line. To the settlers it was a fortunate happening; the salvation of those in the late beleaguered Stebbins house and in many another house south of the fort. The occupants of the Stebbins house, "7 men and some women and children, being well awakened" by the hellish tumult outside, realized its full import, and were quickly prepared and on the defensive when the onset came. Doubtless the Macqua Sachem, leaving Mr. Williams safely bound in the hands of his two confederates and feeling some responsibility for the fatal delay, made daring efforts to retrieve it, and he lost his life in the desperate but vain fight against the Spartan defenders of the Stebbins house. Nor could all the red Indians and all the king's men drive the brave seven and their helpful wives from their cover, either by fire or by sword. When the dawn came to their aid, the field within the range of their shot was soon cleared of their foes, who then poured in their bullets from the



shelter of the meetinghouse, the Sheldon house, and perhaps the house of the minister. Mr. Williams thus briefly tells the story: "The judgment of God did not long slumber against one of the three which took me, who was a captain, for by sun-rising he received a mortal shot from my next neighbor's house; who opposed so great a number of French and Indians as three hundred, and yet were no more than seven men in an ungarrisoned house." Three hundred against seven! More than forty to one!

Where can this act of desperate valor be paralleled? In the annals of New England warfare are found many cases where a small force successfully defends a fort or cabin against a horde of savages, but never against such odds and backed by a force of French soldiers under officers of the line.

Many of the details given and to be given may seem trivial, but each item gives its bit of testimony in support of the assumption with which we set out. These details are scattered all through the pages of "The Redeemed Captive."

On the march we find the greatest care was taken to prevent the escape of Mr. Williams. He says, "I was pinioned and bound down that night and so I was every night while I was in the army. . . . He that took me was unwilling to let me speak with any of the prisoners as we marched," thus preventing any plotting to escape. "But on the morning of the second day, he being appointed to guard the rear" of the retreating army, "I was put into the hands of my other master" who, feeling the responsibility less heavy, gave the captive leave to walk and talk with his wife when they overtook her.

The fact that this Macqua was put in charge of the rear guard on the morning of the second day's march shows that he ranked high and probably took the command in place of the head Sachem who fell before the sharpshooters in the Stebbins house. His declining to keep Mr. Williams with him in the rear, where there would be danger of a rescue in case of pursuit, shows a wise care for the security of his prisoner. At the noon halt the chief was relieved of his command in the rear and sent to the head of the column where he took his prisoner, kept him under his direct charge, and made him his main care. When the van reached the top of the hill, Mr. Williams says, "I was permitted to sit down, and be unburthened of my pack, I . . . intreated my master to let me go down, and help up my wife;



but he refused, and would not let me stir from him." The cautious savage would take no risks, there was too much at stake, and Mr. Williams never saw his wife again. That night one of the Sachems of the Abenakis, the tribe for whose benefit the expedition had been undertaken, feeling that he was short in the division of plunder and trophies of his prowess, coolly went to the Macqua camp, and, says Mr. Williams, "spake to my master about killing of me, and taking off my scalp." Evidently the Abenaki was not in the secret, and he retired no richer or wiser than when he came. Neither was Mr. Williams in the secret, and naturally objected to such a summary proceeding, protesting to his master that it would be an act of bad faith after his surrender. "I told my master if he intended to kill me, I desired he would let me know of it. . . . He told me he would not kill me." Doubtless the emissary smiled grimly when he gave that assurance. The Abenaki chief was not satisfied, however, and made complaint to De Rouville. The result was that: "In the morning we were all called before the chief Sachem of the Macquas and Indians, that a more equal distribution might be made of the prisoners among them. . . . But I was sent again to my two masters, who brought me from my house." This movement for redistribution was a matter of policy, if not necessity, to quiet the savages. The question of a new disposition of Mr. Williams, however, was only a pretense, and De Rouville found no lack of reasons for restoring him to his captors. That the personal appearance of their captive might not enhance the value of the prize, Mr. Williams says, "at my going from the wigwam, my best clothing was taken away from me." This was sharp practice on the part of the Macquas, who chose to consider this clothing private plunder and refused to display it before the Abenakis. Later it was sold to the French in Canada. Stephen Williams says of this morning's affair: "Some of us were Distributed for some had five or six Captives & others none. Then they called y<sup>e</sup> Captives together to make a more Equal Distribution, but I remained w<sup>th</sup> my former master. Here they searche me And took away my silver buttons & buckles w<sup>ch</sup> I had on my shirt." Such plunder was probably used for small change in making the new distribution. It would be interesting to know what the Abenaki Sachem secured in lieu of the scalp of Mr. Williams, that escutcheon of honor with which he was ambitious to





adorn his belt. None of the Williams children appears to have changed masters at this time, and as none of the Deerfield captives was ever found among the Abenakis, these Indians probably received satisfaction for their share of the spoils in some other kind of personal property. It nowhere appears that the French soldiers ever laid claim to any of the captives or to the plunder. For their escort duty on this little trip, they were paid by the King of France. After this distribution the French apparently took no further concern for the captives. Their contract with the Indians was fulfilled. All parties made their way to Canada as best suited their will or convenience.

Sunday, March 5, Mr. Williams was "permitted to pray & preach to the captives," and he says, "When the Macquas and Indians were chief in power, we had this revival in our bondage; to join together in the worship of God, and encourage one another to a patient bearing the indignation of the Lord, till he should plead our cause. When we arrived at New France we were forbidden praying one with another or joining together in the service of God." It is well known to historians that there was an influence in Canada, which ruled not only the Indians but practically controlled the civil and military authorities.

March 8. The Macqua Sachem withdrew his party from the main body. There was no apparent reason for this move unless he feared losing his prize through some act of the Abenakis. He may not always have been free to be a personal guard. Now, having left the main body, he was his own master, and his will law. It was on the very first day after the separation that the dramatic scene occurred which is thus described by Mr. Williams.

"At night my master came to me, with my pistol in his hand, and put it to my breast, and said, now I will kill you, for (said he) at your house you would have killed me with it if you could. But by the Grace of God I was not much daunted; and whatever his intentions might be, God prevented my death."

We may now be sure that the intention of the savage was simply an attempt characteristic of his race, to sport with the fears of his prisoner for his own diversion. This was a game he did not dare to play before parting with the Abenakis; it might encourage the sport, and they might carry the joke too far; even now it was done under the cover of darkness, and



apparently with no spectators. From this time forward Mr. Williams was not bound down nights, as his captors could give their personal care to his security. The next Sunday one of the Indians kept guard over Mr. Williams while the rest went hunting. They soon came back, saying seven moose had been killed. This exploit shows the Macqua to be on his own ground, and his knowledge of the location of a "moose yard." The next day the party moved up to the murdered moose. Three days were spent in roasting and drying the meat for their journey. "Here," says Mr. Williams, "my master made me a pair of snow shoes, for (said he) you cannot possibly travel without, the snow being knee deep." Mr. Williams was obliged to assist in the transportation of this provision, but he was burdened no longer than it was necessary, for, when they reached French River:—"My master, at this place, took away my pack and drewed the whole load on the ice." Each night a wigwam was built to shelter the exhausted traveler, who was failing under the hardships. Mr. Williams says, "My master was very kind to me—would always give me the best he had to eat, and by the goodness of God, I never wanted a meal's meat during my captivity; though some of my children and neighbors were greatly wounded (as I may say) with the arrows of famine and pinching want; having for many days nothing but roots to live upon, and not much of them neither. My master gave me a piece of Bible; never disturbed me in reading the scriptures, or in praying to God." Soon, however, Mr. Williams was called to an experience of this kindness which was a sore trial to his faith.

Spring came on apace. Hurry they must or their highway would melt under their feet. Mr. Williams says, "My march on French River was very sore; for, fearing a thaw, we travelled a very great pace; my feet were so bruised, and my joints so distorted by my travelling in snow shoes, that I thought it impossible to hold out. . . . Each night I wrung blood out of my stockings when I pulled them off." The Indian knew that a crisis in their march was at hand; delay was not to be thought of, and extraordinary measures must be adopted. Early one morning when his plans were matured, the chief awoke his charge, saying, "arise, pray to God, and eat your breakfast, for we must go a great way today." But, Mr. Williams says, "my feet were so tender, swoln, bruised, and full of



pain, that I could scarce stand upon them, without holding on to the wigwam, and when the Indian said, you must run to-day; I answered I could not run; my master pointing out to his hatchet, said to me, then I must dash out your brains, and take off your scalp. I said, I suppose then you will do so, for I am not able to travel with speed. He sent me away alone on the ice. About sun half an hour high, he over-took me, for I had gone very slowly, not thinking it possible to travel five miles. When he came up, he called me to run; I told him I could go no faster. He passed by without saying one word more."

The condition of the poor sufferer was now desperate. Death in another form stared him in the face. Starvation must surely follow desertion by the savage. Life was still sweet, and the knowledge that his fate depended upon his own exertion nerved him to that supreme effort of which the experienced Macqua judged him capable. The latter understood the power of man's endurance in an extremity. He skillfully kept just far enough in advance, and showed himself just often enough, to lure his follower on and keep the embers of hope from being buried in the ashes of despair. This heroic treatment was successful. Mr. Williams says, "I travelled from about break of day till dark; never so much as sat down at noon to eat warm victuals; eating frozen meat, which I had in coat pocket, as I travelled. We went that day two of their day's journey as they came down. I judge we went forty or forty-five miles that day . . . . in the afternoon I was stronger to travel than in the forenoon. My strength was restored and renewed to admiration."

Here was a striking exhibition of the power of mind over matter. The strong will of the fagged out minister alone carried him through. We may be sure the hurrying Sachem kept a wary eye on his captive and would have returned to him in case of extreme need. He knew, of course, that there was no possibility of an escape or of a rescue. In due time the party reached the place where the Sachem's family were, and after various moves they "made a canoe of elm bark in one day," went down the Sorel river and arrived at the French town of Chambly, March 25. Soon after they went on to St. Francis.

As we have seen, Mr. Williams was always fully supplied with food, but he did not fare so well for clothing, "having





lousy old clothes of soldiers put upon me when they stripped me of mine to sell to the French soldiers in the army." Mr. Williams had otherwise been subjected to physical suffering only as a necessary consequence of his condition. He expresses gratitude for the personal care and consideration of his savage masters. It must, however, be questioned whether this kindness was prompted by a humane motive or by one less commendable. His masters were converts to Romanism, but so catholic were they, that every opportunity was allowed for the devotions of their captive, and they had shown full respect to his religious views. But now Mr. Williams was to enter upon another chapter of experiences. He was not only to be well fed but well clothed and well housed; he was also to be well treated by the civil authorities and the common people of Canada. But he was denied every chance of religious converse with other captives, and was kept by the priests under the theological harrow from his arrival at Chambly until the hour he embarked for Boston. But this is rather beside our object.

Gov. Vaudreuil, on receiving news that Mr. Williams had reached St. Francis, sent orders to have him brought forthwith up to Montreal. "Upon which," says Mr. Williams, "one of the Jesuits went with my two masters, and took me along with them." Tuesday, April 25, Mr. Williams arrived at Montreal, where "the Governor de Vaudreuil redeemed me out of the hands of the Indians, gave me good clothing, took me to his table, gave me the use of a very good chamber, and was in all respects, relating to my outward man, courteous and charitable to admiration."

Now let us examine the above transaction to see if there is any evidence to support my assumption. Mr. Williams simply says Vaudreuil "redeemed me out of the hands of the Indians." For this and other acts of kindness, he was grateful to the governor. Had he known the facts, he might not have been less grateful, for he would doubtless have fared much worse had he been unprotected. But Mr. Williams never knew what he unconsciously reveals. Mark the manner in which this so-called "redemption" was accomplished. Vaudreuil simply orders Mr. Williams to be brought to him, and it is done. There is not a moment's hesitation, and not a word about the conditions of delivering the carefully guarded prisoner. The two surviving Macquas simply hand over their prize, and secure



their reward, doubtless a generous one. Their mission is at an end, and nothing more is heard of them. In all other known cases of the redemption of English prisoners, there is much haggling about the price of the chattel. We shall see, furthermore, that the governor had no power to take other prisoners from the hands of their owners.

Contrast the foregoing case of the "redemption" of Mr. Williams with what follows. Vaudreuil, for some reason, is anxious to reclaim from savage hands all the children of Mr. Williams. Why does he not use the summary method which he did with the father? For the simple reason that the father is a prisoner of state, while the children were private property.

Hear Mr. Williams:—"At my first entering into his house, he [Vaudreuil] sent for my two children, who were in the city, that I might see them; and promised to do what he could to get all my children out of the hands of the savages." Of the redemption of the eldest daughter we have no particulars. But "the governor gave orders to certain officers to get the rest of my children out of the hands of the Indians." After six weeks of ineffectual effort by these officers, "a merchant of the city obtained my eldest son, who was taken to live with him. He took a great deal of pains to persuade the savages to part with him," and so accomplished what the agents of the governor had been unable to do. "The governour ordered a priest to go along with me to see my youngest daughter among the Macquas, and endeavour for her ransom. I went with him . . . and from his parish, which was near the Macqua fort, he wrote a letter to the Jesuit [in the fort], to desire him to send my child to see me, and to speak with them who took her to come along with her. But the Jesuit wrote back a letter, 'That I should not be permitted to speak with, or see my child, and if I came, my labour would be lost; and that the Macquas would as soon part with their hearts as my child.'" When the governor read this letter he "was very angry and endeavoured to comfort me, assuring me I should see her, and speak with her." That was all he could promise. "He would do his utmost endeavour for her ransom [and], after some days, he went with me in his own person to the fort." The governor was in dead earnest now. After talking a while to the Jesuits, "My child was brought into the chamber where I was. I was told I might speak with her but should be permitted to speak to no other English person



there.” And Mr. Williams was guarded from the gate of the fort to his canoe. “The governour laboured much for her redemption; at last he had the promise of it, in case he would procure for them an Indian girl in her stead.” He procured one with great trouble, but she was refused. “He offered them an hundred pieces of eight [Spanish dollars] for her redemption, but it was refused. His lady went over to beg her from them, but all in vain.” The power and authority of the governor was exhausted. Neither he nor his wife could do more, and the child, Eunice Williams, spent her life among the Indians, to whom she belonged by right of capture. Omitting much more testimony which points in the same direction, I will cite only the case of Stephen Williams.

While Stephen was at Cowass, in the spring of 1704, with his captor Wattanamon the Pennicook, the governor empowered Capt. Chambly, a brother of De Rouville, to obtain Stephen by purchase; but the agent employed by Chambly proved a fraud, and the attempt came to nothing. In August, when the party from Cowass arrived at St. Francis, Wattanamon made over Stephen to his kinsman, Sagamore George, of Pennicook, and Capt. Chambly renewed his attempt for his purchase; but the Jesuits broke up the bargain. Vaudreuil now takes the matter in hand. “The French governor after he heard I was in y<sup>e</sup> country,” says Stephen, “was often sending to y<sup>e</sup> Indians to buy me, who were quite wearied out because of y<sup>e</sup> many messages he sent. Y<sup>e</sup> governor was not willing to give above 30 crowns whereas they stood for 40. At length,” the Sagamore sent his ultimatum; the governor must give 40 crowns for the boy and take him before spring, or he would not be sold at all. Vaudreuil was obliged to come to terms, and, at planting time, “the governour came & bought me after a long parley for 40 crowns.”

All these facts show the status of Mr. Williams as compared to that of his children, they being in the same condition as the rest of the captives, only private property over which the government had no control.

“At my first coming to Montreal,” says Mr. Williams, “the governour told me, I should be sent home as soon as Captain Battis was returned, and not before, and that I was taken in order to his redemption.” Two years later he records that he had heard “that the Lord Intendant said if More returned and





brought word that Battis was in prison, he would put me in prison and lay me in irons."

These two extracts from "The Redeemed Captive" contain all that is found there relating to Capt. Baptiste. But we know from other sources that the negotiation for the exchange of prisoners was long and complicated. We do not find in them any proposition for a direct exchange of Baptiste for Mr. Williams, but Vaudreuil would agree to no exchange including Mr. Williams in which Baptiste was not also included. He held the trump card, and could play the game accordingly. He says little of Mr Williams; does not exploit the mode of his capture, does not appear to be proud of the act.

At length an agreement for a final exchange of prisoners was reached. Capt. Baptiste arrived in Canada, early in October, 1706, and on the 21st of November Mr. Williams arrived in Boston.

Now, it may be asked, why, with the above statement of Mr. Williams before me, I have gone about in such a lengthy fashion to prove what is so plainly stated. My reasons for writing this paper are three:

First, to gratify my own inherent love for close investigation and the sifting of evidence.

Secondly, to present a more detailed and personal view of some of the events of 1704: Lest we forget. Minute details make a picture more vivid, more real, and, therefore, more lasting.

Thirdly, and chiefly, because, although the story was told that Mr. Williams was taken for an exchange for Capt. Baptiste, so far as I know, no writer has ever taken the statement for a fact or other than an afterthought of the governor for convenient application. Mr. Williams makes no comments on the governor's statement and the Intendant's threat, and it nowhere appears they had any influence on his subsequent action. Nowhere in his narrative, or elsewhere, is there found the least intimation that Mr. Williams took Vaudreuil's words as a statement of fact. He nowhere urges the return of Baptiste, nowhere complains of delay. On the other hand, he freely records how the bishop, priests, and Jesuits often urged his stay among them, and what great rewards they offered as inducements. We note that no word of that kind is heard from the governor. Possibly the ecclesiastics were not in the secret.



The governor may have played a lone hand. It is evident that neither Mr. Williams, nor any of his readers, took seriously the statement of Vaudreuil. Certainly there has never been the slightest intimation by anybody that special agents were employed by the governor for a specific purpose in the expedition against Deerfield in 1704.

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## ETHAN ALLEN AND HIS DAUGHTER.

BY C. ALICE BAKER.

The name of Allen, written at different periods as Allein, Alleyn, Alain, is doubtless of French origin. A certain Louis Alain figures in early Canadian and New England annals, as a spy. One Samuel Allen came in 1632 from Braintree, Eng., to Cambridge in New England, and thence went with Hooker's company to Windsor, Conn., in 1635. His son, Nehemiah, married Sarah Woodford, of Northampton, Mass., and died there. Their son, Samuel, a barber, in 1705 married Mercy, daughter of Judah Wright, of Northampton, and bought a homestead in Deerfield, Mass.

Their son, Joseph, born in Deerfield in 1708, when five years old removed with his parents to Coventry, Conn., where the father died. The widow, Mercy Allen, with her grown up son and several other children, went west from Coventry fifty miles to Litchfield, where she died in 1728. In 1737, her son Joseph married Mary Baker, and ETHAN ALLEN, the eldest of their nine children, was born in Litchfield in 1738. Remember Baker, later his companion in arms, was his own cousin. One of Allen's biographers pithily says, "this year gave birth to three honest men: Ethan Allen, George III., and Benjamin West."

According to the universal custom in those days, Ethan Allen was baptized while an infant. When he was two years old, the family removed to Cornwall, Conn., where his father died. Nothing in the boyhood or youth of Ethan Allen indicates that he wished to be or would become a soldier. His father's death put an end to his preparation for college, and as a farmer he went resolutely to work for the support of his widowed mother and her children. In 1762, we find him work-



ing an iron mine, building a furnace, and casting iron-ware. In June of the same year, at the age of twenty-four, he married Mary Bronson, who was five years his senior, paying sixty-seven cents as his marriage fee. By her he had five children, a son who died in boyhood and four daughters. Allen lived with his family for some time in Sheffield, Mass.

During the formative period of Ethan Allen's life, the Westminster Catechism and Watts' hymns were used throughout New England. He seems to have escaped the influence of George Whitefield's preaching, which during his youth electrified thousands in New England, and steering equally clear of Calvinism and Methodism, he was an Arminian in his early manhood.

In that tiresome Latin-English characteristic of self-taught men, he says of himself, "In my youth I was much disposed to contemplation, and at my commencement in manhood, I committed to manuscript, such sentiments and arguments as appeared most consonant to reason, less through the debility [*sic*] of memory, my improvement should have been less gradual. This method of scribbling I practised many years, from which I experienced great advantages in the progression of learning and knowledge; the more so as I was deficient in education, and had to acquire the knowledge of grammar and language, as well as the art of reasoning, principally from a studious application to it, which, after all, I am sensible lays me under disadvantages, particularly in matters of composition: however, to remedy this defect, I have substituted the most unwearied pains. . . . Ever since I arrived at manhood, and acquainted myself with the general history of mankind, I have felt a sincere passion for liberty. The history of nations doomed to perpetual slavery, in consequence of yielding up to tyrants their natural-born liberties, I read with a sort of philosophical horror." This sounds like Marat, the French revolutionist, and in this his own statement of his early manhood, as well as in the story of his boyhood, we have the keynote to the later career of Ethan Allen. Deprived of the advice and discipline of a father, interrupted in his studies and burdened while a mere boy with the support of his widowed mother and her young family, he acquired a premature independence of thought and became early accustomed to believe in his own ability and to regard himself as a leader. To these circum-





stances add the liberality of his religious training, his inborn craving for justice, his hatred of oppression, his passionate love of liberty, and you have the man ready when the hour should strike.

Let us leave Ethan Allen in Connecticut in 1762, at the age of twenty-four fearlessly taking upon himself the burden of a family, hard at work by day carrying on his farm, casting iron and working a mine, meditating at night on the problem of human destiny and writing out his thoughts in "order to acquire the knowledge of grammar and language as well as the art of reasoning." Precisely at this period, there landed in New York an Irish lawyer, who, having borne a military commission in Dublin, was known in America as Colonel Crean Brush. Brush was a widower, and had left his only child, a baby girl, in Ireland. He soon married, in New York, Margaret Montrésor, widow of a colonel in the British service who was killed in the old French war. This widow Montrésor had a daughter Frances. Colonel Brush was employed in the office of the Secretary of New York and later was licensed to practice law in all the New York courts. Previous to this, in 1749, Benning Wentworth, Royal Governor of New Hampshire, by the King's orders had begun to grant lands on the west side of the Connecticut river (now Vermont) to such persons as would improve them, and actually settle thereon. Three tiers of townships were laid out on each side of the mountain, each township being six miles square; the Governor reserving for himself five hundred acres in each. The township adjoining the northwest corner of Massachusetts was the first town settled in Vermont west of the Green Mountains, and was named Bennington in honor of Governor Benning Wentworth. On the bonus of five hundred acres at the corner of each township and the fees and other perquisites received for the New Hampshire grants, Governor Wentworth grew rich, like honest John Hull on his percentage of pine-tree shillings, and lived in splendid style at Little Harbor, Newcastle, N. H. Who can forget Longfellow's picture of him, as he drove out of Portsmouth in

His brilliant equipage that flashed and spun,  
The silver harness, glittering in the sun.  
Outriders, with red jackets, lithe and lank,  
Pounding the saddles as they rose and sank.  
While all alone, within the chariot, sat



A portly person with three-cornered hat,  
A crimson velvet coat, head high in air,  
Gold-headed cane, and nicely powdered hair,  
And diamond buckles sparkling at his knees.  
Dignified, stately, florid, much at ease.  
For this was Governor Wentworth driving down  
To Little Harbor, just beyond the town,  
Where his Great House stood looking out to sea.  
A goodly place, where it was good to be.  
It was a pleasant mansion, an abode  
Near, and yet hidden from the great high road.  
Sequestered among trees, a noble pile  
Baronial, and colonial, in its style.  
Gables and dormer windows every where,  
And stacks of chimneys rising high in air,  
Pandaean pipes, on which all winds that blew  
Made mournful music the whole winter through.  
Within, unwonted splendors met the eye,—  
Panels and floors of oak, and tapestry,  
Carved chimney pieces, where on brazen dogs  
Revelled and roared the Christmas fires of logs.  
Doors opening into darkness unawares,  
Mysterious passages, and flights of stairs,  
And on the walls, in heavy gilded frames  
The ancestral Wentworths with old Scripture names.

Governor Wentworth's prosperity was viewed with jealousy by his neighbors, and, in 1763, Lieutenant-Governor Cadwallader Colden, of New York, proclaimed the Connecticut river to be the eastern boundary of that province, ordering "all civil officers holding commissions under the New York government, to exercise jurisdiction as far as to the banks of the Connecticut." In March, 1764, a counter-proclamation was issued by Governor Wentworth in assertion of the rights of the settlers under the New Hampshire Grants and exhorting them "to be industrious in clearing and cultivating their lands." In 1765, a large part of the township of Bennington was occupied by hardy pioneers from Massachusetts and Connecticut, who had cleared the land, built houses and barns, made roads, and established schools. Just at this moment of prosperity the hard-working settlers were alarmed by another proclamation from Lieutenant-Governor Colden, reiterating his previous claim and this time by authority of the King and his Council, declaring the western bank of the Connecticut to be the boundary between New Hampshire and New York, and ordering all His Majesty's subjects to conform thereto.



Having thus by proclamation, indorsed by the King of England, claimed jurisdiction over the disputed territory, the New York government proceeded to allot the same,—in many instances granting to others the identical lands already occupied and improved by settlers who had paid for them to Governor Wentworth. About this time, Ethan Allen and his brothers, having invested in the New Hampshire Grants, made their home in Bennington. As may well be supposed, Allen was not the man tamely to submit to be dispossessed of his lawful property or to advise submission in others. Obtaining an able Connecticut lawyer, he went to Albany to maintain the rights of the settlers. But it being soon evident that their case was prejudged, Allen went back to Bennington and stirred the people up to defend their rights and hold their property by force, since justice was denied them. Committees of Safety were appointed, and a military organization formed, afterward famous as “The Green Mountain Boys,” with Ethan Allen as Colonel, and his cousin, Remember Baker, Seth Warner, and others as captains under him. In July, 1771, an attempt was made by an armed force of three hundred men from Albany to eject James Breakenridge, one of the earliest settlers of Bennington. The attempt failed, but, says a writer, “Here, in fact, on the farm of James Breakenridge, was born the future state of Vermont.” The same year the Committee of Safety in General Council “Resolved, that no New York officer should be suffered to carry any person out of the New Hampshire Grants, without permission of the Committee of Safety, or the military Commanders.” New York surveyors were forbidden to run any lines within the Grants; and finally no person should take out a grant under New York authority. Whereupon the New York Assembly authorized the sheriffs to call out a *posse* in case of opposition in executing their office: and a reward of £150 was offered for the seizure of Ethan Allen, and £50 each for the other officers of the “Green Mountain Boys.” Thus it will be seen that Allen was regarded as the ringleader. It should also be noted that Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain Boys were not like Robin Hood and his fellows, a band of desperate outlaws, banded together without authority for the defense of their individual rights, but a regular organization legitimately appointed by committees of the whole people to maintain justice and prevent intrusion upon their lawful rights. The “Con-





necticut Courant" was the organ of the Green Mountain Boys at this period. Besides his contributions to this paper, pamphlets and placards flew fast from Ethan Allen's pen. His counterblast against Governor Tryon's proclamation for his arrest, provokes a smile to-day, though the gentlemen therein named would have found it no joke, had they fallen into the hands of the Green Mountain Boys at the Catamount Tavern in Bennington.

In this very year (1771) Crean Brush removed to Westminster, Vermont. Doubtless he was influenced by his failure to obtain political power in New York and by his wish to realize money from his lands in the New Hampshire Grants, which included many acres of meadow land on the Connecticut. Brush's advent into this quiet country town, his display in dress, his glib tongue, his pompous manner, and his pretensions to gentility, at first profoundly impressed the simple villagers. But, as they came to know him better, they judged him more justly. He soon found his level, and his only friends were a few arrogant loyalists of his own type, of whom every New England town at the beginning of the Revolution had its quota. In answer to a petition of Cumberland County in 1772, the people were allowed to nominate two representatives to the General Assembly of New York. Crean Brush was one of the two elected. Weak and unprincipled as he appears, Brush had all the qualities which go to make a brilliant and successful party politician. He soon became recognized as a conservative, wholly opposed to reform. His voluble speech, his grandiloquent oratory, and impassioned manner, compelled attention and gave him a certain influence. In the dispute regarding the New Hampshire Grant, he was doubly interested, and from his knowledge acquired while in the office of the Secretary of State of New York, he was able to present the case intelligently. Accordingly, we find him frequently on committees to draft statements of the rights of New York. It was he who prepared the bill to suppress the riotous and disorderly proceedings of the "Bennington Mob," as the Green Mountain Boys were called, which was the origin of Governor Tryon's proclamation for the seizure of Ethan Allen, Remember Baker, and six others. Brush also opposed the election of New York delegates to the Continental Congress. His career as a legislator ended with the adjournment of the New York Assembly on the 3d of April, 1775.



He probably spent that summer in New York, working for the King's cause. In the autumn we find him in Boston, offering his services to General Gage,—who having reluctantly determined to winter his army in Boston, and finding it necessary to remove the furniture from the houses that would be required, authorized Crean Brush to receive for safe keeping "such goods as the people might voluntarily entrust to him . . . to take due care thereof, and to deliver said Goods when called upon by those to whom he should have given his Receipts for the same." Mr. Brush's sun was near its setting. Shortly after this, Gage was superseded by Lord Howe, who, thinking discretion the better part of valor, determined to evacuate Boston, and when it became evident that this was no longer a matter of choice, the conduct of the British and their Tory adherents became more insolent. On Sunday, March 10, 1776, Howe privately ordered Brush to seize all goods which, if they should "fall into the hands of the rebels, would enable them to carry on War." At the same time a handbill was posted conspicuously in Boston, ordering the removal of linen and woollen goods from the town, and declaring that "any person who should secrete such articles, would be treated as a Favourer of Rebels," and empowering Crean Brush to receive such goods on board the ship *Minerva* and the brigantine *Elizabeth*.\* "The day following," says Mr. Frothingham, "was signalized by the operations of Crean Brush, a conceited New York Tory, as ignorant of the American character, as he was insolent in the discharge of his official duties." The following inventory of "sundry packages taken by Crean Brush, out of Mr. Cyrus Balwin's store, March 10, 1776, shows his indiscriminate plunder of private property: 7 trunks. 9 boxes. 9 casks. 1 Counter. 11 bales. 1 bag pepper. 1 bag allspice. 1 Cask indigo. 3 quires small and 1 quire large Press paper. Sundry loose ones. 1 black walnut desk. 1 writing desk. 1 Pewter dish. 1 small Organ in the chamber. 4 chairs." Abigail Adams's letters to her husband from Quincy during the first seventeen days of March, are of the most exciting interest. March 16, 1776, she writes, "There have been some movements among the ministerial troops as if they meant to evacuate . . . Boston. Between seventy and eighty vessels of various sizes, are gone down, and lie in a row, in fair sight of this place, all of which appear to

\* Frothingham, *Siege of Boston*, p. 306.



be loaded : and by what can be collected from our own observations, and from deserters, they have been plundering the town." Sunday noon, March 17, Mrs. Adams writes : " Being quite sick with a violent cold, I have tarried at home today. I find the firing was occasioned by our people taking possession of Nook's Hill . . . which has obliged our enemy to decamp this morning, as I hear from a messenger just come from head-quarters . . . they have carried away everything they could possibly take ; and what they could not, they have burnt, broke or hove into the water. Many articles of good household furniture having in the course of the week come ashore at Great Hill, both upon this, and Weymouth side ;—lids of desks, mahogany chairs, tables, &c. To what quarter of the world they are bound is wholly unknown. . . . From Penn's Hill we have a view of the largest fleet ever seen in America. You may count upwards of a hundred and seventy sail. They look like a forest." A letter from a British officer's wife, on board a ship of this fleet, dated " Nantasket Roads, March 25," gives us the other side of the picture. She says, " We know not where we are to go : We are in great distress. The spectacle is truly terrible." The Elizabeth, with Crean Brush on board, dropped down the harbor, and on the 29th of March, set sail for Halifax. She was overhauled on April 2d by Capt. John Manly in the " Hancock," and finding escape impossible, she struck her colors. All on board were made prisoners, and the brigantine anchored in Piscataqua river, not far from the old homestead of Benning Wentworth. Brush with others was brought the 11th of April before the Massachusetts Council then sitting at Watertown. His testimony proved his share in the pillage of Boston. " I solemnly aver," he said, " that from the 5th to the 13th of March, I did not in any one night allow myself more than two hours' sleep." Brush was sent the next day to the jail in Boston, where he was kept a close prisoner, being placed in a cell by himself, heavily handcuffed, refused the use of pen, ink, paper, and candles, forbidden to talk with any one except in presence of the jailer. In January, 1777, his wife arrived in Boston, remaining through the year. On the 5th of the following November, she spent the day as usual with her husband in his cell, till the time for locking up, when she was told by the jailer that she must go. A tall figure, in a woman's dress, left the cell with apparent reluctance, passing slowly out of



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the jail. The relieved turnkey shot the bolt and reported all safe. Margaret Montrésor passed a restless night in a felon's cell, while her husband, on a fleet horse provided by her, fled swiftly towards New York. The next morning, in answer to the turnkey's repeated summons to Mr. Brush to take his breakfast as usual at the loophole of his cell, a gentle voice at last replied with dignity, "I am not Mr. Brush's keeper," refusing to say more. Mr. Brush reached New York on the 16th of November. There he tried in vain to recover his New Hampshire grant, and to get redress for injuries sustained in the service of the King. A Boston paper of the period \* gives the last act in the drama of his life. "From New York we learn that the notorious Crean Brush, who was sometime since released from confinement in this town, after his arrival in that LOYAL city, applied to the Commander there, for a Consideration of the Insults; and as he told his Story, the many Losses &c he met while here, he received for answer, 'Sir, your conduct merited them, and more;' which so enraged him, that he retired to his Chamber, where with a Pistol, he besmeared the Room with his Brains." While in Boston jail, Crean Brush had made his will, making his wife his Executrix, and leaving to her the whole of his property, as long as she should remain a widow. In case of her marrying again, she was to have one-third, her daughter, Frances Montrésor, one third, and his own daughter by his first wife, whom he had left an infant in Ireland, one-third. Margaret Montrésor seems to have had a penchant for Irishmen. We find her in 1783, as the wife of Patrick Wall, a New York tailor. Later they removed to the estate in Westminster, Vt., inherited by her from Crean Brush, where they spent the rest of their lives. Her daughter, Frances Montrésor, a gay and brilliant woman, then the widow of Captain Buchanan in the British service, lived with her in Westminster, attracting much attention among the plain village folk, by her imperious manners.

To follow the fortunes of Crean Brush we left Ethan Allen, in 1771, busy with his pamphlets and his placards. In the spring of 1772, Governor Tryon, through the Rev. Jedediah Dewey, minister of Bennington, proposed to the people of the Grants, to send agents to him with a view to the settlement of their troubles, promising protection to anyone sent by the minister

\* The Independent Chronicle, and Universal Advertiser, May 21, 1778.



on this business, excepting Ethan Allen and the other leaders of the Green Mountain Boys. To this proposal a firm but respectful answer was sent, signed by Allen, Warner, Baker, and Cochran. This letter is a manly and dignified statement of their grievances and explanation of their conduct. They say, "No consideration whatever, shall induce us to remit in the least our loyalty . . . to our most Gracious Sovereign, and reasonably to you; yet no tyranny shall deter us from asserting and vindicating our rights and privileges as Englishmen." Allen goes on to describe the assaults of the *posse* on unoffending settlers, and says, "The alteration of jurisdiction in 1764, could not effect [*sic*] private property, . . . the transferring or alienating of property is a sacred prerogative of the true owner. Kings and Governors cannot intermeddle therewith. . . . Right and wrong are eternally the same, to all periods of time,—places and nations; and colouring a crime with a specious pretence of law, only adds to the criminality of it. . . . Can any man, in the exercise of reason, make himself believe, that a number of attorneys and other gentlemen with all their tackle to ornaments and compliments and French finesse . . . have just rights to the lands, labors and fortunes of the New Hampshire settlers? . . . Our breasts glow with a martial fury to defend our persons and fortunes. . . . We choose Captain Stephen Fay, and Dr. Jonas Fay to treat with you in person. We entreat your aid to quiet us in our farms, till the King decides it."

Pending this negotiation Governor Tryon privately sent a Scotch surveyor to lay out lands within the Grants, and attempted to establish there a colony of Scotch. Both these schemes were prevented by the prompt action of Ethan Allen and the Green Mountain Boys. Severe as their action was in some cases, it must be remembered that they had been greatly aggravated. We can smile at the penalty inflicted on a certain doctor, who had been blatant in his abuse of the Green Mountain Boys. They hoisted him in an armchair, twenty-five feet to the top of the sign-post of the tavern, and compelled him to sit for two mortal hours above the sign of the grinning catamount, exposed to the jeers of the mob below. By such acts the passions of both parties to the quarrel were inflamed. A bill was at once drafted by Crean Brush and enacted by New York, so cunning and so far-reaching as to blast all chance of peace. The Green Mountain Boys saw in it an attempt to ter-



rify them into submission to injustice. A counter-blast was at once issued, by handbills and in the newspapers of New England, signed by Ethan Allen and his captains, declaring their "cause good and equitable in the sight of God." They assert that New York *posses* compelled them to join themselves into a military body. They say, "we will not be fooled or frightened out of our property. We flatter ourselves that upon occasion we can muster as good a regiment of marksmen and scalpers, as America can afford, and we now give the gentlemen, together with Mr. Brush and all the land-jobbers of New York an invitation to come and view the dexterity of our regiment. . . ."

On the night of the 18th of April, 1775, a lantern was hung from the belfry of the old North Church in Boston. "Never," says Mr. Philip H. Smith,\* "did the beams of a tallow dip go forth on more momentous errand." Few indeed realized at that moment, "how far that little candle" would "throw its beams." Mr. Frothingham says† of the Lexington and Concord fights, "Those events preface the history of a nation, and the beginning of an empire." These events found Bennington nominally under jurisdiction of New York, but substantially independent,—the people obeying only their own town-meetings, and the decrees of the Committees of Safety in convention. Their irritation against the tyranny of King George, their sympathy with their friends in Connecticut and Massachusetts, and their contempt for a monarch who had allowed his grasping servants to seize their lands, and pursue his first grantees as felons and outlaws, made them eager to do their part in the war forced upon the colonies by England. From this moment Ethan Allen ceases to be a partisan leader, and becomes the broad-minded patriot. The wrongs of his state are merged in the wrongs of his country.

Bennington people knew the importance of Ticonderoga. In March, 1775, their Committee of Safety had promised Joseph Warren and Samuel Adams, of the Massachusetts committee, that the Green Mountain Boys would be ready to seize that fort, whenever the king's forces should begin hostilities in Massachusetts. "On the 26th of April, 1775," says Mr. Sheldon,‡ "Captain Samuel H. Parsons, journeying towards Hartford,

\* Green Mountain Boys, p. 51.

† The Siege of Boston, p. 90.

‡ History of Deerfield, vol. II, p. 704





met on the road Captain Benedict Arnold on his way from New London to Cambridge. They had a few words about the need of cannon for the army, the fact of a considerable number being at 'Old Ti,' and the weakness of that fortress. This chance conversation bore fruit on both branches. Arnold pushed on to Watertown where the Provincial Congress was in session. He presented to the Committee of Safety a scheme for capturing Ticonderoga. May 3d this body and the Council of War laid the matter before Congress in secret session. The Committee on Supplies was directed to furnish Arnold with 10 horses, 200 pounds of powder, 200 pounds of ball, 1000 flints and £100 in money." On the 5th of May Arnold received his "commission as Colonel, with authority to raise four hundred men and attack the fort."

Meantime Parsons had "broached the project at Hartford," and Captain Edward Mott with five comrades left Hartford the 29th of April, (joined later by Captain Easton and John Brown, "with a few more picked men") and "pushed on to rouse Ethan Allen and the Green Mountain Boys." "May 6th," says Mr. Sheldon, "the newly made Colonel Arnold, resplendent in new uniform, bright epaulettes, gold lace and waving plumes, and attended by a servant, rode furiously up the street" in Deerfield, Mass., dismounting at the old tavern.\* Sending immediately to the north end of the street for Thomas Wells Dickinson, a young farmer of twenty-four, and recently married, he gave him "a commission as Assistant Commissary from the Committee of Safety," with special orders to procure at once 15,000 pounds of beef for the expedition to "Old Ti." Pausing only for a social glass with Dickinson at the old tavern, "Arnold mounted his horse and pushed on over Hoosac Mountain, arriving at Rupert, Vt., on the morning of May 8th . . . Mott and Allen had already passed that point, Arnold followed, overtaking them at Castleton. The plan of the capture had been laid, and one party already sent to execute its share of the work, when Arnold appeared. He showed his commission and claimed the command. The Green Mountain Boys looked with contempt on the showy Colonel, . . . flatly declaring that they would not serve under him. It was a terrible blow to the ambitious Colonel to find that he was too late and that the laurels would be given to another," but, says Washington Irving, "he

\* Now owned and occupied as a summer residence by C. Alice Baker.



was fain to acquiesce and serve as a volunteer with the rank, but not the command of a Colonel." His disappointment may have been one of the causes of his pitiable end. On Sunday morning, May 7th, our young Deerfield commissary and his brother, Consider Dickinson, then a lad of fourteen, were on the road urging fifteen oxen as rapidly as possible towards Ticonderoga. They were met on the 12th day by Colonel Mott and others, returning from its capture. Though the story of the taking of Ticonderoga is familiar to every schoolboy, Ethan Allen's own relation has a special flavor. He says, "The first systematic and bloody attempt at Lexington to enslave America, thoroughly electrified my mind and fully determined me to take part with my country, and while I was wishing for an opportunity to signalize myself in its behalf, directions were privately sent to me from the then colony of Connecticut, to raise the Green Mountain Boys, and, if possible, with them to surprise and take the fortress of Ticonderoga. This enterprise I cheerfully undertook . . . made a forced march from Bennington, and arrived at the lake opposite Ticonderoga on the evening of the ninth of May, 1775, with two hundred and thirty valiant Green Mountain Boys . . . With the utmost difficulty I procured boats to cross the lake. However, I landed eighty-three men near the garrison, and sent the boats back for their rear guard commanded by Colonel Seth Warner; but the day began to dawn, and I found myself under the necessity to attack the fort before the rear could cross the lake, and as it was viewed hazardous, I harangued the officers and soldiers in the following manner. 'Friends and fellow-soldiers, you have for a number of years past, been a scourge and terror, to arbitrary power. Your valor has been famed abroad and acknowledged, as appears by the . . . orders to me from the General Assembly of Connecticut to surprise and take the garrison now before us. I now propose to advance before you, and in person conduct you through the wicket-gate; and inasmuch as it is a desperate attempt which none but the bravest of men dare undertake, I do not urge it on any, contrary to his will. You that will undertake voluntarily, poise your fire-locks' . . . Each poised his fire-lock: I marched them immediately to the wicket-gate, where I found a sentry posted, who instantly snapped his fusée at me. I ran . . . towards him, and he retreated through the covered way into the parade within the garrison, gave a halloo, and ran



under a bomb-proof. My party which followed me into the fort, I formed in the parade, in such a manner as to face the two barracks, which faced each other. The garrison being asleep, except the sentries, we gave three huzzas, which greatly surprised them. One of the sentries made a pass at one of my officers, with a charge bayonet, and slightly wounded him. My first thought was to kill him with my sword, but in an instant I altered the design and fury of the blow, to a slight cut on the side of his head: upon which he dropped his gun and asked quarter, which I readily granted him, and demanded of him the place where the commanding officer kept. He showed me a pair of stairs in front of the west barrack, to which I immediately repaired, and ordered the commander, Captain de la Place, to come forth immediately, or I would sacrifice the whole garrison: at which the Captain came immediately to the door, with his breeches in his hand, when I ordered him to deliver me the fort instantly; he asked me by what authority I demanded it. I answered him, 'In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress.' The authority of the Congress being very little known at that time, he began to speak again, but . . . with my drawn sword over his head, I again demanded an immediate surrender of the garrison: with which he then complied and ordered his men to be forthwith paraded without arms as he had given up the garrison. This surprise was carried into execution in the gray of the morning of the 10th of May, 1775. The sun seemed to rise that morning, with a superior lustre; and Ticonderoga . . . smiled on its conquerors, who tossed about the flowing bowl, and wished success to Congress, and the liberty and freedom of America." Seth Warner, who had now crossed the lake to Allen, was sent against Crown Point. The garrison there surrendered without firing a gun, and upwards of a hundred cannon were taken. Arnold at once insisted on assuming the command at Ticonderoga, but was overborne by the popularity of Ethan Allen, whom the Connecticut committee accompanying the expedition, invested with the command pending orders from Connecticut, or the Continental Congress.

May 11th, 1775, Allen wrote as follows:

To the Massachusetts Congress:  
*Gentlemen,*

I have to inform you with pleasure unfelt before, that on break of day of the 10th of May, 1775, by the order of the General Assembly of the Colony of Con-





necticut, I took the fortress of Ticonderoga by storm. The soldiery was composed of about one hundred Green Mountain Boys, and near fifty veteran soldiers from the Province of Massachusetts Bay. The latter was under the command of Col. James Easton, who behaved with great zeal and fortitude, not only in council, but in the assault . . . I expect the Colonies will maintain this fort. As to the cannon and warlike stores, I hope they may serve the cause of liberty instead of tyranny, and I humbly beg your assisting the Government of Connecticut, in establishing a garrison in the reduced premises.

Yours most obedient servant,

ETHAN ALLEN.

In another letter to the Massachusetts Council of War Allen says,

*Honorable Sirs,*

I make you a present of a major, a captain and two lieutenants in the regular establishment of George the Third. I hope they may serve as ransomes for some of our friends at Boston, and particularly for Capt. Brown of Rhode Island.

"Thus," says Mr. Irving,\* "a partisan band, unpractised in the art of war, had by a series of daring exploits, and almost without the loss of a man, won for the patriots the command of Lakes George and Champlain, and thrown open the great highway to Canada."

To lead an army into Canada now became the ambition of both Allen and Arnold. The latter wrote to the Governor of Connecticut on the subject, and Allen thus addressed the Continental Congress. "The Canadians (all except the *noblesse*), and also the Indians appear at present to be very friendly to us: and it is my humble opinion that the more vigorous the Colonies push the war against the King's troops in Canada, the more friends we shall find in that country. . . . Should the Colonies forthwith send an army . . . to attack Montreal, we should have little to fear from the Canadians or Indians, and should easily make a conquest of that place. Striking such a blow would intimidate the Tory party in Canada. . . . They are a set of gentlemen that will not be converted by reason, but are easily wrought upon by fear." To the Provincial Congress of New York, Allen wrote, "Provided the Colonies would suddenly push an army of two or three thousand men into Canada, they might make a conquest of all that would oppose them in the province of Quebec, except a re-inforcement

\* Life of Washington, vol. I, p. 407.



from England should prevent it. I wish to God America would . . . exert herself agreeably to the indignity offered her by a tyrannical ministry. Fame is now hovering over her head. A vast continent must now sink to slavery, poverty, horror and bondage, or rise to unconquerable freedom, immense wealth, inexpressible felicity and immortal fame. I will lay my life on it, with 1500 men, and a proper train of artillery I will take Montreal. Provided I could be thus furnished . . . it would be no insuperable difficulty to take Quebec. This object should be pursued . . . for England cannot spare but a certain number of her troops . . . and it is as long as it is broad, that the more that are sent to Quebec, the less they can send to Boston. . . . At present, Canada is in a weak and helpless condition."

Allen also wrote to those Montreal merchants friendly to the cause of Liberty ; to the Canadian Indians and to the Canadian *habitants*. These letters are interesting as showing his knowledge of human nature, his *finesse*, his power to adapt himself to all sorts and conditions of men with whom he had to deal. Colonel Hinman with Connecticut troops being sent to relieve Allen at Ticonderoga, Allen and Seth Warner went to ask permission of the Congress to raise a regiment, and to get pay for their men. They were received with great honor ; their Green Mountain Boys were paid the same as the Continental troops, and it was recommended that a corps of Green Mountain Boys should be levied to serve in the war under officers of their own choosing. The people of the New Hampshire Grants were ordered to raise a regiment of five hundred Green Mountain Boys. To the cruel disappointment of Allen, when the committees of the several towns met at Dorset to choose the officers for the new regiment, Seth Warner received forty-one votes to Allen's five, as Lieutenant-Colonel. Writing to Governor Trumbull on August 3, 1775, Allen says, "Notwithstanding my zeal and success in my country's cause, the old farmers on the New Hampshire Grants have met, . . . and in their nomination of officers for the regiment of Green Mountain Boys, have wholly omitted me . . . I find myself in the favor of the officers of the army, and the young Green Mountain Boys. How the old men came to reject me, I cannot conceive, inasmuch as I saved them from the encroachments of New York.



To a meaner soul than Ethan Allen's this would have been a crushing blow. Not so with Allen. He returned to Ticonderoga, where he was "retained to act as pioneer on the Canadian frontier." An expedition against Canada was determined on, and Arnold, his more fortunate rival, received command of a force to march against Canada by way of the Kennebec.

Allen says, "Early in the fall, the little army under the command of Generals Schuyler and Montgomery was ordered to advance into Canada. I was at Ticonderoga when this order arrived, and the General with most of the field officers requested me to attend them in the expedition: and though at that time I had no commission from Congress, yet they engaged me that I should be considered as an officer the same as though I had a commission, and should as occasion might require, command certain detachments of the army. This I considered an honorable offer, and did not hesitate to comply with it." From Isle aux Noix, Sept. 14, 1775, Allen writes to General Schuyler, "Arrived at Chambly; found the Canadians in that vicinity friendly. They guarded me under arms night and day, escorted me through the woods, . . . and showed me every courtesy. . . . Governor Carlton threatens the Canadians with fire and sword, except they assist him against the Colonies, and the Seigneurs urge them to it. . . . This is the situation of affairs in Canada, according to my most painful discovery." Illness compelling General Schuyler to return to Ticonderoga, General Richard Montgomery assumed command, and the siege of St. Johns, so strenuously urged by Ethan Allen, began. On his way to assist in this siege, Allen wrote to General Montgomery from St. Ours, September 20, 1775. ". . . I now have 250 Canadians under arms: as I march they gather fast. If this place be taken, the country is ours: if we miscarry in this, all other achievements will profit but little. . . . I shall join you in about 3 days, with 300 or more Canadian volunteers: . . . those that used to be enemies to our cause, come up cap-in-hand to me, and I swear by the Lord I can raise three times the number of our army in Canada, provided you continue the siege. . . . The eyes of all America, nay of Europe are or will be on the economy of this army, and the consequences attending it." Nowhere better than in these letters of Allen is his sanguine temperament and his supra-





abundant self-confidence shown. On his march to St. Johns, Allen met Major Brown with his detachment. By a casual remark of Brown's that Montreal was in a defenseless condition Allen's soul was fired to attempt another brilliant achievement. The two agreed to return to a point on the river opposite Montreal,—Brown with two hundred men to cross in canoes a little above the town,—Allen, similarly, a little below, in the night,—both at different points attacking Montreal simultaneously. They mutually agreed, that in case of the failure of either to arrive at the time fixed, early notice should be given to the other. Hearing nothing from Brown, Allen crossed the river as agreed upon, and found himself two hours after sunrise unsupported. The alarm had been given, and there was no retreat without leaving a part of his force undefended, as only one third of his men could re-cross the river at a time. "This," says Allen, "I could not reconcile to my own feelings as a man much less as an officer, and I concluded to maintain the ground if possible, and all to fare alike. . . . Montreal was in a great tumult. General Carleton made preparation to go on board their vessels, but the spy escaped from my guard to the town . . . emboldened General Carleton to send the force . . . there collected, out against me. . . ." The attack began between two and three o'clock in the afternoon. Deserted by most of his Canadian recruits, after a brave resistance of two hours, Allen surrendered on honorable terms, with about thirty Canadians who had remained faithful to him. The prisoners were marched into Montreal, "which was as I should guess," says Allen, "more than two miles, a British officer walking at my right hand, and one of the French *noblesse* at my left . . . no abuse was offered me till I met General Prescott. He asked me my name which I told him: he then asked me whether I was that Colonel Allen who took Ticonderoga. I told him that I was the very man: then he shook his cane over my head, calling me many hard names, among which he frequently used the word rebel, and put himself in a great rage . . . upon which Captain McCloud pulled him by the skirt and told him that it was inconsistent with his honor, to strike a prisoner. He then ordered a sergeant's command to kill thirteen Canadians, who were included in the treaty. It cut me to the heart to see the Canadians in so hard a case, in consequence of having been true to me . . . I stepped between them and the





executioners, and told General Prescott to thrust his bayonet into my breast, for I was the sole cause of the Canadians taking up arms. . . . The general stood a minute, then said with an oath, 'I will not hang you now, but you shall grace a halter at Tyburn.' Those of Allen's men who were not wounded were put on board vessels in the river, shackled together in pairs and "treated as criminals." Allen thus describes his own irons. "The hand-cuff was of common size and form, but my leg irons would weigh thirty pounds: the bar was eight feet long, . . . the shackles which encompassed my ankles were very tight, . . . I heard their officers say that it would weigh forty pounds weight. The irons were so close upon my ankles, that I could not lay down in any other manner than on my back." Allen was put into the hold of the vessel with a chest as his chair by day, and bed by night. Two soldiers with fixed bayonets guarded him day and night. They gave him some little blocks to lay under each end of his leg irons to keep them from galling his ankles. After sitting up for several days and nights, "having a desire to lie down on my side," he says, "which the closeness of my irons forbid, . . . I desired the Captain to loosen them . . . but was denied." The officers, ordered to use this severity to their prisoners, were personally kind to him, sending him food from their own mess, and "a good glass of grog daily." By letters to Generals Prescott and Carleton, Allen complained of the cruel treatment he was receiving, and reminding them of his own treatment of the prisoners taken at Ticonderoga, he demanded better usage, but got no answer. In this manner, Allen was confined six weeks on board the schooner Gaspee. Transferred to another vessel, his irons were removed, and he was treated like a gentleman by the commander. The latter, becoming involved in a prospective duel, accepted Allen's offer to be his second, Allen pledging his honor, in case of disaster to the commander, to return to the ship as a prisoner. After "9 days happiness," on the arrival at Quebec of the advance of Arnold's army, Allen and his comrades were put on board the Adamant, in charge of Brook Watson, whose heart was as hard as the name of his ship, and whose treatment of the prisoners was beastly. For forty days, from Quebec to Land's End, Allen and his men suffered unmentionable horrors,—insult and every conceivable indignity, from which they must



have died, had they not been liberally fed daily on salt beef, and a gill of rum apiece. The ship reached Falmouth, a few days before Christmas, 1775. On learning that the hero of Ticonderoga was among the prisoners, the excitement of the people of Falmouth was intense. Allen thus describes the scene.

"A few days before I was taken . . . . I shifted my clothes, by which I happened to be taken in a Canadian dress:—a short fawn-skin jacket double breasted, an undervest and breeches of sagathy,\* worsted stockings, a decent pair of shoes, two plain shirts and a red worsted cap; this was all the clothing I had, in which I made my appearance in England. . . . Multitudes crowded to see us: I saw numbers on the house-tops, and the rising adjacent grounds were covered . . . . with both sexes." The throng was so great, that the king's officers had to force a passage with their swords, to Pendennis Castle a mile from the town, where by Carleton's orders they were confined. Great numbers, both gentle and simple, who came daily to gaze upon the caged lion of the Green Mountains, told him that he was to be hanged. "I could not but feel," says Allen, "extremely anxious for my fate. This I concealed from the enemy, . . . . and could conceive of nothing more in my power, but to keep up my spirits and behave in a soldier-like manner, that I might exhibit a good sample of American fortitude. The cause I was engaged in, I ever viewed worthy hazarding my life for, nor was I . . . . sorry that I engaged in it." It was a common thing for Allen to be taken out for exhibition on the parade ground of the Castle, where many people of both sexes were eager to see and talk with him. Allen's vanity and self-conceit are easily perceptible in his account of these scenes. On one occasion some gentlemen told him they had come fifty miles to see him, and one of them asked him what his occupation in life had been. Allen replied that when young, he had studied divinity, but that he was a conjuror by profession. To this the gentlemen replied that he had "conjured wrong when he was taken." "I was obliged to own," says Allen, "that I missed a figure then, but that I had conjured them out of Ticonderoga,—and this was the place of such notoriety in England, that the joke seemed to go in my favour." Allen seized the opportunity afforded him by such

\* A coarse woolen serge-like cloth worn in the reign of Queen Anne.



visits to harangue his audiences on the futility of England's attempt to conquer the American Colonies. If his behavior on these occasions is offensive to us and seems undignified, his rhodomontade served at least to silence the insults offered him by beardless British braggarts. Some clergymen who behaved civilly in visiting him were agreeably surprised by his ability to discuss with them, moral philosophy and Christianity. Speaking of these visits, Allen says, "I am apprehensive my Canadian dress contributed not a little to the excitement of curiosity. To see a gentleman in England, regularly dressed, and well behaved, would be no sight at all, but such a rebel, as they were pleased to call me, it is probable was never before seen in England." On the 8th of January, 1776, Allen was ordered on board the *Solebay*, a British man-of-war, to join the fleet at Cork. He was physically ill, and for the first time despondent, believing that he was to be secretly made way with. Some Irish gentlemen supplied him with clothing befitting a gentleman and an abundance of sea stores. Sailing again, under a still more cruel commander, after touching at several ports, Allen reached New York, the first week in June, remaining there but three days, "in which time, Governor Tryon and others came on board." "What passed between them and the officers of the ship, I know not," says Allen, "but this I know, that my treatment was more severe afterward." In mid-June Allen and his fellow prisoners lay scurvy-smitten at Halifax, "plucked with hunger," and shamefully treated. In Halifax jail Allen enjoyed the companionship of James Lord, also a prisoner. "I was happy that we were together," says Allen, "as a support to each other, and to the unfortunate prisoners with us. Our first attention was the preservation of ourselves, and injured little republic: the rest of our time we devoted interchangeably, to politics and philosophy." On the 3d of May, 1778, having been a prisoner two years, seven months, and six days, Allen was exchanged at New York for Colonel Campbell,\* being thus recognized as a colonel though he had no official rank. It must not be supposed that Ethan Allen's indiscretion and consequent suffering had been viewed with indifference by his superiors. Of his reckless dash at Montreal Schuyler had written, "I always dreaded his impatience of subordination, and

\* Sir Archibald Campbell, captured in Boston harbor, June 16, 1776.  
EDITOR.





it was not until after a solemn promise that he would demean himself with propriety, that I would permit him to attend the army, nor would I have consented then, had not his soldiers been backed by several officers." Said Washington, "His misfortune will I hope teach a lesson of prudence and subordination to others who may be ambitious to outshine their general officers, and regardless of order and duty rush into enterprises which have unfavourable effects on the public and are destructive to themselves." Doubtless, as Mr. Irving remarks,\* "Partisan exploit had inflated the vanity, and bewildered the imagination of Allen;" yet as "nothing succeeds like success," had Allen's attack on Montreal been crowned with success, his achievements would probably have elicited far different expressions from his superiors in command. Nevertheless, Washington, having learned of the sufferings of Ethan Allen by orders of General Prescott, now himself a prisoner, wrote as follows to Lord Howe: "Sir, we have just been informed . . . that Colonel Allen has been treated without regard to decency, humanity or the rules of war: . . . that he has been thrown into irons, and suffers all the hardships inflicted upon common felons. I think it is my duty to demand, and do expect from you, an *éclaircissement* on this subject. . . . I must take the liberty also of informing you, that I shall consider your silence as a confirmation of this report, and of assuring you that whatever treatment Colonel Allen receives, whatever fate he undergoes, such exactly shall be the fate of Brigadier Prescott now in our hands." Immediately upon Allen's release, he visited General Washington at Valley Forge. There he saw Gates and Putnam and La Fayette and Steuben. There he wrote to Congress a letter which Washington inclosed with his own, recommending Allen for promotion. "There is an original something about him," writes Washington of Allen, "that commands admiration, and his long captivity and his sufferings have only served if possible, to increase his enthusiastic zeal. He appears very desirous of rendering his services to the States . . . and at the same time he does not discover any ambition for high rank." On this recommendation Congress gave Allen a brevet-commission as colonel. Allen reached his home in Bennington four weeks after his release. More than one effort was made by the British to seduce him from his loyalty to the

\* Life of Washington, vol. II, p. 63.



American cause. In February, 1781, the independence of Vermont being still unacknowledged by Congress, and New York being still grasping,—the British general tried to corrupt Allen by promising to make Vermont a British province. Allen, without reply, inclosed their offers to Congress, at the same time fearlessly asserting the right of Vermont to agree upon terms with Great Britain, if denied her independence among the Colonies. "I am as resolutely determined," he says, "to defend the independence of Vermont, as Congress, that of the United States; and rather than fail, I will retire with the hardy Green Mountain Boys into the desolate caverns of the mountains, and wage war with the devil, hell and human nature at large."

Ethan Allen's first wife died in 1783. In frequent visits to Westminster, Vt., he became acquainted with Mrs. Wall, of whom I have spoken, and her daughter, Mrs. Buchanan, who boarded at the house of his friend, General Bradley. The young widow was attracted by Allen's original views, and much flattered by the attentions of a man twenty-five years her senior, whom everybody feared, and they became warm friends, though she stood somewhat in awe of his rough manners and indomitable will. John Norton, the tavern-keeper, a man of importance in town affairs, evidently a privileged person, said to her, "Fanny, if you marry General Allen, you will be the queen of a new state." "Yes," she replied impetuously, "if I should marry the devil, I should be queen of hell." This from a refined and accomplished society woman, one who was usually of elegant manners and gentle speech, shows that she was already balancing her chances of happiness, with a man whose character she had carefully studied,—a character which at once attracted and repelled her. But, as we have seen, Allen never permitted any obstacles in his path. On the morning of the 9th of February, 1784, while the judges of the Supreme Court were breakfasting with lawyer Bradley, Colonel Allen dashed up to the door in a sleigh drawn by a fine span of black horses, driven by his negro. Alighting and entering, Allen declined an invitation to sit down at table with the gentlemen, saying that he had breakfasted and would go up and chat with the ladies, till his friends should finish. Passing through the breakfast room, he found Mrs. Wall and her daughter. The latter, becomingly dressed in her morning gown, was standing



in a chair and arranging the china and glass on the upper shelves of a cupboard she was dusting. After some joking about a broken decanter which she held in her hand, the Colonel said, "Well, Fanny, if we are ever to be married, now is the time, for I am on my way to Arlington." The abruptness of Allen's proposal reminds one of his demand for the surrender of Ticonderoga, and proved as successful. "Very well," replied the young widow, submissively, "but give me time to put on my josoph." Drawing her arm through his, Allen led her to the breakfast room, where the lawyers were smoking, and addressing his old friend the Chief Justice, said, "Judge Robinson, this young woman and I have concluded to marry, and to have you perform the ceremony." "When?" asked the astonished judge. "Now," said Allen. "For myself I have no great opinion of such forms, and I think she cares as little for them as I do,—but as a decent regard for other people's opinions seems to require it, you may proceed." "But, General," stammered the Judge, "this is a very important matter, and should have serious consideration." "Certainly," replied Allen, drawing himself up with his usual self-esteem and glancing fondly at his handsome bride-elect, "but I don't think it requires much deliberation in this particular case." Seeing argument useless the Judge proceeded. "Do you, Ethan, promise to live with Frances, agreeably to the law of God—" "Halt!" cried Allen, turning and looking out of the window. After a moment's pause, he said, "Yes, according to the law of God as written in the great book of nature,—go on, my team is at the door." The ceremony ended, Frances Montrésor Buchanan donned her josoph, a garment much affected by women of the period,—a great coat, with a broad cape, buttoned down the front. Her guitar and trunk were tucked under the front seat of the sleigh, jingle, jingle went the bells, and Ethan Allen, again victorious, drove rapidly towards the west with his captured bride.

Thus in 1784, the step-daughter of Crean Brush married the man on whose head a price had been set exactly ten years before by Governor Tryon at Brush's instigation. In 1787 Ethan Allen removed with his family to Burlington, Vt. Hay being scarce, in the winter of 1789, an intimate friend who lived on the island of South Hero told Allen he would give him a load of hay if he would come and get it. On the 11th of January Colonel Allen with a sled and span of horses and his negro serv-





ant crossed on the ice to the island, remaining there all night. On nearing home the next day, his servant having spoken to him several times without reply, saw that his master had died on the load.

It is not for me to eulogize or defend Ethan Allen. He was the man for the hour if ever there were one. Much has been written about his conceit, his coarseness, his profanity, his blasphemy, and his infidelity. These things seem to me to be but straws on the surface of his character, and to me it matters little what a man believes in comparison with what he is. Essentially an American, Ethan Allen was yet a cosmopolitan. "Mankind are naturally too national, even to bigotry," he says. "Commercial intercourse with foreign nations, has a tendency to improve mankind, and erase the superstition of the mind, by acquainting them that human nature, policy and interest, are the same in all nations, and at the same time they are bartering commodities for the convenience and happiness of each nation, they may reciprocally exchange such part of their customs and manners, as may be beneficial, and learn to extend charity and goodwill to the whole of mankind." Grant him conceited,—most people of ability are. He was impulsive, but how generous were his impulses! He was brave, loyal and patriotic; just, honest, upright, and affectionate: a good son, a good father, a good citizen. He did not believe in the inspiration of the Bible; no more do some of us. With us he believed in God and in the immortality of the soul.

That all roads lead to Rome is a trite saying, but to reach Rome by way of Ethan Allen is a surprise. Ethan Allen left one daughter and two sons by his second wife. His widow, Frances Montrésor Buchanan, married Dr. Jabez Penniman of Burlington, Vt. Frances, or Fanny, the eldest child of Ethan and Frances Montrésor Allen, inherited many of her father's distinguishing qualities, especially his independence of thought and action. She was five years old at his death and but six when her mother married again. It is fair to suppose that she was left pretty much to her own devices during these all-engrossing events. We may think of her rambling about Dr. Penniman's fine old colonial house, perhaps exploring the recesses of the garret or perched on some broad window seat absorbed in such books as "The Children of the Abbey," "Thaddeus of Warsaw," and "The Mysteries of Udolpho." She may





have played at keeping a country store, as some of us have done, with pins for money, selling currant and raspberry juice as drugs and wine, and thistle down and corn silk and plantain cord and birchpaper,—weighing out with the Doctor's scales sand sugar, and bean coffee to imaginary customers. Our first glimpse of Fanny is at the age of twelve, when, breathless and beside herself with fear, she ran shrieking home from the river bank, her favorite resort, declaring when questioned by her anxious mother that she had seen the river lashed into billows, from which at last a monstrous serpent raised itself, winding rapidly toward the shore where she stood paralyzed with fear, when an old man suddenly appeared at her side, with a staff in his hand, and wearing a brown cloak. "What are you doing here, little girl,—run," he cried, and gently pushed her away. She fled as on the wings of the wind, but soon looking back, was surprised that her protector was nowhere to be seen. Her mother sent everywhere to learn if anyone answering to Fanny's description of her preserver had been seen in the neighborhood, but the old man and the "*monstruum horrendum*" had vanished together. Is not this the earliest record of our New England sea-serpent? All this might have happened to any little country girl, and the story would have been summarily dismissed by a busy and practical mother as a child's fancy, but in the annals of Catholicism, which delight in allegories, this experience of Fanny Allen's plays an important part. After this incident we have no account of Fanny's life until 1807, when she would have been about twenty-one years' old. This interval was a period of great intellectual activity, of inquiry and theological discussion. Freedom of thought was awakening in New England. Men began to dare to question the divinity of Christ, the original sin and total depravity of man, and the doctrines of election and predestination. It could scarcely be expected that Fanny Allen, "her father's own child," as we should say, would accept anything on tradition. Her common sense and subtle instinct were quick to discover weak doctrinal points, but to her thoughtful and searching questions she received only evasive answers. She seems to me to have been at this time in a state of mind common to all intelligent young people (and praiseworthy up to a certain point), of unwillingness to accept ready-made opinions from her elders. Doubtless, too, for it was the spirit of that intolerant



age, she heard the Roman Catholic church denounced. So in a half revolt against the bigoted Presbyterianism of her time, with a vain-glorious confidence in her own superior judgment, quite consistent with her inherited character, this remarkable young person determined to find out for herself what Catholicism was and especially to find out for herself whether there was any foundation in fact for certain calumnies concerning convent life which had come to her through a bad book of the period. Priding herself on simply claiming her right to independent judgment, when in fact she was unconsciously dominated by a spirit of opposition, and delighting in surprising her family, she informed her mother that she wished to go to Montreal to study French, having in fact previously wished to perfect herself in that language. There is a tradition of her engagement at some period of her life to a rich Boston gentleman. A disappointment in this connection may have been one of the motives impelling her to this step. To an unprejudiced person, especially to one familiar with the quips and cranks of young girls, Fanny Allen's conduct up to this point in her life shows an intolerable self-esteem and childish perversity; an unbridled imagination and an undisciplined will. The picture of the weak, volatile mother and the over-indulgent stepfather, powerless to control the audacious headstrong girl is not pleasing. As might be expected, for nothing is so apt to be misguided as religious zeal, the Pennimans did the worst thing they could have done under the circumstances. They yielded a reluctant consent to her plan, on condition that she would first be baptized. Accordingly she submitted to this rite in the Presbyterian meetinghouse, shocking everyone who witnessed the ceremony by laughing in the face of good Parson Barber, when he sprinkled her with water.

Soon to Montreal went Miss Fanny, and a sad life she led the gentle sisters of the Congregation, with her gibes and sneers at everything they held most sacred; so sad, indeed, that they were on the point of sending her home in disgrace, and would have done so, but for the entreaties of her special teacher who saw lovable qualities in the girl and had set her heart on her conversion. If this story is true, as told by her Catholic admirers, it adds color to my theory, that her over-weening self-confidence, her mistaken sense of her own importance, and her impatience of control, biased her judgment and made her



delight to scoff at rites which others regarded as sacred, whether Romish or Presbyterian. As might have been expected, her obdurate heart was conquered. By a miracle, so says her biographer,—more likely by her affection for the patient nun who befriended and loved her and appreciated her nobler qualities. On the Feast of the Nativity of the Virgin her teacher sent her to place flowers on the altar in the chapel. With her usual ridicule, Fanny started with the vase, but on opening the gate of the balustrade surrounding the holy place, she found herself paralyzed. “An invisible force arrested her steps. Three times she tried in vain to proceed. Then her soul is illumined, she sees, she kneels, she adores,” and fleeing back to the darkest recesses of the chapel “she prostrates herself for hours in tears and prayer.” To us, this scene is another example of the emotional character and impulsive act of an impetuous girl influenced by an overwrought imagination. The joy of her teacher at seeing her hopes and prayers fulfilled by Fanny’s demand for baptism and confirmation may be imagined. So, too, the feelings of her mother and father, when they heard of Fanny’s conversion. Proceeding at once to Montreal, they demanded her immediate return with them to Vermont. Obedient and gentle as never before, Fanny yielded to their wishes and accompanied them to Burlington. There by festivities of every kind,—sleighrides, balls, and all the amusements of country life in winter, and finally by sending her to enjoy city gayeties in Philadelphia, they tried to divert her from her purpose. Alas! the remedy came too late. When Lent came, she fasted even to exhaustion, reiterating her determination to return to convent life. In the spring of 1809, Fanny Allen bade an eternal farewell to home and country. Her mother went with her to Canada. She had not decided what community to enter. Providence again directed her steps. Towards sunset of a bewitching spring day, Fanny and her mother entered the chapel of the nuns of the Hôtel-Dieu. In the mysterious light of the late afternoon a painting of the Holy Family above the high altar riveted Fanny’s attention. The hour, the scene, the approaching parting from her mother deeply affected the susceptible girl. “It is he!” she cried, “Saint Joseph wants me here. He saved me from the monster that would have devoured me. I must give my life to his service.” Her immediate application for admission to the con-





vent of the Hôtel-Dieu was discouraged. The Superior, Reverend Mother Céloron, advised her to return to the Ladies of the Congregation, resume her French lessons, and reflect before immuring herself within a cloister. She entered her novitiate at the Hôtel-Dieu on the 29th of September, 1808, being then about twenty-four years old. Dr. and Mrs. Penniman visited her there the following spring. According to the annals of the convent, a great number of Fanny's American friends were present at the ceremony of her taking the veil. "They filled all the choir, and the church could hardly contain the crowd." It is a most impressive scene, this New England girl to whom the earth and air and sky and water of her native land had been so free and precious, voluntarily renouncing her liberty, her judgment, and her hitherto indomitable and untrammelled will, to take the vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, and seclude herself forever within the cold gray walls of a foreign convent. But "Sister Allen justified by her regularity, her zeal and all the other religious virtues the hopes which the community had conceived of her." Amid her duties as nurse she assumed, as Adelaide Silver, another New England nun, had done before her, the special mission of converting the heretic patients. Her converts were numerous, and we are told that four in one week abjured Protestantism. After eleven years of her religious life, she was seized with an inflammation of the lungs. When her illness became alarming, she asked that a Protestant Montreal physician, an American whom she respected, might be sent for. His devoted care of her was in vain. He was present at her death, and was so impressed by the scene that he wrote an account of it for the newspaper, expanding on the beatitudes which Catholicism afforded to the dying. A year and a half later he sold his worldly goods and disappeared from Montreal, saying that he should never see his friends on earth again but hoped to meet them in heaven; and that he should never forget the ravishing spectacle of the pious death of Sister Allen. At Winooski near Burlington, Vt., the hospital nuns of the Hôtel-Dieu, the order to which Fanny Allen belonged, have established a convent named in affectionate remembrance of her. She has been celebrated in song and story, as "The Gray Nun of Montreal," and "The First American Nun." There is a drama in five acts bearing the latter title, written by the historian, Abby Maria Hemmenway, of Ver-



mont. But, as we have seen, Fanny Allen did not belong to the order of the "Gray Nuns;" and a century before her, Mary, rebaptized Adelaide Silver, of Haverhill, Mass., and Tabitha, rebaptized Angélique Littlefield, of Wells, Me., became nuns of the Hôtel-Dieu in Canada. Mary Sayward of York, Me., was a nun of the Congregation in Montreal in 1698. Lydia Longley, of Groton, Mass., about the same date, and Esther Wheelwright, of Wells, Me., took the black veil as an Ursuline sister at Quebec in 1714. So that the honor of being the first American nun must be refused to Ethan Allen's daughter.



## FIELD MEETING—1899.

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### FIELD MEETING

OF THE

POCUMTUCK VALLEY MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,

AT CHARLEMONT, MASS., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 30, 1899.

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#### ORDER OF EXERCISES.

1. SINGING.
2. PRAYER. Rev. E. A. Robinson
3. REPORT of Committee of the Town upon the erection of monuments.
4. ADDRESS of Welcome to the Association. Kate Upson Clark
5. RESPONSE. Hon. George Sheldon, President of Association
6. SINGING. Miss Annie Temple
7. POEM. Miss Sadie Maxwell
8. HISTORICAL ADDRESS. Rev. Lyman Whiting, D. D.
9. SOCIAL HOUR—COLLATION. BASKET PICNIC.
10. UNVEILING THE STONE MARKING THE RICE FORT.
11. PRAYER. Rev. Mr. Wriston
12. ADDRESS. Hon. Herbert C. Parsons, Cor. Sec'y of Assn.
13. SINGING.
14. ADDRESS. Lucy Cutler Kellogg
15. SHORT ADDRESSES. Hon. Samuel O. Lamb, Rev. Mr. P. V. Finch, Charles E. Ward and Citizens of Charlemont and Guests of the Committee.
16. A PROCESSIONAL VISIT TO THE MOSES RICE MONUMENT. Brief History of it.



17. CLOSING WORDS. Town Committee and others, with responses by the Pocumtuck Guests.
18. BENEDICTION.

#### COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

For the Town, Rev. Lyman Whiting, D. D., Leonard B. Rice and C. P. C. Miner.

For the Society, Eugene A. Newcomb, Jonathan Johnson, Lucy Cutler Kellogg, John H. Stebbins and W. L. Harris.

#### REPORT.

The bit of meadow defined by the Deerfield river,—along whose farther bank thunders the traffic of the tunnel railroad,—and on the other side by the single street of Charlemont village, was adorned Wednesday of this week by a flagstaff rising almost in the center of this vernal tract and floating the national colors. By the roadside, twenty rods away, “Old Glory” was performing another service, wrapped about and quite concealing a block of granite, upon whose face, toward the highway, was inscribed a brief historical record. The floating flag in the meadow marked the exact location of the Rice fort, one of the cordon of rude but staunch defenses which were stretched across the northern Massachusetts frontier in French and Indian days to shelter the scattered pioneers and furnish resistance to the shock and strain of the savage occasional attack and constant menace. The block of granite was erected as a memorial to this fortification and the tragic events which cluster about it in history, and was placed by the public way, rather than in the field, so that the passers-by should know of its existence and its purpose.

It was the day for the dedication of this and other memorial stones, and the task was to be performed by the Historical Association which had inspired the marking of the historic spots, in this as in other towns within its province, the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association.

This was not the first visit of the Association to Charlemont. The second Field Meeting in its history was held here August 2, 1871. At no subsequent meeting has there been a larger concourse or more enthusiasm. The Association was invited here to dedicate a monument erected over the grave of Moses Rice





and Phineas Arms. May it not be that we see to-day the fruit of seed sown on that occasion.

At the suggestion of Charles E. Ward, President of the Oak Tree Association, Rev. Dr. Lyman Whiting and their associates, the town voted at the annual meeting to raise money to mark the sites of Forts Rice, Hawks and Taylor. A committee consisting of Dr. Whiting, L. B. Rice and C. P. C. Miner, was given charge of the work and instructed to confer with a committee of the P. V. M. Association—Judge F. M. Thompson and Mrs. H. W. Kellogg. The sites of the forts were marked by granite boulders set into the ground with the simplest inscriptions:—

Site of  
RICE FORT.  
1754—1899.

Site of  
HAWKS FORT.  
1754—1899.

Site of  
TAYLOR FORT.  
1754—1899.

It was not practicable to visit Taylor Fort on the East, or Hawks Fort on the West, and the dedicatory exercises of the day centered at Rice's Fort. It was here that the concluding exercises of a very full day were held.

To accommodate the throng of people from down the valley and up the hills who drove in over the dusty roads, and to make easy the task of providing a dinner for the official visitors, the principal exercises were held at the fair grounds of the Deerfield Valley Agricultural Society, a mile away from the scene of the unveiling, a ceremony which occupied a half hour late in the afternoon. The historical exercises covered about two hours in the morning, and precisely two hours in the afternoon—between the two an hour of delightful sociability and a generous luncheon for those who had come without their baskets.

The morning was chiefly marked by Mrs. Clark's address of



welcome, a spirited, enlivening, entertaining speech; the response by President Sheldon which was in keeping with the long series of his similar addresses in which the solid facts of local history are dressed in a literary form and an adornment of happy personal observations that make them entertaining to the least antiquarian of hearers; and Rev. Dr. Whiting's historical address, a production notably appreciative of the spirit of the men and women of pioneer days and appreciative of the spirits of their descendants who like to take their history in moderate portions and well seasoned. It was a touching narrative Dr. Whiting gave and the story was so clothed with the good divine's eloquent language that it brought tears to the eyes and cheeks of many to whom the pathetic incidents of the early struggle became real and present.

Mr. Charles E. Ward opened the day with a few words in general. Prayer was offered by Rev. E. A. Robinson of Buckland. The committee on the monuments, through Dr. Whiting, reported the marking of the sites of the three forts as a result of the Old Oak Tree Association's efforts and the financial help of the town of Charlemont. The audience sang "America" with much earnestness and more than the usual correctness. Mr. Ward introduced Mrs. Kate Upson Clark to deliver the address of welcome. She was received with applause, which was frequently repeated after her vigorous sentences.

Mrs. Clark welcomed the Pocumtuck Association and commended its work. She welcomed particularly its president, saying she was proud, they who were gathered were "all proud of what he has done for this county and for the country as an historian, combining with his faculty for research a fine literary ability which makes his work delightful." She paid a pleasant personal compliment to Senator H. C. Parsons. She honored Charles Dudley Warner as one whose presence greatly honored the occasion, a man who has been placed by the best critics at the head of American men of letters, and who has done much to make our valley a place in literary classics by his story of "Being a Boy"—in Charlemont. She welcomed the aged people present and urged that their recollections of the earlier days should be written down—they are invaluable. She recalled the Association's field day in Colrain last year as one of the most interesting occasions she had ever attended and hoped the one of this day would rival it in spirit.



The flower of the countryside had been brought together here as there and it was delightful to have it gathered. Mrs. Clark then paid tribute to the women of the early days whose deeds were almost forgotten, "the short and simple annals of the unrecorded," as she paraphrased Gray. Dinah Rice, who shot the savage, was almost alone in being remembered—and all because the men kept the records. The women did as much to save the country as the men. They now want the men to make the country worth saving. They want something to say who is going to be king, whether Mr. Croker or some of the other bosses—or rather they are going to see to it that we do not have any king. The schools are trying to teach both men and women to think and the vast power which women have been storing up in the years of their repression is going to be used to help the men to govern the country. The Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, she declared in closing, is one of our helpful institutions because it is exerting an ennobling and dignifying influence upon our lives, and women share equally with men in it. The institutions which the fathers handed down to us are better understood by its help, and these institutions must be preserved with unceasing vigilance if our country is to be what it should be.

Mr. Sheldon's response and Dr. Whiting's address followed. These, with a song by Miss Annie Temple, "The Deserted Homestead," which was pleasingly sung, and a poem written by Miss Sadie Maxwell and read by Mrs. C. H. Leavitt, completed the morning's programme.

On the opening in the afternoon, with the seats of the grandstand well filled, President Sheldon turned the task of presiding over to H. C. Parsons of Greenfield. He spoke for about ten minutes upon the duty Americans owe to the men and women who laid the foundations of the nation. It is not possible to add glory to their deeds; in building monuments to them we must feel as Lincoln said in the cemetery at Gettysburg. "In a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men who struggled here have consecrated it far above our power to add or to detract." We can, in the spirit of that address, dedicate ourselves to the task of perpetuating the institutions they founded and applying the principles which marked their sturdy lives to the tasks of our citizenship. Mr. Parsons referred to a letter of regret received





from Congressman Lawrence, who spoke of the Colrain day of last year with enthusiasm ; he also regretted the absence of Judge Thompson, the vice-president of the Association. After some story-telling he introduced the succession of speakers whom he declared constituted the most notable display of grandstand attractions ever presented even on this notable fair ground.

Mrs. Lucy Cutler Kellogg of Greenfield, whose address was the one formal feature of the afternoon, introduced it with a little genealogical talk and referred to the presence in the audience of four generations of her family. Mrs. Kellogg's speech was well received.

Then came the informal speaking. Samuel O. Lamb of Greenfield made a delightful reminiscent talk, with reference to his early Charlemont acquaintance and especially to the Leavitt family. C. H. McClellan of Troy, N. Y., who was the historian of the Colrain meeting, paid a fitting tribute to the early settlers. Arthur A. Smith of Colrain made a characteristic, rousing speech, winding up with the declaration that the nation had started on the right track and would keep right on even if it took in the Philippine Islands. This was followed by Charles E. Ward of Buckland, who, after some bright and taking comments on the proceedings of the day, scored that other recent meeting at Ashfield as unpatriotic and argued for upholding the government in its Philippine undertaking. The same arguments now used by the Anti-Imperialists would have applied in our early days to prevent killing the Indians or taking this country without their consent and would have made King Philip another George Washington. Mr. Ward spoke vigorously and well and was roundly applauded. The challenge of his speech to a discussion of modern political questions was not taken up.

Mrs. Kate Upson Clark gave a bright five-minute speech and was followed by Mrs. Dawes of Boston, the author of child histories, who gave an interesting story of her ancestor's experiences at Bennington and Bunker Hill. John M. Smith of Sunderland spoke interestingly on the value of local history to the people who live on the soil which their fathers defended. H. A. Howard, the Charlemont superintendent of schools, made a well-rounded speech on the value of history in schools and commended the Association's work. Mutual votes of thanks



were passed and the meeting adjourned to the Rice Fort monument for the unveiling.

Mr. Sheldon having exhausted his strength the task of presiding here again fell to Mr. Parsons. Dr. Whiting told the story of the forts and of the effort to mark their sites. Mr. Rice read the deed which reserves to the public the ground where stands the monument over the grave of Capt. Moses Rice. Then the Fort Rice marker was unveiled, Mrs. A. M. D. Alexander of Northfield, who gave the five memorial stones that have been placed on the historic spots there, and Mrs. Goodrich of North Adams, one of a delegation from the Fort Massachusetts Historical Society, being appointed as proper persons to lift the flag from the granite block it had covered. Rev. Mr. Wriston made an eloquent dedicatory prayer. Rev. Dr. Whiting pronounced the benediction.

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#### MR. SHELDON'S RESPONSE TO THE WELCOME.

If I feel embarrassed on rising to respond to this royal welcome, it is not from youth or inexperience, nor is it because a woman was your chosen vehicle for its presentation. It is that the occasion brings back with a more vivid tone and color a crowd of memories of bygone events, which come to the front and demand recognition:—memories of departed friends and co-laborers who were a tower of strength to our infant Association and gave us strong meat for sustenance.

I hope to be pardoned if my response takes on a somewhat personal coloring, personal to myself and to yourselves.

When the historian of Franklin county comes to characterize Charlemont, he will no doubt write her down as an enterprising and progressive town. He will find her Alpigene population has always been abreast of the rising tide of progress, and often at the high water mark. But without waiting for the dictum of the said historian, it may be well here and now to note one evidence of her onward march, even though it be patent to you all. Our Association in the course of our peregrinations has been welcomed from the platform by the representatives of the major part of the towns in Franklin county, but you, Madam Upson Clark, are the first of your sex to fill that office; and I confidently call upon my fellows to witness if we have ever been



the recipient of a more graceful, eloquent or more hearty greeting. For all this, in behalf of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, I thank, first, progressive Charlemont, and again, you, Madam, her selected representative.

Your venerable historian will note, to-day, the steady push of your ancestors up the valley of the Pocumtuck into the wilderness, taking all chances against its perils and hardships through wild beast and savage man. He will dwell upon the tenacity with which they clung to the soil they had subdued, and their abiding and sustaining faith in their God, in themselves, and in the forts erected for defense under the towering Alps about them—those arks of refuge whose sites we to-day mark and make sure for all time.

These men and women who came and tarried here seem to have lifted up their eyes to the mountains, and from thence obtained strength for the high resolve, that whatever woe betide, to live and die in this valley of their choice. We find no signs of their being quitters even in the face of the tomahawk and bullet. Although the maternal arms of Deerfield were ever open to receive her children home again, she was also ready to encourage and back them in the plucky determination to remain and defy all adverse fortune. As years rolled on, both Deerfield and Charlemont wrought together for their own weal and their country's good. Together they pushed back the northern avalanche put in motion by the powers of France. Together, defying the power of England, shoulder to shoulder their patriotic sons toiled the livelong night with pick and spade, and when the dawn brought about their heads the plunging shot and screaming shell, they faltered not one whit, and when their task was done fought to the finish the glorious day of Bunker Hill. Such were our ancestors. You, the descendants of Col. Hugh Maxwell, and we, the descendants of Col. Joseph Stebbins, may rival each other in honor and fame and every good work, but we must see to it, and never forget our common obligation to keep free from stain the blood of those heroes of the 16th and 17th of June, 1775.

As I have said, my position here to-day must of necessity lead to personal reminiscence. My first visit to Charlemont as an antiquary was with a plan of Fort Taylor in my hand which I had found in the State Archives in Boston; my mission was, in company with Col. Leavitt and Deacon Field, to connect this





plan with the face of the earth in this valley—to discover the very spot on which the fort was planted by the pioneer settlers. In this effort we were successful at all points, excepting in locating the well. In this we failed. I understand since coming here that your present committee has been more fortunate.

The second visit to your town is encircled with a radiance that surrounds no other public event of my experience, and I should be recreant to my opportunity did I fail in speaking to you of some of the glories thereof, inasmuch as it was a reflection of your generous enthusiasm.

I have said Charlemont was a progressive town. Proof of this is found all along her career. If I modestly, but boldly put the mother town first, the daughter was very sure to be a second in all things. Accordingly Charlemont followed the example set by Deerfield in the Lothrop monument at Bloody Brook, and set up in 1871 a memorial in memory of your slain of June 11, 1755. Discerning Charlemont had recognized the mission of our Association, and the yearling Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association was honored and exalted by an invitation to take charge of the services of dedication. We gladly responded to the call and set about the preparations with the confidence born of appreciation. So much confidence, indeed, that we surprised ourselves by the number of extra cars we engaged to carry the Connecticut valley people up the valley of the Pocumtuck. But not too soon or too many, for the cry of "On to Charlemont" filled the air. A second call for cars could not be fully filled, and in consequence the train that bore us up the valley was so overfilled that even standing room in the aisles was at a premium, and the platforms were black with the clinging crowds from the upper stations who would not be left behind. They were willing to risk their lives, but not willing to miss our Field Meeting at Charlemont, which was a new thing under the sun. On to Charlemont at all hazards! On to Charlemont!

The same cry went up at Deerfield one June day in 1755 when her bold rough riders urged their panting steeds to the relief of your stricken settlers. On to Charlemont! On to the rescue of our kindred who may be even now at the last gasp, and only sustained against the beleaguering savages by the hope of our coming. We ride with them to-day, and cry, "Spur on, heroic men! Your horses like yourselves are injured to





hardness. Lay your compass due northwest and ride straight through the wilderness to the goal! On to the rescue!"

To their intense relief the end of their ride showed no added disaster. The savages satisfied with their first success had retreated to their lair, the home of their French masters in Canada.

It was also to our intense relief that our dangerous trip in 1871 ended with no saddening disaster. We also found no enemy but an unexpected multitude of friends who welcomed us with music and banners and cheers. Who can tell of the satisfaction as well as the anxiety of our officers, all unused to such an experience at this great awakening of the people.

But when the speakers and the officers were seated upon the platform the crisis came. In the hush of silence which followed the blare of sounding trumpets and the rolling drums; before the gathered thousands with all eyes upon him, how shall the President of the Day meet his untried duties. He was now for the first time to face an audience and make his maiden address. How shall he pass the ordeal? He will now for the first time confess,—however lamentable the shortcomings and crude the performance appears in the retrospect—not Edward Everett at Bloody Brook, not Daniel Webster at Bunker Hill, not Abraham Lincoln at Gettysburg could have felt more confidence in his cause, his audience or himself. He had been thinking of the crowded cars, the stirring enthusiasm shown on the arrival, the impressive ceremonial at the monument, the imposing procession to the grove, the earnest faces of the waiting men and women before him, and his heart became filled and his hands upheld with a spirit of inspiration and of prophecy. He saw as in a vision a new force arise in the land, new reapers in a ripening field, and fair before him in the sunshine gleamed the golden shocks of the first harvest. As the chosen official leader of the new movement he felt the responsibility and realized the opportunity. He became then and there filled to the brim with faith in the mission of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association. Then and there was engendered in him that belief in its success which has never since faltered for one moment.

Men and women of Charlemont, speaking broadly for myself and my fellows, whatever measure of usefulness has attended our labors; whatever we have done to preserve the memories and embalm the deeds of heroic sires, it is largely due to your



judgment of our infant Association and your generous enthusiasm on the occasion of our Field Day with you, August 2, 1871. I feel that I shall be excused if, with my present knowledge, I single out three of your citizens, officers of our organization, as the leading movers in the arrangements for that notable meeting, and the insurers of its triumphant success. You will respond when I name Hon. Joseph White, Hon. Roger H. Leavitt and Deacon Phineas Field. May you and may we ever hold them in respectful and honorable memory.

The invitation to our Association to assist in the dedication of a monument at the graves of Moses Rice and Phineas Arms seems to have set the pace and pointed out our mission. The next year we were called upon to perform the same service at Northfield, Potter of New York having inspired Dickinson of Fitchburg to follow his example, and place a memorial on the spot where his ancestor, Nathaniel Dickinson, with Asahel Burt, his companion, was shot from a savage ambush.

A quarter of a century passed and Northfield stole a march on Charlemont. Through the persistent patriotism of Mrs. Alexander, Northfield opened up a new field for our action. We were called upon to dedicate memorial stones to mark the sites of her ancient strongholds and other historical places. Westward the contagion spread, Colrain first in 1898, and next Charlemont in 1899 caught the patriotic fever.

Charlemont, enterprising as she is, should not expect to be first in everything. She ought to be content in being the first to establish an Old Folk's Association; the first to have a cattle show all to itself; the first to have an Old Oak Tree Association; the first in the monument renaissance; the first with a woman representative to grace its platform; and, if I may be allowed the fancy, the first town to establish a Rice plantation in the Valley of the Pocumtuck; and last but not least she has the honor of being the first town to discover the merits and the mission of our august body. What more can Charlemont ask?



## HISTORICAL ADDRESS.

BY REV. LYMAN WHITING, D. D., OF EAST CHARLEMONT.

Cover these hills with forests, sheathe these brooks with thick bushes, give to the river and its tributary streams fuller, swifter currents than now they have; blot out all roadways, leaving only a few winding paths marked by blazed trees; then spread over all a silence broken only by some wild beast or by the screech of as wild a fowl; then plant here and there a rude cabin, "with at least seven stud and eighteen feet square,"—as said the law—and spread between these few lone homes a wilderness 20 miles deep to the nearest settlement—Deerfield—and unimaginable spaces westward, and you have reason for setting up timbers and sharpened logs, making a kind of pen around a few houses, called a fort. No, not all the reasons. In those lone homes are men, women and children, poorly fed, poorly clad, careworn, toilworn, silent as to talk, with seldom a strain of song or a gleeful laugh, and often and anxious listening with startled look this way and that, and, at times the swift lisp—"What's that?"—at some unusual noise in the dark woods, and then paleness upon many faces, for there's one dreadful, frightful foe ever hovering near. The tremulously spoken word—Indian—told it all.

The hideous stories which had come down from a hundred years of the tomahawk and scalping knife and the sight now and then of one of those wild, bloody men, were reasons enough for that quick alarm. Fathers, husbands and sons, going a little way from the door for wood or water, to plow or plant or harvest, taking the loaded gun with the tools, the women and children knowing that meant danger of ambush or of deadly fight—Ah! did not such days and nights of dread and of sore peril upon the lone dwellers along these valleys and up the ravines make needful strong refuges into which they could fly from the swift arrow and merciless tomahawk of the savage. Forts they called them; log or timber inclosures with battened doors and sentry boxes on the corners from which the men could watch and give the alarm, or fire upon the foe creeping toward them.

It is now 1754—one hundred and thirty-four years since the





pilgrims got to Plymouth, and 8 or 10 years since Moses Rice and after him Othniel and Jonathan Taylor, then Gershom, Joshua and Seth Hawks, and probably others, thinking that the new town upon the Deerfield was safe for settlers, had brought their families and built homes here. In 1748 the peace of "Aix la Chapelle" pretended to end the French and Indian war begun in 1744 or four years before this time. But, says the venerable annalist of this valley in his history of Deerfield, "The ink with which this treaty was signed was hardly dry before it became evident to close observers that the design of the French was to keep the peace only so long as their interests required. France never for a moment ceased encroaching on territory claimed by the English, nor for a moment forgot her subtle policy of aiding and abetting the border Indians in making forays on the English frontiers."

So they began a chain of fortresses from the St. Lawrence by the Great Lakes to the Mississippi which would pen the English between these and the Atlantic coast and with the help of the Indians drive them from the continent, and so blot the Protestants from the land and make it as was Canada, a Roman Catholic country. It was a grand Jesuit scheme, with France to carry it out. So Crown Point, Oswego, Niagara and Duquesne were quietly seized and made fortresses in the face of the solemn treaties of 1748.

The colonies soon saw the perfidious plan. The French won the Indians from their friendships with the English by basest allurements and soon the settlers got startling hints of coming dangers from the alienated savages, whose greed for war and the glory of bloody trophies soon changed them from friends to deadly foes. Their memories of King Philip's war 75 years before and of the French and English struggle only 10 years before, roused their savage lusts to frenzy. Massachusetts foresaw the dread breach this treacherous plotting was bringing on. Already raids and murders terrified the frontiers. As local defenses, a line of forts was planned from the Connecticut river along the northwestern border of the State. The blockhouses in Falltown and Colrain and the Forts Dummer and Massachusetts were repaired and garrisoned. The families in the Deerfield valley were advised to build stockades around their houses or to join them close together for mutual defense. Gershom, Seth and Joshua Hawks so moved their houses and built pickets



of logs around them. That made the Hawks fort on Tea street. The well with its stone cover and round hole, 22 inches across, is yet there. We place the stone marker on a line with the well.

Under the hill by the old cottonwood tree Moses Rice and sons fortified their house which was the Rice fort of the massacre, but after that bloody day it was moved into the meadow near the river, for, from the hill above where it first stood, the savages could shoot down into it. The site of the latter fort is shown to-day by a staff and flag 25 rods south of the stone we set to mark it. Othniel and Jonathan Taylor joined their houses and built a stockade around them, down the river about five miles from Rice's fort, and that was the Taylor fort. This work was mostly done in the summer of 1754 and so on Charlemont soil upon a line of about seven miles stood three so-called forts whose positions we hope so to certify to-day that those who come after us may not only know that they were, but where they were.

The early summer of 1755 brought to these settlers a sorrowful use for them. All through the spring after the snow was melted, rumors and signs kept the inhabitants through the valley in dread alarm. Alas! reason for it soon came. June 11, Wednesday forenoon, Capt. Moses Rice, his son Artemas, his grandson, Asa Rice, a boy of nine years, Titus King, Phineas Arms and others, with plow, hoes and guns, went into the corn field (the quite exact boundaries of which Mr. Hart Rice will by and by point out to us) to hoe the corn.

One man, Phineas Arms, gun in hand walked up and down as sentinel, between the two brooks along the edge of the field, next to the present road. Mr. Rice plowed, the boy Asa riding the horse. Strangely as it seems to us, their loaded guns were left by a pile of logs on the east corner of the field. Six Indians crept to the top of the hill above the field and after watching the men until they were farthest away from their guns, stole down the brook, seized their guns, fired them and rushed upon the unarmed, helpless men. Phineas Arms was shot dead, Capt. Rice wounded in the thigh and Titus King, a young relative of Capt. Rice, were seized as prisoners. The horse, frightened by the shooting, ran, and the boy Asa hid but the Indians found him and took him, with the others named, prisoners to the upland back of the present hotel. Artemas Rice fled, chased by the Indians, down the river to Taylor's fort, which he reached



about noon; of course all the women and children hearing the firing and whoops fled into the fort.

The Indians did not stop to do more. They knew they were between Hawks's fort just above them and Taylor's just below them. They left the wounded Capt. Rice with an Indian, by whom after a terrible struggle he was tomahawked, scalped and left to die. Toward evening he was found yet alive and carried to the house of his son where he soon expired. The Indians with their captives, King and the lad Asa, went back to Canada. Asa returned after six years, a ransomed captive. King was taken to France and to England and came at last to Northampton, his native place. Anaid, Artemus Rice got to Taylor's fort at noon. Mr. Taylor at once by a swift run went to Deerfield and returned with 25 men the same night. The next morning they came up to the Rice fort. Think friends; of that Thursday morning over by yon cottonwood tree 144 years ago; the two dead men in the fort with the terrified, weary, weeping women and children. Capt. Rice, the venerated father, leader and chief stay of the settlement, mangled, scalped and dead! Phineas Arms, a young man of 25 years, and much is told of him in the account that five weeks before he had publicly confessed Christ by joining the church in Deerfield. What a morning was this! What a first funeral! with no minister to console or pray; none to sing a hymn, two of their number carried away if not already slain by their captors. Oh! that first funeral in Charlemont! Think of the two first graves upon yon hillside; of the sorrowing procession, the 25 soldiers carrying the shattered corpses up the steep, and of the gloom the stoutest heart must have felt as they looked in each other's faces and told one another of the awful shooting and whoops and yells of the Indians, and cries of the men in the field and shrieks of the women and children and then the question "What shall be done now? Who can dare to stay or to live here now?" This simple stone we unveil to-day, recalls a mourning no tongue or pen can fully portray.

We would linger as if to comfort these stricken ones, but other duties call.

Of the Hawks Fort there are no traditions of tragedies or of special events. It no doubt served as an outpost for protection to all the valley this side of the tunnel mountain. The French with their Indian allies were so pressed by the English forces in





Canada, that this was their last stroke upon the settlement in this valley. The Rice Fort under the hill as before said, was so exposed that the General Court promised a garrison of eight soldiers to Mr. Samuel, son of Capt. Rice, if he would build a fort in the meadow. This was built during the summer after the father's death. After the June massacre 25 men were kept in Charlemont, but none of them was at the Rice Fort because of its exposure from the hill above it. These soldiers were therefore in the two other forts.

Although the Taylor Fort as the Hawks garrison has no legend of bloody fray or heroic siege yet it has one tender tradition and four little stones to verify it. In the gloomy days of that summer when the ever bodeful shadow upon womanhood—childbirth—was near, Mrs. Donelson of Colrain sought refuge in the shielded house for the hour of nature's pangs. List a moment at the barred door. The soft wail of a babe steals through the grim timbers, an unwonted sound there! And again you listen, for it seems a twofold cry. Yes, it is so,—for the joyful mother hears one cry answering to another. Yes! twins are hers and every one of the few inhabitants hastens to joy in it, for two more lives are added to the little company they count. We can but rejoice with them, for an added life among them was increase of help to live and of comfort in living.

But as in so many human joys tears mingle with and often change them to griefs and the song turns to sighing. Have you ever noticed the two pairs of low, dark stones upon a little ridge a few paces from the roadway just beyond the site of the Taylor Fort? They are only rude stones of 12x9 or 12 inches but they lip to you that they are there to mark and guard the dust of the twin babes born in the dark days when a stern timber wall was needed to give safety to the mother in her pains and to the babes in their helpless birth hours.

So this trinity of little fortresses which spread their sheltering arms around our fathers and mothers and their little ones, which hide the bloody tragedy of the Patriarch pioneer's death in one; and the tender scenes of birth and burial of babes in another, are now to be happily rescued from ungrateful oblivion by enduring sculptures. The identity of the places and the remembrance of the sorrows endured therein are thus united by these simple erections.





So ended for this settlement the bloody days of the Indian and the French and Indian wars. But until the capture of Canada by Great Britain in 1760, in Colrain, Northfield and other border towns, the implacable foe from time to time struck down or captured persons and families.

One hundred and twenty-four years had passed since the first settlement at Springfield; years in which ceaseless fears, dangers and deaths in appalling forms, had been the lot of the inhabitants of the old Hampshire county. Children had been born and had grown to old age and passed all their lives under the dread and danger from the treacherous foe. Hundreds of men, women and children had been slain or dragged into captivity. Says the historian of Western Massachusetts, "There is hardly a square acre, certainly not a square mile in the Connecticut valley that has not been tracked by the flying feet of fear or drunk the blood of the dead or served as the scene of toils made doubly toilsome by an apprehension of danger that never slept."

To the God of our fathers who led them through that century and more of sorrows and sacrifices in this to them "great and terrible wilderness" we owe the thanksgiving of grateful children who possess as a heritage the lands and homes bought for us at such woeful cost.

And as Joshua to the children of Israel in Gilgal, we may say, "When your children shall ask their fathers in time to come, saying, *What mean these stones?* Then ye shall let your children know, That all the peoples of the earth may know the hand of the Lord, that it is mighty and that they may fear the Lord your God forever."

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### MRS. LUCY CUTLER KELLOGG'S UNVEILING SPEECH.

Dug from the quarries of the earth, the white and spotless marble or the huge granite boulders have been taken by the hand of man, shaped in accordance with his designs and placed in enduring strength, as monuments to those gone before, men—aye and women—who lived, loved and died, for it is a recognized truism that, in this, the pages of the present read much the same as the pages of the past. The book lies before us, the



seals are broken, and for us it remains to open and read. And as we read, give we heed to the injunction of Holy Writ, "Remember the days of old, consider the days of many generations; ask thy Father and He will show thee, thy elders and they will tell thee." Having gained our knowledge, comes to us a second scriptural message, fraught with earnestness of purpose, and which is so often borne upon a close student of history with an overwhelming sense of its utmost importance. "Tell ye your children of it, and let your children tell their children, and their children another generation." Had this been done, easy would have been the yoke, light the burden of the historian of to-day, and the mists which now and then shroud the scenes have been rolled away. But it is ever thus, "The great eventful present hides the past, but thro' the din of its loud life, hints and echoes of the life behind steal in."

This day marks an important event in the records of this town's annals. As you, citizens of Charlemont, have dug with no uncertain hand, from the quarries of history, as with hearts filled with loving tenderness, you have placed here these appropriate markers, as you have caused the knowledge of this hidden, I might almost say lost life, to be brought forward and diffused, so upon that spotless page of history which you are now causing to be written, will the homage you thus render those "not dead but gone before" stand forth preëminently, and the saying of Joel be fulfilled that future generations be possessed with a knowledge of this past.

It has been said that History is the great looking-glass through which we may behold not merely the deeds of past ages but the different types of man. Little did Moses Rice, on that spring day in 1743, wot of what was before him, or think for an instant of the important part he was to be in the settlement of the then wildwood. Still more incomprehensible would have been the fact that one hundred and fifty-six years later the citizens of this Pocumtuck Valley, many descendants from him and his neighbors, would meet to do honor to him and them, and rehearse the valorous deeds which they, in the daily routine of duty, then performed.

We are told that after their arduous journey from the far distant township of Rutland, Mass., Captain Rice and his sons found their first shelter beneath the spreading sycamore tree, and from thence we may presume them to have surveyed their



possessions. Their eyes may—doubtless did—rest upon limitless forest land stretching away in unbroken solitude. Tall oaks, spreading elms, luxuriant maples, tough hickories and sturdy pines, through whose interwoven branches the music of the wind breathed “a song from the beautiful trees, a song for the forest grand, the garden of God’s own hand, the pride of His centuries.” Surely no more perfect garden of God could have been found for the true lover of Nature, and these men of old were in many ways—unknown or unthought of by us—“near to Nature’s heart.” Theirs was a daily communion with Nature and her handiworks. No harsh notes were sounded on that spring morning of long ago. No minor chord wailed through the forest, filling the heart with dismal forebodings of the swiftly approaching tragedy. Rather Hope whispered of the longed-for prosperity, the home built and the happy, united, family life, and the realization of the day-dreams which we may safely suppose to have been Captain Rice’s; that of the early completion of his first home in Charlemont, rude in construction, crude in its appointments, yet the home for which he had expended so much time and energy, and regarded with all the sacred tenderness of a deeply impressible nature.

All the details and incidents of this picture of the long ago have been ably presented to you to-day. How the savage warfare waged caused the settlers to flee to more protected localities, the subsequent destruction of the home of Capt. Rice, and his rebuilding, for a second, and yet a third time his house, which then partook of the character of a fort, and the strategy by which the Indians finally lured him to his death, to all of these things you have already listened. Yet here on the spot of their occurrence it is but fitting that they should once more be brought to mind.

And these stones here to-day unveiled! What are they? Not mere dumb pieces of granite. To the members of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, and, because of the work which that Association has for nearly 30 years been striving to do, to you, friends and citizens of Charlemont, they will henceforth prove themselves mute, sacred reminders of the life that has been, the more eloquent because of their silence. Hereafter those who have been present with us to-day, will, as they pass, gaze upon these stones and read, not that which is apparent to the superficial observer, but that page in history





which records the tragedy of those early inhabitants of this place. And with us it rests a sacred duty, that we each and all do what we can to perpetuate this knowledge, to instill into the minds of the children the love of ancestral lore. While all may not seek to become perpetual gleaners in this especial field of research, the truly golden harvest will only be reached when the tiny grains of knowledge scattered throughout the length and breadth of the land have been garnered. It is to those of coming generations that we must look for this result.

Whether as citizens of Charlemon't, as members of this Memorial Association, or as friends from far away, do we not all rejoice together that this day's record has been such that these enduring memorials will hereafter have the power to thus turn our thoughts to those brave men who sternly faithful to duty, in peril and suffering and denial, wrought out the noblest of historical epics on the rough soil of New England.

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POEM.

BY SADIE R. MAXWELL.

Historic vale! So pure, so fresh, so fair!  
So richly set, it seems with special care  
That nature's sculpturing hand both carved and wrought,  
Till perfect in relief stood what she sought.

Girt 'round by rugged, wood-crowned, granite hills,  
Midway the Deerfield, fed by brooks and rills.  
To west the gateway of the sunset light;  
All these,—grand gifts of a Creator's might.

Primeval forest covered hill and dale;  
Primeval forest weathered many a gale;  
Course upon course of wild beast life was run,  
Ere ringing axe exposed the soil to sun.

Here, 'neath this sun which shines for you to-day,  
The Indian hunter sped upon his way.  
'Neath the same moon which sheds her beams so wide,  
The Indian lover wooed his dusky bride.

Full many a tribe the path of war pursued,  
Full many a chief with eloquence imbued,  
Swayed at his will those 'round the council-fire,  
Soothed into peace, or roused to savage ire.



Ere to this vale came daring pioneers,  
 Undaunted by remoteness, dangers, fears;  
 Cleared the wild woodland for a space, and laid  
 Foundation for the fort, and strong stockade.

They worked by day with flintlocks close at hand;  
 By night the sentry overlooked the land:  
 Lest prowling savage should marauding be,  
 To torture, kill, and scalp in fiendish glee.

Their numbers grew, their strength and sway increased;  
 But long years passed ere yet the warfare ceased.  
 For years the red-men raided, harassed, fought:—  
 To guard sweet life, the pioneers' chief thought.

Yet near, and ever nearer drew the hour  
 Of victory, won by steady growing power;  
 When savage tribes, so crafty, treacherous, wild,  
 Must flee, before the Anglo-Saxon child.

Back were they pressed, back toward the setting sun;  
 Their prestige lost, extinguishment begun.  
 Now "reservation" is the red-men's home,  
 Whose fathers o'er a continent could roam.

Life made secure, land waiting to be tilled,  
 Ere long the vale with willing hands was filled.  
 Grateful to God, the edifice they raised  
 Wherein they met for worship—prayer and praise.

Few years of tranquil life had passed,  
 Before the drum-beat fell upon his ear;  
 A summons to the men of iron will,  
 Who labored, fought, and died at Bunker Hill.

From Lexington to Yorktown—weary years!  
 Years of defeat, of victory, tears and cheers,  
 Outnumbered by the foe, still staunch and true,  
 They served the Fabius who brought them through,

Made weakness prove their strength, proved to the king,  
 How futile his attempts such men to bring  
 To any terms of settlement or peace,  
 Except from his control a full release.

\* \* \* \* \*

A few decades,—then war again held sway;  
 Two armies of one soil,—the Blue, the Gray.  
 The pioneers long since were laid to rest,  
 But sons and grandsons to the service pressed.



The same strong will, bent to a different cause,  
 Bent to enforce the constitution's laws.  
 Bent to retrieve, to free the task-bound slave,  
 For these the South is seamed with soldiers' graves.

No need again to tell the well-known tale  
 Again no need to say they did not fail.  
 To these—our heroes—men so true and tried,  
 All honor give, they were our country's pride.

The "Old Bay State" may well extol each son  
 Those of the century past, and those of '61.  
 Seek where you will, all history has to give,  
 No nobler sons than hers can ever live.

Her *early* sons—to history often turn,  
 Breathe heartfelt thanks—those men of virtues stern,  
 Who ne'er turned back, to ideals ever true,  
 Who bought with blood sweet liberty for you.

Recorded history gives not all the tale  
 Not men alone did strive that right prevail,  
 Frail, tender women acted well their part:  
 Yield them true reverence from the grateful heart.

Ye of to-day, just pass the ideal on  
 In well-spent lives. As generations gone  
 Gave of their best to hew a broader way,  
 So give of yours, give toward a future day.

Forget not midst the business ebb and flow,  
 The lives spent here so many years ago.  
 Revere this soil, your fathers' feet have trod,  
 Revere their toil, for their success thank God.



## ANNUAL MEETING—1900.

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### REPORT.

The annual meeting of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, held at Deerfield Tuesday, Feb. 27, was marked by the reading of particularly interesting papers by Mrs. Mary P. Wells Smith, Charles Jones, George Sheldon and Judge F. M. Thompson. The annual meeting was held in the quaint old kitchen in which the furnishings provide an admirable background for the transaction of the business of the Association.

The pilgrims to the old Memorial Hall were more than ever impressed with the crowded condition of the building, and the need that more room be provided. The constant increase of the treasures of the Association will make some kind of provision for the growth of the collections imperative in the near future. Members hope that some generous friend may be inclined some day to provide money for a fireproof addition, in which the more valuable parts of the collection may be stored, leaving more room in the present building.

The Association is expected to go to Riverside in Gill this year for its field day, to mark the site of the battle between Capt. Turner and the Indians. There has been some informal talk with T. M. Stoughton of Gill and others about this matter, and it is believed that money can be raised to place a monument there. It is planned to use an old bowlder that has recently been exhumed. This committee on the field day was named: Judge F. M. Thompson, Mary P. Wells Smith, Greenfield; T. M. Stoughton, Gill; Rev. G. W. Solley and E. A. Hawks, of Deerfield. This spot, perhaps of the most historic interest in the valley, is as yet unmarked.

In the absence of President George Sheldon and Vice-President F. M. Thompson, the business meeting was presided over by Vice-President John M. Smith, of Sunderland. John Sheldon was secretary *pro tem*. The thirtieth annual report of Secretary Nathaniel Hitchcock said that the prosperity of the As-





sociation is shown by the many visitors and the gifts of books. Three members have died, Frederick Hawks, of Greenfield, who was a descendant of Col. Hawks, the old Indian hunter of Deerfield, and who was the owner of the Colonel's old sword and the source of much information regarding old Indian days; William A. Hawks, his son, and Miss Avie S. Arms. Five new members have joined. S. O. Lamb gave reminiscences of Frederick Hawks. The latter and he used to have some discussion as to who delivered an address at Deerfield in 1832, at the centennial anniversary of the birth of Washington. Mr. Hawks maintained it was George Bancroft, but Judge Aiken and others said Benjamin R. Curtis delivered it, and his printed address found in the library of this Association proves that Judge Aiken was correct. Mr. Lamb referred to Mr. Hawks as a characteristic Puritan, positive, but very intelligent. He then offered these resolutions, which were adopted: *Resolved*, that we place on our record an expression of our high appreciation of our late associates and life members, Frederick Hawks of Greenfield, and his son, William A. Hawks of Boston, of their devotion to and services in behalf of the Association and of our respect for their memory.

A letter was then read from Nathaniel Hitchcock resigning his offices of secretary and treasurer, which he has held for thirty years. Rev. G. W. Solley suggested that some way should be devised whereby he might still retain connection with the work of the Association, and suggested that he be elected as secretary only. This suggestion was afterward acted upon, with the understanding that Mr. Sheldon, as secretary *pro tem*, would be practically assistant secretary, to help Mr. Hitchcock as far as should be necessary. These officers were then chosen:

President, George Sheldon, of Deerfield; vice-presidents, Francis M. Thompson, of Greenfield, John M. Smith, of Sunderland; recording secretary, Nathaniel Hitchcock, of Deerfield; corresponding secretary, Herbert C. Parsons, of Greenfield; treasurer, John Sheldon, of Greenfield; members of the council, Charles Jones, Mary P. Wentworth, Robert Childs, Charles E. Williams, Zeri Smith, George W. Solley, of Deerfield; Eugene A. Newcomb, P. Voorhees Finch, Samuel O. Lamb, Ellen L. Sheldon, Caroline Furbush, of Greenfield; George W. Horr, of Athol; George D. Crittenden, of Buckland, and James M. Crafts, of Orange.



A letter was read from George W. Horr, of Athol, expressing regret that he could not be present, and speaking of a paper that he had prepared which could be read at some future meeting. This letter was read from Mrs. A. M. D. Alexander, of Northfield, presenting some photographs of the monuments that the Association assisted in dedicating in 1897:

"I do not forget that on one pleasant day in September, 1897, many of you journeyed to Northfield, and by your personal presence, united with historic narratives of great interest, aided the village improvement society to dedicate memorial stones. As on that day it was not convenient to see them I venture to send pictures to the Memorial Hall, trusting they will be accepted as mementos to yourselves of your own kindness and also of our gratitude to you for interest shown in our efforts to preserve the early history of the town. The very name of Deerfield rings with history, but after her trials and victories Northfield became the ground coveted by the white men. Striving, losing, and for the third time returning, her people secured their desired home, which to their descendants proved a rich heritage. Your society has done a noble work, the influence of which will not be confined to this narrow valley in New England. I think the study of early history is increasing, and that 100 years from now the question, What mean ye by these stones scattered here and there? will not be asked. Instead a new generation will arise and be glad that friends, by the erection of memorial halls, libraries and even simple boulders, have striven to preserve the history of loved and honored towns from oblivion."

Rev. G. W. Solley suggested that a committee be appointed to draw up resolutions of appreciation of Secretary Hitchcock's work. He and S. O. Lamb were appointed and drew up resolutions, which were adopted, expressing appreciation of Mr. Hitchcock's work, and asking that he continue as secretary. The report of the treasurer showed the funds of the Association to be \$1,912.

The following is the report of George Sheldon as curator:

"I would report a year of advance in the condition of our library and general collection, more largely in the former. There have been added 360 books and pamphlets, one of which is another volume of the 'Soldiers and Sailors of the Revolution.' This is the fifth volume, and it brings the alphabet of names only down to Foy. Those looking up revolutionary ancestors



whose names come before Foy, can find here all that there is known about them at the State House in Boston. There has been a suspicion that the work at the State House is not hurried, because certificates to inquiries all over the Union bring the Secretary of State quite a little income in official fees which is lessened as the book is laid before the public. I mention this only to give my judgment that the rumor is false. One thing I am sure of, that the antiquaries will rejoice when they can refer correspondents to libraries instead of hunting up answers to their queries.

Several valuable genealogies have been added in way of exchange for our publications, and I am in negotiation for others. I have made arrangements for publishing the material of the Field genealogy, contained in the manuscript volume of Rodney B. Field, in accordance with the conditions of the gift, with a gentleman of Chicago who will embody it in a larger work of the Field family. We shall be furnished with fifty copies of the book for exchange; I suppose it will be out within six months.

The library is already crowded and I see no room to place shelves for the steady stream of books that is sure to continue. The library contains a vast amount of valuable matter relating to our early history. It would, of course, be of greater use to students with a limited knowledge of book lore if we had a card catalogue. That, however, would be a very expensive luxury, I fancy. Your curator spent considerable time last summer in cataloguing, arranging, and, to some extent, rearranging the pamphlets, and in making a more complete classification. The pictures in the memorial room were put in a better condition. We are also cramped here by the abundance of our treasures. We have had applications for wall-room for two marble tablets, one of which, that to Sergt. John Plimpton, I expected to see in place before now.

I am receiving inquiries from all over the land for old books and pamphlets. Even Boston collectors are asking for some of their own city publications. I have been able to supply to the congressional library at Washington, to the New York Historical Society, and the great Union Library of New York city, some of their wants. Of course, I have sold nothing but duplicates and books not deposited here for safe keeping, but from my own loose pickings from garret and closet. There seems to





be a widespread impression that here is the place to look for anything strange and rare. A man from London wrote to know if I had a Horn-book.

Congressman Lawrence has promised to send us the reports of the American Historical Society, which may be looked for at any time. You may be glad to know that our society was represented on the reception committee when this distinguished body visited Boston last December. I only mention these things to show that we are not hidden in a corner.

The amount received from entrance fees appears in the report of the treasurer. I have received for books sold, \$54.69; from contributions, \$2.70. I have paid for small, miscellaneous expenses, \$8.92. Among the visitors at the hall this year have been many organized bodies, societies, schools, and the like. The Palmer Historical Society voted and arranged to spend Washington's birthday here, but I discouraged the visit, as I do all winter visiting, and they postponed the trip until warmer weather. A contract has been made for publishing Vol. III of our proceedings, preparations for which have been delayed by an unexpected obstacle—the difficulty of procuring copy."

The Deerfield women served as usual an excellent supper in the town hall, and at 6:30 the literary exercises began. They consisted of papers by Mrs. Mary P. Wells Smith on Mehitable Hinsdale, her foremother and the first white woman in Deerfield; by Charles Jones, of Deerfield, on the broom corn industry; by George Sheldon, giving reminiscences on the same subject; and by Judge F. M. Thompson, on Capt. Agrippa Wells, of Greenfield, who went with his company the day after the battle of Lexington. Rev. H. E. Morrow offered prayer. A choir led by Charles H. Ashley sang some of the old fugue tunes to the great enjoyment of the audience. The singers were dressed in old-fashioned costumes drawn from the heirlooms of Deerfield. Miss Julia Whiting sang an old ballad, accompanying herself on the old piano that stands in the hall. She explained that this old ballad had been sung at the funeral of a young man, by six young women dressed in white, of whom her grandmother was one. An interesting poem was read by Mrs. Lucius Nims, written by Mrs. Sophia P. Snow, of Meriden, Conn. Judge Thompson gave some interesting reminiscences of Mehuman Hinsdale, to whom Mrs. Smith referred at length. Mr. Hinsdale was a great land getter, he said, and kept applying



for grants until he owned more than anyone else in these parts. Finally, when he applied to the town for one more such grant, some one made the motion that he be given the land provided he would never ask for any more.

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## A PURITAN FOREMOTHER.

BY MARY P. WELLS SMITH OF GREENFIELD.

It is but proper to preface this paper with some expression of my indebtedness to your venerable president, the Hon. George Sheldon, to whose patient research and untiring labors, as embodied in his excellent history of Deerfield, so abounding in the materials for romance, I am largely indebted for the facts here brought together.

The virtues of our Puritan forefathers have not lacked chroniclers. Their praises are familiar to us in song and story, as well as in history's solid pages. But it sometimes seems that justice has hardly been done to the worth of the Puritan foremothers. What would the forefathers have done, pray, but for the staunch English helpmeets who said to them, like Ruth, "Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me and more also, if aught but death part thee and me;" the women who cheerfully, for conscience sake, but also for love sake, renounced the home of youth, and native land, even civilization itself, often with a tiny brood of children clinging to them, to face the weary months of voyage over stormy seas, the discomforts and perils of founding a new home in the savage wilderness? The women who were wives and mothers, and manufacturers, too; who not only cooked and brewed and nursed, but who also made and mended, wove and knit and spun, and, if need were, moulded the bullets and loaded the guns, were a power in the early history of this country not to be ignored. Privations severe for men to bear were doubly hard for women. When, to all the inevitable hardships of their lot, we add the strain of anxiety and terror often suffered, we wonder at their endurance and fortitude. They seem made of stronger stuff than the human beings of to-day.



Occasionally we get a glimpse of one of these foremothers in the old records, as in Sewall's touching tribute to his aged mother at her grave, given in his diary.

"When, about four p. m., Nathl. Brackett taking in hand the filling of the grave, I said :

'Forbear a little, and suffer me to say that amidst our be-reaving sorrows we have the comfort of beholding this Saint put into the rightful possession of that Happiness of Living desired and dying Lamented. She lived commendably Four and Fifty years with her dear Husband, my dear Father. And she could not well brook the being divided from him at her death ; which is the cause of our taking leave of her at this place. She was a true and constant Lover of God's Word, Worship, and Saints. And she always, with a patient cheerfulness, submitted to the Decree of providing Bread for herself and others in the sweat of her brows. And now her infinitely Gracious and Bountiful Master has promoted her, to the honor of higher employments, fully and absolutely discharged from all manner of Toil and Sweat. My honored and beloved Friends and Neighbors ! My dear Mother never thought much of doing the most frequent and homely offices of love for me ; and lavished away many Thousands of Words upon me, before I could return one word in answer ; and therefore I ask and hope that none will be offended that I have now ventured to speak one word in her behalf when she herself is become speechless.'

"Made a motion with my hand for the filling of the Grave.  
*Note.* I could hardly speak for passion and Tears."

Have we not known other New England mothers of whom these words were true ?

Rev. John Norton of Hingham, in his "Dirge for the Tenth Muse," says of Anne Bradstreet, wife of Gov. Bradstreet, married at sixteen and the mother of eight children, but who wrote the first volume of verse published in New England :

Her breast was a brave palace, a Broad-street,  
Where all heroic thoughts did meet,  
Where nature such a tenement had ta'en,  
That our souls, to hers, dwelt in a lane.

But in this mention of their virtues, Mistresses Bradstreet and Sewall were almost the exceptions. History takes little note of the faithful lives of the everyday wives and mothers.

Mehitable Johnson, wife of Samuel Hinsdale, has been chosen





as the subject of this paper for these reasons : she seems to have been the first white woman living in Deerfield ; I cherish for her the personal interest one feels in an ancestress, even of two hundred years ago ; and hers may fairly be considered a typical woman's life of her period. Not exceptional, for many women were called to undergo even greater hardships than hers ; but simply a typical life of one among the Puritan foremothers. To briefly consider its incidents will perhaps make real to us their day.

Mehitable Johnson came from good Puritan stock, being probably daughter of Humphrey Johnson of Roxbury. Her grandfather was John Johnson, who is supposed to have come from England in the fleet with Gov. Winthrop in 1630. We are told that the little fleet which sailed with the *Arbella*, was nine weeks crossing the Atlantic, but the devout passengers beguiled the tedium of the voyage by "preaching and catechizing, fasting and thanksgiving." No doubt Humphrey, Mehitable's father, then a young boy, was one of the victims of the "catechizing." Palfrey, in a note, quotes the learned English antiquary, Hunter, as saying of the emigration which followed Winthrop from England, that it "consisted very much of persons who, though not of the very first rank, were yet men of substance and good alliances,—will-making families, families high in the subsidy books, while some of them, as the Winthrops, were among the principal gentry of the country." This honorable description seems true of John Johnson, for Savage says he was "a man of estate and distinction," a representative to the first General Court in 1634, and for many years following ; also a member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, and surveyor general of arms and ammunition.

John's oldest son, Mehitable's uncle, Isaac Johnson, was a captain in the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, and was killed by the Indians at the head of his men, during the great fight at the Narragansett Fort, December 19, 1675. Palfrey says of this skillfully constructed fort, in the heart of a hideous swamp, that its only entrance was "over a rude bridge consisting of a felled tree, four or five feet from the ground, the bridge being protected by a block house." Over this treacherous bridge, slippery with ice and snow, rushed the English troops to the attack, after a march of eighteen miles in deep snow through the pathless forest. Palfrey says, "The foremost





of the assailants were received with a well-directed fire. Captain Johnson of Roxbury was shot dead on the bridge, as he was rushing over it at the head of his company." Well may Savage allude to him as "the brave Captain Johnson of Roxbury."

Humphrey, second son of John, although he lived for a time at Scituate and Hingham, made Roxbury his chief home. Here he married March 20, 1643, Ellen Cheney, and here their eldest child, Mehitable, was born in September, 1644. On October 31, 1660, when only sixteen years old, she married Samuel Hinsdale of Dedham, he being aged about eighteen.

We know nothing of Mehitable's personal appearance. Fancy is therefore free to make its own picture of her. We are safe in ascribing to her more than usual attractiveness of person, and many sterling qualities of character. A woman who married three times, twice when a widow with a large family of young children, was certainly not devoid of fascinations. I picture her large, strong, vigorous, her face radiant with the combined charms of good health and good sense. She was not only fair to look upon, but of the sturdy stuff in mind and body fit for a pioneer's wife, or she could not long have borne up under the hardships of her life. We may imagine her to resemble the second wife of Cotton Mather, of whom his son Samuel wrote:

"She was one of finished Piety and Probity, and of an unspotted Reputation, one of good sense, and blessed with a compleat Discretion in ordering a Household; one of singular Good Humor and incomparable Sweetness of Temper; one with a very handsome, engaging Countenance;" and no doubt it could be said of Samuel Hinsdale, as his son adds of Cotton Mather: "He rejoiced in her as having great spoil, and in finding her found great Favour of the Lord." Certainly Mehitable's life furnished opportunity for the use of all these virtues. And the forceful Samuel Hinsdale probably knew what he was about, when he selected a life partner for pioneer wilderness life.

The Hinsdales were a family of good birth, having a coat of arms, as we learn by the will of the widow of Col. Ebenezer Hinsdale, who is buried in Hinsdale, N. H. She left by will to her niece "a silver cup with Coat of Arms of Hinsdale family engraved upon it;" and to the church in Hinsdale "my great Silver Tankard with Hinsdale Coat of Arms."

Great energy, what in modern phrase is called "push," seems to have characterized the Hinsdales. Robert, father of Sam-



uel, came from England in 1638, as one of the first settlers of Dedham, and was one of the eight men who founded the Dedham church ; he moved thence to Medfield as a pioneer, being one of the founders of the Medfield church in 1650, and in 1673 we find him, with four stalwart sons, again a pioneer, this time in the remote wilderness settlement at Pocumtuck. But his son Samuel, apparently endowed with more than his share of the family energy and courage, had preceded his father to the Connecticut Valley several years, going first to Hadley. How little can we imagine what this journey of several days on horseback, through primeval forest whose only denizens were wild beasts and still more savage Indians, with three or four little children on the pillions behind the parents or in their arms, must have been for the young wife and mother ; what high-hearted courage, what strong common sense, above all, what firm trust in God and his leading must have been hers, to carry her through it.

In May, 1669, Dedham records tell us " Samuel Hinsdale of Hadley in the County of Hampshire " appeared before the selectmen of Dedham, stating that having " purchased some propriety in Pocumtucke," and made improvement " by ploughing land there," he demanded " the laying out " of the rights so purchased " that he might settle himself upon it, . . . or if it could not yet be layed out, that then some parcell of upland might be granted and laid out to build a house upon." Alone had he come up here into the wilderness, twelve miles north of any habitation, and his ploughshare was the first to turn up the virgin soil of Deerfield meadows.

The town street and highways were not laid out until two years later, in 1671, when the committee in charge of the work allowed Samuel Hinsdale to " injoy the percell of land—on which at present he is resident." Hence we may assume that some sort of house was already built on said " percell of land," that his family were here with him, and that, consequently, Mehitable Hinsdale was the first woman living under the shadow of old Pocumtuck, a worthy forerunner of all the many " desirable " women who have, since her day, walked Old Deerfield Street, and borne conspicuous and honorable share in her history.

She had at this time four children ; three little girls, Mehitable, about seven, Mary five, Sarah about three, and a baby boy, Samuel. The site of the first land occupied by Samuel Hins-



dale is unknown. The Dedham records say the piece of land thus taken up not being over three or four acres, and not "prejudicing any man's lott or lotts," he was allowed to "Enjoy it,—considering his expense on the same," probably in the erection of his house and other improvements. A little later, by some trade, doubtless, Samuel Hinsdale became owner of Lot 14. Moving his family hither, here he was residing at the time of his death.

Lot 14 is that now owned and occupied by Mrs. Whiting and daughters.

How priceless would be one letter from *Mehitable Hinsdale's* quill, giving us a glimpse of her life in the solitary little cabin, around whose doors played the sturdy children, while the young mother, alert and cheerful, stepped briskly to and fro at her spinning wheel, or plied the flying shuttle at her loom. We can see the little ones scampering to the safe shelter of mother's linsey-woolsey gown, when dusky Mashilisk or her son Wuttawwaluncksin, or Masseamet came striding out of the forest on the mountain side, coming to the cabin perhaps to barter Indian brooms for a taste of *Mehitable's* savory bean porridge. But as *Mehitable*, like most women of her period, probably could not write, we can only infer her life from the conditions then prevailing.

Samuel Hinsdale was a large proprietor, in 1670, owning one-twelfth of the original 8,000 acre grant. With his indomitable energy, he would no doubt have been eminent in the settlement's early history, but for his untimely death. Several times during these earliest years of settlement, from 1670 to 1673, he was sent as a deputy to Dedham with petitions from "the inhabitants at Pecomtick." What anxiety *Mehitable* must have suffered, during her husband's absence on these long, hazardous journeys to the Bay! He was also appointed on a committee with such leading men as Lieut. Samuel Smith and Peter Tilton of Hadley, and Lieut. Wm. Allis of Hatfield, to supervise the affairs of the new settlement, to have charge of the sale of lands, the admission of new settlers, and the procuring "an orthodox Minister to dispense the word of God among them."

In the fall of 1673, Samuel's father and three brothers cast in their lot with the promising settlement at Pocumtuck. In this year, too, was born *Mehitable's* fifth child, and the first





white child born in Deerfield, Mehuman Hinsdale. Deerfield, as the settlement began to be called, had now about one hundred and twenty-five inhabitants, thirty of whom were men. All was happy and prosperous in the little plantation until the outbreak of King Philip's war. The events of that war are too familiar to need recapitulation here. Even the most vivid fancy must fail to depict the constant anxiety and terror filling the hearts of the women in this isolated frontier settlement during the summer of 1675, the marching to and fro of soldiers, the discomfort of living, inhabitants and soldiers being huddled within the few palisaded houses, the Indians in September having burned all houses outside the stockade. Then came the morning of the fatal 18th of September, when Captain Lothrop and his gallant soldiers marched out of Deerfield escorting a train of loaded wheat carts to Hadley. Samuel Hinsdale was one of the seventeen Deerfield men chosen by lot to drive these carts. Elsewhere I have thus pictured his adieu to his wife.

"Mehitable Hinsdale stood there holding little Mehuman by the hand, smiling bravely through the tears shining in her eyes, tears stoutly held back, as her husband, after lifting little Mehuman and kissing him with unwonted tenderness, turned to her, and taking her hand, said :

"'Good-by, Mehitable. Keep up thy courage, good wife. Thou hast soldiers here in plenty to guard thee. And it be God's will, I trust soon to come safely back.'

"'God be with thee, Samuel,' said Mehitable, from a full heart.'"

No doubt she stood in front of her house, so near where we are to-night assembled, her little brood around her, watching her husband and father go down the hill and out upon the meadow till the long train disappeared to the south.

Her eyes never again rested on the husband of her youth. Samuel Hinsdale, his father and three brothers, slain that bloody day by the Indians, not, we may believe, without the stout resistance of brave men fighting for their lives, were buried by Moseley's and Treat's soldiers in the huge grave under the shadow of Mt. Wequamps. A few days more, and Mehitable with her little ones, mounted behind Major Treat's troopers, with wet eyes looked her last on what had been her happy home, and rode with grief unutterable over the still bloody battle ground, past the dreadful mound, to take refuge with kind



relatives, probably in Hatfield. Deerfield was abandoned to Indian ravage and destruction, and was soon burned. A few blackened cellar holes and ravaged and trampled fields, and one melancholy frame, left unburned, through whose bare timbers the desolate winds howled mockingly, were all the traces left of the settlement. "The small remnant that were left of Deerfield's poor inhabitants" scattered through several towns below, pathetically said, in a petition to the General Court for aid (in 1678), "our houses have been rifled and burnt, our estates wasted, our flocks and herds consumed, the ablest of our inhabitants killed; our plantation has become a wilderness, a dwelling for owls."

Mehitable, now thirty-one years old, was left a widow with five little children, the oldest a girl of barely twelve. Samuel Hinsdale's personal estate of forty-five pounds, a much larger sum relatively then than now, was by his will "given his widow to bring up their children," while "the Land at Deerfield alias Pocumtuck, not being valued in regard to the present Indian war rendering it at present of little worth, but being hopeful to prove a Real Estate hereafter," was given to his sons, Samuel and Mehuman, "the Eldest to have a double share."

In those days of war, death, uncertainty, there was little time for mourning. Broken families and lives must be patched up somehow, and the duties and business of life must go on. Mehitable with her little flock needing a father's care, soon married John Root of Northampton, aged thirty-one, son of Thomas Root, one of the founders of Northampton, one of the "eight pillars of the church" there, a selectman, etc. The records give John Root but one child, Thankful, born in February, 1677. He probably married Mehitable in the spring of 1676, and Thankful Root was her sixth child, perhaps so named from the sense of gratitude to God filling the mother's heart that life, which had looked so dreary, began to smile again with love and hope.

The General Court, in answer to Mehitable's petition, had given her as her own, Lot 14, and in the spring of 1677 John Root, with Quintin Stockwell and a few others, returned to Deerfield full of hope and courage, to begin rebuilding the ruined settlement, feeling themselves entirely safe now that Philip was slain, and the war ended, while no hostilities had recently been committed. Root was building a house for Mehitable



and her family on Lot 14 when on the evening of September 19, 1677, exactly one day over two years since the slaughter at Bloody Brook, a band of 26 Indians from Canada, led by Ashpelon, fell upon the workers. All were taken captive, and Root soon slain, perhaps because of his desperate resistance. Again was Mehitable widowed by the cruel hands of Indians. Truly could she echo the words of Deerfield's desolate "remnant" to the General Court, "We find it hard work to live in this Iron age." She was probably living either with her father-in-law, Thomas Root at Northampton, or with Hatfield friends. Her first husband's fourth brother, Ephraim Hinsdale, had settled at Hatfield after King Philip's war, and there were other relations living there. Among these various friends the family were doubtless scattered. Hearts were warm and hospitable in those troubled days, and those as yet uninjured shared freely with their suffering friends.

A prominent man in Hatfield was Deacon John Coleman, son of Thomas Coleman from Wethersfield, Ct., one of the "engagers" who settled Hadley. Deacon Coleman married Hannah Porter of Windsor, and by her had six children. This family were living on a lot in the heart of the present village of Hatfield, just north of the stockade. Ashpelon and his Indians suddenly fell upon peaceful Hatfield about eleven o'clock in the forenoon of Sept. 19, 1677, killing twelve persons, wounding four, burning several buildings, then retreating northward in haste, bearing seventeen captives. Those captives were concealed in the woods east of Mt. Pocumtuck until dusk, when the deadly assault already described was made upon the men rebuilding at Deerfield.

Deacon John Coleman's house, as has been stated, was without the stockade. He himself, with most of the men of the settlement, was at work on the meadows when this unexpected blow fell. He left home in the morning, everything seeming serene and secure. He returned ere noon to find his wife and baby Bethiah slain, another child wounded, his barn with all his summer's crops burned, and two children carried off into captivity, one being Sarah Coleman, but four years old, whose little shoe worn during her eight months of captivity, now rests in Memorial Hall. The same day Mehitable Root had lost her second husband.

It is not strange that these two fellow-sufferers, probably old





acquaintances and fellow church members, were drawn to each other by their common sorrow and common need. We can fancy good Deacon Coleman seated in the "fore room" with the comely and capable Widow Root, pleading his suit something in this wise, while the firelight shone out on his earnest face, on *Mehitable's*, still pleasing, though the shocks of sudden sorrows had somewhat dimmed its girlhood beauty.

"Goodwife Root, the hand of the Lord hath verily been laid heavily upon us twain. In the same dread day, thou didst lose thy staff and stay, and I my sweet and comfortable spouse, by the hands of the same murderous savages, whom, doubtless because our sins called down His just wrath, the Lord suffered to fall upon us to desolate our pleasant places and destroy our goodly heritage. In this bereavement so strangely befalling us, methinks I discern a leading of the Lord, that we widowed ones who are left desolate to mourn shall comfort each other under these sore distresses. Thy little flock needeth a father's protection and guidance, and my poor desolate children a loving mother's care. Shall we not join hands in the sweet estate of wedlock, and walk together, comforting each other, during the days that remain of our earthly pilgrimage?"

And so, eighteen months after the deaths of Hannah Coleman and John Root, on March 11, 1679, *Mehitable*, now thirty-five years old, became the second wife of Deacon John Coleman of Hatfield. The deacon moved within the palisade soon after the assault. *Mehitable* bore him two sons, Ebenezer and Nathaniel. At the time of the marriage, Deacon Coleman had five children living, the oldest a boy of thirteen. The two little captives had returned in safety early in June, 1678, thanks to the heroic efforts of Benjamin Waite and Stephen Jennings. *Mehitable* had six children, the eldest a girl of 16. With the two sons born to Deacon Coleman, she was thus the maternal head of a household of thirteen young children. Did she not need all the virtues I have ascribed to her and would she have been chosen to fill so difficult a position by a "grave, judicious" elder of the church, had she not possessed the rare qualities of head and heart enabling her to fulfill its duties faithfully and wisely? She lived ten years with Deacon John Coleman, probably years of domestic peace, though there was still a constant apprehension of Indian raids, not baseless as was shown by the assault on Northfield in August, 1688, when six persons were slain. A





year after this raid on Northfield, when her youngest child, Nathaniel, was but five years old, August 4th, 1689, she died, at the early age of 45.

She had borne eight children, had lost two husbands as well as relatives, neighbors and friends innumerable by the sudden and horrible shock of Indian butchery, and, in addition to the care and toil inevitable to the mother of so large a family amid the hardships and privations of the period, she had lived most of her life under such a nervous strain and apprehension as are inconceivable to us more fortunate ones,—the impending dread of Indian assaults. Small wonder is it that her vitality was exhausted, and that she early laid down the life so full of usefulness, but also of turmoil and sorrow.

She was undoubtedly buried in the old burying ground at Hatfield, beautiful for situation then as now, where the clear waters of Mill River glide by under the bank to-day as peacefully as when mourning husband and children lowered to quiet rest at last the worn body which had housed *Mehitable* Coleman's brave soul. But I find there no gravestone, or even trace of an unmarked grave near her husband's. Perhaps this is not strange, after the lapse of two hundred and eleven years. At the time she died, few graves were marked with stones. The mound has long since sunk down into a grassy hollow, and the body *Mehitable* wore has blossomed again in grass and flowers. Little it all troubles *Mehitable* now! A stone, large for the time, in fact probably erected later, marks her husband's grave, its partly effaced inscription stating, "Deacon John Coleman dyed on Jan. 21, 1711, Aged 76 years, and here byred."

Through her children *Mehitable* was still further connected with the Indian troubles. Indeed, her early death seems merciful, in view of the agony she was thus spared, for the sorrows of one's children are more grievous to a mother's heart than her own. Her oldest daughter, *Mehitable*, became the second wife of Obadiah Dickinson, who, with his child was carried away captive to Canada from Hatfield in the assault of 1677. Her third daughter, Sarah, married Samuel Janes, son of Elder William Janes of Northfield, who during the first settlement at Northfield preached to the settlers under the spreading branches of a huge oak tree. Samuel returned to Northfield at the time of the second settlement, taking up his father's lot. Samuel Janes seems to have been a brave man, for it was he who with



one garrison soldier went to Springfield the day after the assault bearing a letter with the news to Major Pynchon. When the settlers were again obliged by the Indian assault in 1688 to abandon Northfield, Samuel, with his brother Benjamin and three other families, settled on a fertile tract in Northampton, at the northeast foot of Mt. Tom, called Pascommuck. Here they no doubt felt themselves entirely safe, in the heart of the old settlements. But in May, 1704, a party of French and Indians fell on Pascommuck. Thirty-three persons were killed or captured. Samuel Janes, his wife, Sarah, and three children were slain (daughter and grandchildren of Mehitable), and two young sons of Samuel Janes were knocked on the head and left for dead, but were found alive and recovered. Mehitable's son, Mehuman Hinsdale, was twice taken captive. In 1704 he was living on his mother's old lot in Deerfield, No. 14, when, in that terrible night in February, which we are here met to commemorate, he and his wife were captured, and taken to Canada, and their only child (another grandchild of Mehitable) was slain before the parents' eyes. On the passage back from Canada in 1706, another son, Ebenezer, was born to the Hinsdales. Mehuman returned to Deerfield to live, but in 1709, when driving an ox cart from Northampton, he was again captured, and carried to Canada, returning only after three years' absence, by way of France and England. Would he had kept a diary of his experiences during these three years!

Mehitable's grandson, Ebenezer Hinsdale, born almost in captivity, was prominent in the settlement of Southern Vermont and New Hampshire, founding the town of Hinsdale, N. H. Mehitable's second daughter, Mary, married Deacon Thomas Sheldon of Northampton, brother of Ensign John Sheldon, so prominent in Deerfield's early history. Deacon Thomas gave the first church in Northampton a communion service of massive silver, still in use, says Sheldon's genealogy. So we may infer that Mary, as the phrase goes, "married well." Thankful Root married Thomas Wells of Wethersfield, Ct. Ebenezer Coleman also settled in Connecticut, in Colchester. The ties with Connecticut, where many of the families in this region had originated, and where many relatives still lived, were strong in those days. Samuel Hinsdale settled in Medford.

Mehitable's youngest child, Captain Nathaniel Coleman, lived and died in Hatfield, as did his son Elijah. His grandson,



Elijah, Mehitable's great-grandson, married Tabitha Meekins, a descendant of Goodman Thomas Meekins, the miller of Hatfield, and of his son, Thomas, Jr., slain by the Indians in King Philip's war, when out as a scout north of Hatfield, Oct. 19, 1675. Through her mother, Martha Smith, Tabitha Meekins was also directly descended from Lieutenant Samuel Smith of Hadley. Soon after the Revolutionary War, Elijah Coleman moved from Hatfield to Greenfield, purchasing a part of the old Allen farm in the upper meadows, confiscated and sold, as family tradition has always recounted, because the owners were Tories, the farm now called "Clover Nook Farm." I remember as a child of four, going into this old house, a black frame house with a long roof sloping to the ground in the rear, then used as a store and tool house. Elijah was my mother's grandfather. Had he lived a few years longer, it pleases fancy to believe he might have told my mother family stories or traditions about the momentous experiences of his great-grandmother, Mehitable, and so I should have had, as it were, personal touch across the centuries with this Puritan foremother. But he died in 1818, when my mother was two years old, and his body was taken back to the old burying ground in Hatfield, and laid beside his ancestors, Captain Nathaniel and Deacon John. His stone bears the familiar words:

Present useful, Absent wanted.

Lived desired, Died lamented.

An obituary in the Greenfield paper of the period says of him that he was "a worthy and respectable citizen, and dear to his circle of friends, who cannot but reflect with the highest satisfaction upon his Christian resignation under the infirmities he has long endured, and particularly upon the almost unparalleled consolations he enjoyed during his last illness, nor fail to indulge the joyful assurance that with him death is swallowed up in victory."

Most of the audience here assembled are descended from Puritan ancestors who helped bear the brunt of the old Indian wars. While we may hope that we have inherited from them some touch at least, of high-hearted faith, of devotion to duty, of interest in religion, of patriotic love of country, is it wholly fancy which causes us to believe that some mark also of the terrible nervous strain they bore, the shocks they endured, still rests





upon us? When we shudder in the dark at nameless, senseless terrors, we know not what; when, in spite of reason, we would rather not go down cellar in the dark, feel that a vague, lurking Something is about to pounce upon us from the shadows, when we prefer to shut out the blackness of the night by drawing close the curtains, lest a dreadful unknown Something peer in at us; are not these vague, nervous apprehensions which we despise, but still feel, deep down in the subconscious self relics of the impress left by Indian horrors on our ancestors, so inefaceable as still to be transmitted to their descendants?

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POEM.

BY SOPHIA P. SNOW.

Loved Deerfield; Franklin's oldest child,  
 What memories round thee cling,  
 What daring deeds of pioneers  
 Adown the centuries ring.

This peaceful vale was once the home  
 Of a relentless foe  
 Who ranged, at will, in these retreats,  
 Back in the long ago.

They roamed Connecticut's fair banks,  
 And loved its waters too,  
 Upon its crystal bosom fished,  
 Borne by the birch canoe

But when the white man came to till  
 The long neglected soil,  
 They saw in him a rival, who  
 Their hunting ground, would spoil.

And then a savage war began  
 That lasted many years;  
 A bloody age on history's page  
 Bedewed with scalding tears.

Bold Sugar Loaf was Philip's throne,\*  
 Where he his sieges planned,  
 And then went forth to execute,  
 Assisted by his band.

Near by there flows a little stream  
 Of which historians tell,  
 Where in a struggle, short but fierce,  
 "The flower of Essex" fell.

\*A mere poetic fancy.—Ed.



For what the early settlers bore  
At cruel, Indian hands,  
Allied with the Canadian French,  
The name of "Williams" stands!

Around the dwelling's midnight blaze  
The savage danced and screamed,  
And here the deadly tomahawk  
Above the captive gleamed.

Then came the long and dreary march  
O'er drifted Northern snows;  
No pen, tho' dipped in ink of blood,  
Its suffering could disclose.

How many deeds could be rehearsed  
At which the heart would quail,  
But with the softening hand of time,  
O'er them, we draw a veil.

To-day, peace o'er this valley broods,  
The white man reigns supreme,  
Instead of war whoops, can be heard  
Resounding blasts of steam.

The tiller of the soil works not  
In fear of danger now,—  
One hand upon the musket laid,  
The other, on the plow.

All traces of the dusky foe  
Have vanished with the years,  
And children unmolested play  
Where died the pioneers.

Where the untutored savage dwelt,  
Now, halls of learning rise,  
And churches with their tapering spires  
Point upward to the skies.

These things are possible to you  
Because your fathers fought  
To win for their descendants homes,  
Whose soil with blood was bought.

No crumbling stone can ever tell  
The debt to them you owe,  
But generations yet to come,  
Through you their deeds shall know.

With growing zeal, you meet each year,  
Around the festal board,  
To trace some hero's brave career,  
In history's pages stored.



Your fathers toiled for you with gun,  
You toil for them with pen,  
And delve in records old and dim,  
To show their deeds to men.

Memorial Hall—Old Deerfield's pride—  
Was christened at your hands,  
Erected first as learning's seat,  
For learning still it stands.

'Tis filled with heirlooms of the past,  
With relics old and rare,  
And every room within it shows  
A guardian's faithful care.

P. V. M. A., performs a work  
Praise-worthy and sublime,  
Whose good effects will reach far down  
The corridors of time.

The names of Sheldon, Hitchcock, Arms,  
Of Crawford, Wells and Wright,  
With Thompson, Baker, Lincoln, Smith,  
Blaze with a brilliant light.

Ere long the silver cord will break,  
The thread of life be spun,  
And you will leave to other hands  
The work that you've begun.

And when dear, faithful, Mother Earth,  
Your sleeping dust shall claim,  
Your children's children will revere  
Each member's honored name!

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## CAPTAIN AGRIPPA WELLS.

BY JUDGE F. M. THOMPSON.

Among all the names of the old patriots of the Revolutionary period, who resided in Greenfield, none stands out in bolder letters, or in stronger light, than the name of that sturdy old hero, Captain Agrippa Wells.

Captain "Grip," as he was familiarly called by our grandfathers, seemed to have a firm hold upon the affections of those who were children about the time of the close of the Revolutionary War. Three generations ago, whatever other afflictions the people suffered, they were not troubled with a daily paper



with its scare-head news columns, filled with disgusting twaddle about "Imperialism," "Goebelism," and other "isms," furnished by paid reporters, serving to distract the public mind, and occupy the time and attention of the people; and when in the long winter evenings the rural family had gathered about the light-stand upon which stood the tallow dip, shedding its soft light upon the sweet and placid face of the good wife, as with the yarn carefully wound around her little finger she knitted the woolen mitten for the youngster who nestled on the hearth at her feet, putting up his hand now and then to "try it on," while he teased his grandfather, who sat by the glowing fire, for a story; the stirring events of the life and times of "Captain Grip," often became the thread of that evening's story.

Agrippa Wells was born in Deerfield, November 27, 1738. He was the son of Thomas Wells, a doctor, and his mother was Sarah, daughter of Deacon Eliezer Hawks, who was with Captain Turner at the "Falls fight," and sister of Sergeant John Hawks, the "Hero of Fort Massachusetts." His grandfather, Ebenezer Wells, was one of the first to receive a grant of land "on Green river," and his grandmother was Mary, a daughter of fighting old Sergeant Ben Waite, who laid down his life in the "Meadow fight." Very many of the descendants of Hugh Wells, the emigrant, born in Essex County, England, and who was settled in Hartford in 1636, had become celebrated and renowned as men of note and influence in Colony affairs, and by their brave deeds in Indian warfare. Jonathan Wells, the boy hero of the Turners Falls fight, was of this blood; also Captain Thomas Wells, a renowned partisan in the Indian wars, as well as Colonel David Wells of Shelburne, of Revolutionary fame. A large oak "chest and draws," now in our Memorial Hall, was a portion of "the setting out" of Agrippa's mother, Sarah Hawks. The marriage of her father and mother, Eliezer Hawks and Judith, daughter of William Smead, is the first recorded in the Deerfield records, April 30th, 1689.

Inheriting such blood, born when the people were in the midst of the turmoil of Indian warfare, and raised to manhood during the exciting years of the old French war, it is not strange that we find Agrippa Wells, before he is twenty years old, a member of Captain Burk's company of Massachusetts Rangers, under the command of that celebrated border chief, Major Rogers, scouting upon the borders of Lake Champlain. : ∴





On the 25th of June, 1757, while on a scout near Sabbath Day Point, he, with Martin and Matthew Severance of Deerfield, and William Clark, of Colrain, were made prisoners by the Indians, and taken to Canada. As was customary with the savages, the prisoners upon their arrival at the Indian villages, were compelled to run the gauntlet.

All the Indians of the village, forming in two rows, armed with clubs, whips, and other weapons, stand ready, and the prisoner is compelled to run between the lines and receive such punishment as he is unable to escape. Wells was greatly enraged because the Indians stripped him of his own clothes, and compelled him to wear the cast-off chemise of an old squaw, and being an athletic and robust youth, he determined to do his best, and with a jump and a whoop, started down the line with such a bold dash that he so much surprised the mob that before they knew it he had nearly reached the goal, without receiving much punishment, but nearing the end an old squaw gave him a terrible blow, which Wells returned with such a vigorous kick in the stomach, that she was sent sprawling, much to the edification of the Indians, who thought it a fine show of pluck, and Wells was at once taken into favor. He was redeemed from the Indians, taken to France as a prisoner of war, and after some delay exchanged, and reached home by the way of England. He became a resident of Shelburne, at one time owning the "Wells farm" and selling it to that Col. David Wells who came from Connecticut in 1770. He was one of the selectmen of Shelburne in 1770 '71, and was captain of a company of minutemen formed from men residing in Shelburne, Greenfield and Bernardston. He soon after removed to Greenfield, his house being upon the lot where now stands the Franklin County Bank building, and his blacksmith shop stood upon the lot now occupied by Sanborn's block.

There were two military companies in Greenfield in 1775, one with its headquarters in the village, the other located at the meetinghouse, now known as "The Four Corners." When "the shot heard round the world" was fired at Lexington, April 19th, the news reached Worcester before night, and early on the following day the excited messenger, on foaming horse, rode through Greenfield, shouting "to arms," "to arms," "meet in Cambridge," as he urged his jaded steed onward to other towns.



The setting sun saw Captain Wells and fifty men hastily gathered from Greenfield, Bernardston and Deerfield, on their way to Cambridge, their souls full of revenge for the death of their fellow patriots.

In his roll call for August 1st, 1775, Captain Wells gives the names of 23 men from Greenfield, 22 from Shelburne, 17 from Bernardston, three from Northfield and one each from Haverhill and Hampton Falls.

Attached to this roll is a memorandum, that Noah Wells of Shelburne, died May 21st, 1775, and in a letter written home he mentions that "Noah Wells was buried with regimental honors." His roll also says that Tobe Porter of Shelburne, died June 16th. Could it be that the date given is an error, and that he was one of the victims of the battle of Bunker Hill, the 17th.

It is not known whether this company was engaged at the battle of Bunker Hill or not, but it is certain that the command was in the immediate vicinity that day and with full ranks. The second Greenfield company under the command of Captain Timothy Childs, a prominent citizen of the town, then living on the farm now owned by Timothy M. Stoughton, Esq., near Riverside, marched for Cambridge a few days later. Both Captain Wells and Captain Childs received their commissions from the Provincial government May 3d, 1776.

While Captain Wells was with his company at the siege of Boston, he received a furlough for a visit home. Rev. Roger Newton, the minister of the town at that time, was not considered a zealous patriot, to say the least, and men of the stamp of Captain Wells were not well satisfied with his position in regard to public affairs. When it came to Mr. Newton's ears that Captain Wells had arrived, he walked over to get the news from Boston. He found the Captain at tea and during the conversation which followed, he asked, "What do they intend to do with the Tories?" "Do with 'em, do with 'em," said the pugnacious Captain, bringing his fist down upon the table so hard as to make the parson jump; "do with 'em, damn 'em, we intend to hang the devils." Calling upon an old friend in the western part of the town he was invited to drink tea; "No," he said, "I would as soon drink my children's blood."

Captain Wells and his command were present at the battle



of Bennington and also at the surrender of Burgoyne. He was a bold, bluff man, but an intense patriot, and he rendered most valuable service to his country, in the "time which tried men's souls" to the utmost.

After his return from the war he removed to that part of Bernardston soon established as the District of Leyden, where were settled so many of his old command. He was selectman of Bernardston for several years between 1784 and 1791 and was also a member of the Constitutional Convention in 1788. At the close of the Revolutionary War, great distress and actual want existed in the country, especially in Western Massachusetts, and the people complained bitterly of taxes, the refusal of the government to issue paper money, the high salary of the governor, and especially the specific taxes levied to pay the interest upon the state debt.

After years of unrest and vain appeals to the government for relief, provoked beyond measure, a large number of the returned soldiers of the Revolutionary army and younger men assembled in arms and, placing themselves under the leadership of Daniel Shays, a distinguished officer and patriot, gathered at the places fixed for holding sessions of the courts, and by threats prevented their sitting, thus delaying the collection of taxes and other debts. With hundreds of others of his old compatriots in arms, Captain Wells was convinced that he was called upon to fight a second war for independence. When the rebel army assembled before the United States Arsenal, on Springfield Hill, it is not at all strange to find the command of Captain Wells in the front ranks. When after all efforts by the government officers to prevent slaughter had failed, and the rebels dared the government forces to fire, General Lincoln gave the word and one volley burst forth in the faces of the rebel ranks, as the smoke of battle cleared away, there stood Captain "Grip," almost alone, waving his sword and in a voice of thunder, cursing his men—who had run away—for their cowardice and shame.

It speaks loudly for the popularity of the rebel cause in this vicinity, that there was also in the rebel ranks that day upon the hill, another company from Greenfield, under the command of Captain Moses Arms, composed of many of the very best men of the town. It is a singular fact that all of the four men killed that day, and Challoner, the man who lost both his arms,





were from Greenfield, Leyden, Shelburne and Colrain, and they were all thought to be members of Captain Wells's company. The writer is in no position to criticise the rebel position, as one of his grandfathers was with General Lincoln and one with Daniel Shays.

In 1793, Captain Wells again became a citizen of Greenfield, living for a time upon the farm now the homestead of Mr. Charles W. Smead, where he had a blacksmith shop. He married, September 17th, 1761, Mehitable, daughter of Jonathan Smead, of Greenfield, and eleven children were born to them.

Captain Wells died in Greenfield, March 24th, 1809, and was, it is supposed, buried in Greenfield, but where sleeps the dust of this brave old patriot, no man knoweth.

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## THE BROOM CORN INDUSTRY.

IN THE COUNTIES OF FRANKLIN AND HAMPSHIRE, AND IN THE TOWN  
OF DEERFIELD IN PARTICULAR.

BY CHARLES JONES.

The Franklin Herald and Public Advertiser says in its issue of January 2d, 1827, that in 1827 seventeen hundred acres of broom corn were raised in Hampshire County, of which fifteen hundred acres were raised in Hatfield and Hadley. The price of broom corn at this time varied from three and a half to six cents per pound. According to the Hampshire Gazette, Samuel Hopkins of Hadley was the first to raise broom corn in this vicinity, about 1778. It became a staple crop about 1825 in these river towns, and the amount raised increased steadily until about 1842, after which time it became unprofitable, and since 1855 but little has been raised in Deerfield. It was at one time a leading crop in the towns of Deerfield, Whately, Hatfield, Hadley, North Hadley, Sunderland, and to some extent raised in Northfield and Montague, and was largely depended upon as a ready money crop.

The brush was manufactured into brooms and brushes, and sold in the Boston and New York markets. But the enterprising farmers often peddled the brooms in the neighboring



towns, in New Hampshire and Vermont, some even taking their products so far as Canada, and Cherry Valley in the state of New York.

Almost every farmer raised more or less of the crop, and very many manufactured the brooms. It was grown upon the very best meadow land, and produced from six hundred to one thousand pounds of brush to the acre, and sometimes even exceeded the half ton to the acre. When the seed was allowed to fully ripen, from forty to eighty bushels were produced to the acre—or eight bushels of seed to every hundred pounds of cleaned brush.

In order to raise a good crop of broom corn it was necessary that the land be in a high state of cultivation, well plowed and pulverized, then holed out in hills about twenty inches apart, in rows three feet distant from each other, manured in the hill with about seven cart-loads of good manure to the acre, usually compost, which when loaded into the cart—for all farm work was then done with cattle—was taken to the field and much care taken to avoid driving across the rows, one or two men distributing the compost with shovels from the tail end of the cart, to the hills, taking six rows at each crossing of the field, as being a more convenient number of rows, each shovelful being sufficient for two or three hills. When the field was manured, men followed with hoes and planting bags filled with seed, and with the hoe covering with earth the compost and smoothing down the earth, scattered thereon fifteen or twenty seeds and covering the same about one half inch in depth with fine earth free from grass or weeds, leaving the result with nature.

It took a good smart man to plant one acre of broom corn in a day. When the young plants were about two inches high, hoeing began. The horse and small harrow went back and forward between the rows of tender corn, and “the man with the hoe” followed cutting out all weeds and putting a little fine dirt among the small blades of corn, but not at this time thinning the number very much. This work was in ordinary seasons done about the first of June, and about the middle of the month came the second hoeing. Sometimes an old-fashioned cultivator was now used between the rows, and the number of stalks left in the hill were not more than seven to ten, and the earth was slightly hilled about the corn. Early in July the



cultivator was again put through the field, and the dirt hilled about the now fast-growing corn, which by the first of September had reached an average height of nine or ten feet, each stalk crowned with its long tassel of brush richly laden with seed, a most beautiful sight. If the seed ripens before the frost comes, it is ready to be harvested, but this must be done before frost touches it, whether the cane is ripe or not, or its virtues have departed.

A field of broom corn is harvested by breaking down the stalks of each hill about three feet from the ground, and laying the tops diagonally across upon the opposite row about three hills in the rear, thus making a continuous table of each two rows. This is called "tabling," and the next operation in the harvest is cutting off the brush, which is accomplished by holding the brush in one hand and with a knife in the other giving just the right drawing cut, severing the brush and leaving the husk upon the stalk, a part of the table. About ten inches of the stalk is left on the brush, and it is spread evenly, the butts all one way, upon the table to dry. If good weather prevails, the brush will be ready to cart in three or four days, and is then bound in small bundles, or piled loosely upon the cart and taken to the sheds where it is spread upon poles, or piled upon some open scaffold about ten inches thick, where if in proper condition when brought from the field, it will cure without further trouble or care, except perhaps a turning now and then to keep it from moulding in case of muggy weather.

When the crop is thoroughly dry, the brush is hatched or scraped to remove the seed, which operation is sometimes done by hand and sometimes by a machine, and the brush bound in bundles of about ten or twelve pounds in weight, and is then ready for market, or to manufacture into brooms or brushes. If destined for shipment, the bundles are made up into suitable large bales, and sometimes sewed up in sacking, to prevent loss in transportation and waste.

After the seed is removed it is a slippery mass full of chaff and dirt, and is usually threshed with a flail, and run through a fanning mill, to make it clean and marketable. If the seed is ripe and good it should weigh from thirty-five to forty-two pounds to the bushel, and under those conditions is thought by some farmers to be about equal in value to oats, for feeding purposes. I well remember William Ross, who then lived in





what was known as "Little Hope" but which locality is now known by the dignified name of West Deerfield, as always having large, fat hogs, and they were always fed on broom seed; this was nearly seventy years ago, and men differed much as to the value of broom seed for feeding purposes. Uncle Seth Sheldon, David Sheldon, Uncle Ralph and hosts of the best cattle feeders of Deerfield Street would not permit its being fed in their barns, and Uncle Seth would not even let the miller grind his grist of provender the first after he had ground in the mill a grist of broom seed. Horatio Hoyt, Sr., experimented with broom seed as food for hogs and neat stock without satisfactory results. He said he fed broom seed to his hens until they ever after grew their feathers pointing toward their heads.

The market price of broom brush has like every other crop produced upon our farms, had its ups and downs, and seasons of speculation. In 1835 the crops were many of them sold standing in the field for from seventy to one hundred dollars an acre, and as the frost came early that year, the crop was nearly ruined and consequently large amounts of money were lost in the speculation.

When the brush is to be manufactured into brooms and brushes, it is usual to bleach it with brimstone. This is done by preparing a box about eight feet long by five feet in width and five feet in depth, inside of which is a rack about fifteen inches above the ground. Each bundle of brush is then soaked in a tub of water and then set in the box upon the rack and unbound, with the butts downward, the box lid shut down as nearly air-tight as is possible, when an old fashioned skillet is heated red-hot and introduced under the rack through a hole in the side of the box, and a roll of brimstone dropped into the skillet, immediately stopping the hole. After remaining in this sulphur bath for twenty-four hours, the box is opened and the brush removed and it is now ready for use. Taken to the broom shop, the brush is assorted, the long fine colored brush selected for the outside of the broom, and the short and crooked brush used for filling.

It was considered a day's work to bleach and prepare the brush and tie and sew twenty pound and three-quarter brooms, twenty-five pound and a half brooms, thirty pound or pound and a quarter brooms, or fifty clothes brushes, or fifteen half handle fancy brushes.





Wire was generally used for tying the brooms, but a cheaper quality was tied with twine. While being tied the broom is nearly round or oval, but is pressed into shape by a strong screw, and made flat by pressing them in a screwing machine where the broom is sewed with twine, first winding two different strands around the brush and sewing with a needle and twine through and through with stitches about an inch apart.

The broom is then trimmed by cutting the brush evenly to complete its shape, and any remaining seed is removed with a comb. The ordinary broom is now ready for market, but a few of the very best are selected, the handles polished with sandpaper, varnished and fancy striped, and are for sale to those who can afford to pay the extra expense.

Sixty years ago there were a good many expert broom makers in Deerfield, among others, a colored man, deaf and dumb, named Calvin Salisbury, who lived with Major Stebbins, a wonderful broom maker who could make a thousand brooms which all seemed just alike, and No. 1 brooms. Clet Loverage was another, who could tie two day's work in one day, and kept it up for months. Philander Dickinson was one of the best broom makers I ever knew. Most farmers raising broom corn had shops, and the brooms made here went into all the large markets, and were sold all over the country. Many went to Canada; I took a load of brooms myself to Canada in 1834, which I sold on Stanstead Plains, near the home of that Mr. Allen who married the daughter of C. T. Arms of this town and was proprietor of a brick shoe-shop located there. I have also taken brooms to Springfield and Palmer, before the railroads came nearer to us, for shipment to the city markets. Nearly all the brooms manufactured in Deerfield found a market in New York City, and were generally sent to commission houses for sale for the benefit of the shippers.

It was the custom in those days for the villagers to meet at the tavern and talk over the beef and broom markets, settle to their own satisfaction all national questions troubling the public mind, and incidentally take a little flip before retiring to their homes.

Among others there was Elisha Wells, living in the Street, who was a large raiser of broom corn and manufacturer of brooms. He had at one time sent a large lot of brooms to New York for sale on commission, and the trade being dull, the agent wrote to Mr. Wells that he thought that if he would have



his brooms overhauled and stain and varnish the handles, that he would get a quicker sale at better prices. Mr. Wells concluded to go down to the city and do the job himself, although it was unusual to put any finish upon the broom handles. When he reached the city, he found his brooms stored in a large warehouse on the top of a large number of hogsheads of molasses. He procured his sandpaper and varnish, mounted upon the head of a molasses hogshead and commenced his work, moving along on the hogsheads as his work proceeded. One day while busy at work, his foundation gave way and he found himself up to his neck in West India molasses. Getting cleaned up, he wrote to Major Stebbins "that he had been in a sweet pickle" and giving him a graphic account of the affair, and asked him to call up all who were at the hotel meeting "to take something" and he would pay the bill when he got home.

The manufacture of brooms stimulated other business, and especially the manufacturing of broom handles. Almost every day loads of broom handles would pass through the lower towns to supply the demands, much to the benefit of Ashfield, Colrain, Wilmington and other towns. Broom wire was manufactured at Hadley Mills as early as 1825, and the industry continued until about 1850, this being the only wire mill in the valley of which I have any knowledge. There was a wire used more largely than that made in Hadley, which was I think of English make, and worked well. Sewing machines, pounders and needles for use in broom making were made in Hadley, and sold all through the valley.

The Shakers at Enfield, Connecticut, began broom making as early as 1830 and continued until about 1855, making a broom tied with twine and with narrow shoulders, which has always been known as "the Shaker broom."

About 1850 the farmers upon the western prairies began the raising of broom corn, exclusively for the brush. It was of larger growth, long and straight, cut while green, and kiln-dried, and was much better than the brush raised in this valley, and soon occupied the market. The brooms made from the western brush were of handsome color, the brush having been cut before ripening, they were a stronger and a better broom in every way, the outside being covered with the hurls of the brush and no broom made from native brush could compete with them.



Sixty years has made a great change; the broom corn industry has left the Connecticut Valley, never to return, and the raising of tobacco and onions seems to have taken the place of broom corn, as the crops relied upon by the farmer for bringing him ready money.

Whether the changes during the next sixty years relating to the industries of this valley shall equal or exceed those of the last period, time alone will determine.

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## REMINISCENCE: GEORGE SHELDON.

*Mr. President:*—In the reports which our friends of the press always give of our annual meetings a statement is found to this effect—that after the heavy guns had been discharged there followed a fusillade of small arms in the shape of short speeches, stories, sharp shooting at short range, or comments on the papers of the evening given by Messrs. “Jones, Smith and Robinson.” These performances are usually characterized as bright and witty.

Among these postprandial speakers we all recall that young, jovial octogenarian of blessed memory, Deacon Phinehas Field. He was the right-hand staff of the presiding officer, to whom he unconditionally gave his services to fill any pause or accidental gap, from five minutes to an hour on demand. Drafts were often made upon him at such times, and they were always honored and were always received with satisfaction. His reservoir of local lore and anecdote seemed inexhaustible. He usually brought down the house with some funny story which we all saw twinkling in his eye long before the climax.

Then there were the sallies and stories of Brother Finch, grave and serious as befitted his cloth, whose remarks were always received with a corresponding gravity. Sometimes pointed remarks or detestable puns from the chair brought stirring results. There was one man whom it became the fashion to roast by allusion to the innocent little emblem of peace occupying the same bed with the king of beasts, varied occasionally by the introduction of a wolf; until the persecuted man in spite of his Lamb-like disposition, called a halt and declared that if this was not stopped he would leave the fold, no, the field; no, I mean the hall. A final stop was made, and it was found that





he had other qualifications than his name on which to be called up.

There were a score of others in the same class—Judge Conant, Buckingham, Crawford, Crafts, Crittenden, Childs, Hawks, Hazen, Hosmer, Hall, Leavitt, Barney, Wells, Felton, Field, Stebbins, Porter, Phillips, Bryant, Delano, Tilton, Champney, Bartlett.

Alas, how many of these names are now marked with a star, and on the mounds of some the brown has not yet turned to green. Do not let us here to-night forget the faces of those of our band who have passed the screen, but keep their memory green in the true spirit of the occasion.

Mr. President, I have at length reached the point for which I set out. I do not see here "Robinson;" "Smith" will be commented on by others; so I devote my remarks to "Jones," and *reminisce* a while on things called to mind by the clear and practical account of the rise, progress and culmination of the Broom to which we have listened with so much interest. The broom shop especially wakens memories of the long, long ago. There were, some three score and ten years since, about half a dozen of these shops on the Street. To some of these I was a constant visitor. There were several strong attractions: One was a fine market for the molasses candy, of home manufacture, which was sold at one cent a roll, with a piece of the newspaper in which the rolls were wrapped thrown in for a handle. This paper, by the way, was taken from old files in the garret which would now be worth many times its weight in candy.

Another attraction, far stronger, which outlived the candy season, and held me fast, was the singing which generally accompanied the various manipulations of the broom tyers. Hour after hour the stifling brimstone atmosphere peculiar to the broom shop would be cheerfully endured while drinking in the old songs and ballads poured forth by the tuneful workmen. In that school I acquired a love for the ballad which still dominates all other kinds of music, albeit the drum and fife is a strong rival. John Trask, some of whose descendants I hope now hear me, I considered the very embodiment of vocal music. Beethoven, Mozart, etc., of whom I have heard later, have never in my mind been able to hold a candle to John Trask. It must be confessed that the selections were not all of the



highest order—not all would be tolerated in the modern concert—and some would be tolerated only in the last stages of a Greenfield club banquet or a stag supper.

The main charm to me was the plaintive melodies which told the affecting tales of the woes and sorrows of the forlorn maidens and lovelorn youths; the hair-raising lays of love and murder, the songs of war and the rollicking songs of the sea. Another phase was the medley of joke and fun when parts of the songs were “spoken.” Some that I recall are: *A Life on the Ocean Wave*, *All in the Downs*, *The Battle of Lake Erie*, *The Peacock and Hornet*, *Exile of Erin*, *Poor Susan*, *Crazy Jane*, *Billy Boy*, *Lord Lovell*, *Poor Old Horse*, *Dame Derden*, *Betsy Baker*, *Over the Water to Charlie*, *The Blue Bonnets are Over the Border*, *Cease Rude Boreas*, *The Bride’s Farewell*, *The Isle of St. Helena*, and so on.

This shop was on the home lot of “Uncle Baxter,” in these later years my own delightful home. At the shop of “Uncle Dennis,” the chief attraction besides the profit on candy, was to watch the deft workmanship and the mimicry of deaf and dumb black “Cab.”\* His manual dexterity in fitting on the “outside” of a broom seemed marvelous. The lightning-like stroke of his sharp broom-knife with which he trimmed a handful of the stalks for the fine braiding on the handle, three cuts to a stalk, each one of which it seemed must take off a finger, then a swift turn of the wrist, and the whole was in place under the binding wire in a trice. Of this we never tired. His talk with his fingers and his work with his fingers were alike fascinating.

I recall another attractive scene in another department of the business, the process of separating the seed from the husk, or hetcheling. It was rather a rude parting, and a sort of subtle, plaintive fragrance arose from the bruised haulms, and filled the barn as with incense. The pungent broom-dust also pervaded the air with its itch-provoking sensation, but this did not bar us out.

Lance Loveridge and Nels Burnham made a business of hetcheling broom corn in its season, and they were a curiously assorted firm. Lance wore no hat and his dark, bushy hair was always covered with a coat of gray dust. Nels wore a hat of coarse braided rye straw, the top usually gone and the brim in

\* Calvin Salisbury. See ante p. 109.



tatters. No dust ever settled on that—his head was never still enough. His motions were as quick as a cat's, and as jerky as—well, more jerky than anything I can think of, unless it be an old-fashioned fanning mill or Charles Jones driving his team. The seed flew to the rafters, and his tongue kept pace with his motions; he talked incessantly the livelong day. Lance, on the contrary, was the personification of moderation; his strokes were as regular as the swing of the pendulum, every pull told, and the seed fell gently on the pile. His motions never varied except to turn his head occasionally to discharge a jill or two of tobacco juice from his mouth. As for the rest, Lance rarely spoke a single word from sun to sun, and took no more notice of his chattering companion than if he had been in the moon. When enough brush was cleaned to make a bundle it was bound tightly with brush that had grown crooked. I can hear the chuck when the bundle was dropped on the barn floor to even the butts.

Thinking of the broom era always brings up another picture. It is of the wide area of the growing plant in North Meadows. A bird's-eye view in August showed broad expanses of waving green turning to a reddish brown with here and there dark, narrow ditches. These ditches were highways. We cultivated the land by general consent clear up to the wheel ruts. If teams met care was taken to pass with as little damage as possible.

The particular event that comes uppermost is the carting of rowen from the Neck and Pogue's Hole through Great Bottom where the serried rows of this corn were in their prime. The driver of the ox team must walk beside the yoke in the rut or be tripped, while the load of hay brushed the caps of the tall grenadier-like ranks on either side. While riding on the ten-foot high loads your President has often pulled up a stalk with which to brush flies from the oxen.

But I must stop this stream of talk for fear you may compare it to Tennyson's Brook and wish it might be dammed.



## FIELD MEETING—1900.

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### FIELD MEETING

OF THE

POCUMTUCK VALLEY MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,

AT RIVERSIDE, GILL, MASS., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1900.

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#### MORNING PROGRAMME, 10 A. M.

1. PRAYER. Rev. Lyman Whiting
2. MUSIC. Turners Falls Quartette
3. ADDRESS OF WELCOME, and Presentation of Title Deed.  
Timothy M. Stoughton, of Gill
4. RESPONSE, AND ACCEPTANCE OF GIFT. Hon. George Sheldon, President of P. V. M. A.
5. PAPER. By Miss Rowena Buell, of Marietta, Ohio; read  
by Mrs. Laura B. Wells, of Deerfield.
6. HISTORICAL ADDRESS. Ralph M. Stoughton, of Riverside
7. COLLATION—Basket picnic style. Coffee furnished.

#### AFTERNOON PROGRAMME, 2 P. M.

8. MUSIC. Turners Falls Quartette
9. ADDRESS. Hon. George P. Lawrence, M. C., of North  
Adams.
10. MUSIC.
11. ADDRESS. Hon. Herbert C. Parsons, of Greenfield
12. SPEAKING by Members of the Association and others.
13. SINGING OF AMERICA. All join.





## REPORT.

The famous old ground of the battle between Captain William Turner and the Indians, 224 years ago, has been the scene to-day of a most interesting historical meeting, under the direction of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association. The special occasion is the dedication of a monument built under the encouragement of the Association to mark the scene of the battle, and the delivery and acceptance of land given by Timothy M. Stoughton, which has the same historic value.

To the activity and enthusiasm of Mr. Stoughton we largely owe the placing of this massive memorial. The inscription is also his.

The monument is a rectangular shaft of granite three feet square and five feet high, cut only on the corners and on the face, which bears the inscription. It stands in a triangle formed by crossing roads, and it is a fitting and enduring mark of the scene of a most tragic event in Indian days. The inscription reads as follows :

“Captain William Turner, with 145 men, surprised and destroyed over 300 Indians, encamped at this place, May 19, 1676.”

The land on which the monument stands has become by to-day's formal presentation and acceptance, a reservation forever. It is given the Association by Mr. Stoughton, being a part of the large tract of land owned by him. Mr. Stoughton has had a lifelong interest in the development of the early history of the region, and this contribution to the public, as represented by the Association, is regarded as generous and appreciative of the society's work.

The exercises began shortly after 10 this morning. The physical comfort of the people attending was marred somewhat by the terrific wind, carrying a burden of dust as it swept over the plain. The picturesqueness of the place suffered somewhat, too, by the river having ceased to flow over the falls where it carried the helpless Indians, frightened to their death by Captain Turner's onslaught. The bed of the river is dry, only pools of lifeless water relieving the stretch of ragged rocks. But these conditions did not destroy interest in the exercises.



A temporary platform had been erected on land near the monument, and it was draped with bunting. Here were seated the speakers, and from this rostrum they addressed the audience, which numbered about 300 at the opening, and steadily increased through the morning. The venerable president, Hon. George Sheldon, was present and able to direct the morning proceedings, but at noon turned over the presiding task for the rest of the day to Hon. F. M. Thompson, the Association's vice-president. Mr. Sheldon made a short opening speech. Then there was music, a quartette consisting of Mrs. F. E. Briggs, Mrs. Leal Fales, Miss Esther Gilmore and Miss Josephine Coyne, singing "Kerry Dance" in opening and other songs at times during the exercises.

T. M. Stoughton, in presenting the deed of the land, made an interesting address, enriched by anecdote and the dry humor of which he is a master. Mr. Stoughton expressed great pleasure in turning over to the Association the land which had a value chiefly in its connection with the early history of the valley frontier. Mr. Sheldon accepted the gift for the Association and read an extended paper, going over the historical bearings of the event of 1676.

A valuable paper by Miss Rowena Buell of Marietta, Ohio, was read by Mrs. Laura B. Wells of Deerfield. Then followed the historical address by the orator of the day, Ralph M. Stoughton, a grandson of the donor of the land. Mr. Stoughton proved himself a thorough student of the history of the Indian war, which the event commemorated, and presented the story in a most attractive form.

The people who attended brought their lunch baskets after the established fashion of the Pocumtuck field days, but the women of Riverside displayed their hospitality by providing an attractive hall for the diners and adding hot coffee to their refreshment.

After the luncheon, at 2 o'clock, the historic exercises were resumed, Judge Thompson presiding.

Congressman George P. Lawrence of North Adams delivered the principal address of the afternoon. He said in part:

"Such memorials as you are dedicating are an inspiration to good citizenship. They commemorate the struggles of the pioneer, the heroic devotion which makes the New England of to-day a reality. There is one bright particular spot on the



universe to be born in, and that is among the hills and valleys of Massachusetts, and especially that part of Massachusetts which lies west of the Connecticut River.

"A short time ago I visited the shores of the great lakes and was impressed with the marvelous growth of that region from Buffalo to Duluth. But what impressed me more than anything else was the reverence in which the people of the West hold New England and how proud they are to trace their ancestry or birth to her soil. The pilgrim from the West when he visits Massachusetts seeks out her historic places. He loves to visit Faneuil Hall, Bunker Hill and Concord Bridge. He loves to gaze upon the monuments which mark the spots where scenes in the early history of America were enacted.

"It is a duty to mark with monuments these sacred places. On such spots we pledge ourselves to be true to our great heritage, that we will suffer if need be in the cause of citizenship that the Stars and Stripes may never be lowered in dishonor."

Mr. Lawrence in his speech, which was particularly happy, expressed his delight in renewing his Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association acquaintance and referred to the pleasure given him at previous field meetings. Following him, there was a succession of short speeches, with music interspersed.

Dr. Holton made an interesting address. He is gratefully remembered by all the friends of the Association for his work when the Association field day was held at Fort Dummer, near Brattleboro, some years ago. Dr. Holton claims descent from the fighting stock of Massachusetts pioneers. He said that we live in an age when the young pay little attention to some of the important matters of the past. This is to be greatly regretted. It is wise to commemorate the virtues, courage and deeds of our ancestors. Dr. Holton created considerable amusement by a story that he told at the expense of Judge Thompson, the presiding officer of the afternoon.

Hon. H. C. Parsons said: "We stand on one of the places where men displayed the valor that made possible our New England life of to-day. The men who lay down their lives in such a struggle as this, did it, not simply for the mere immediate achievement, but to make possible the realization of some great truth. They played a part in the great, tragic story of the making of New England. In such deeds as this which





we commemorate, the foundations of New England were laid sure and deep. The principle of free government was defended here by these men, even if unconsciously. This Association regards as a sacred trust every such memorial placed in its care, and may many other historic spots in this section be also suitably marked and may this Association frequently meet to pay its tribute to such men as those commemorated here."

He told several stories which greatly pleased the audience. He said that "the monument erected at Riverside, like that at Bunker Hill, marked a defeat. But it was a defeat which led to grand results. It is because of the results which followed that battle that it is worthy of being commemorated. On the battlefields of colonial days, the struggles of the Revolution, the conflicts of the Civil War made possible the American nation of to-day. When the census tells us that 30 per cent of the population of Massachusetts are of foreign birth, we do not shudder; we know that the people of Massachusetts will remain true to her ideals, and that the heroic events of her early history have stamped for all time the character of her people."

The exercises closed with the singing of "America."

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## CAPTAIN WILLIAM TURNER.

BY GEORGE SHELDON.

*Mr. Chairman and Fellow-Citizens of Gill:*—As the representative of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, I thank you for your invitation to join in the duties of this day, and for your cordial welcome. We thank you for your kindly mention of Deerfield, the grandmother of Gill. It is in accordance with nature and custom that the grandmother and granddaughter should be in closer connection than the mother and daughter. There is more leisure in the extremes than in the stress of life, and I hope the daughters of Deerfield,—Greenfield, Conway and Shelburne,—will not feel slighted if the hospitalities of Gill are more often accepted.

This is our fourth visit. I hope each has been as agreeable to you as it has been profitable to us; to you, sir, personally, thanks are due for especial favors, and this deed is the culmination of many good acts.



You live on classic ground. Nowhere in New England was there a more vital question of the seventeenth century finally settled:—Should the Indian or the Englishman dominate the valley of the Connecticut? Two thoughts are naturally engendered when one stands upon this spot. Your soil drank the blood, and from it you turn up the bones and the belongings of an extinct people; and the name of Turner persistently smites the ear from your thundering waters. The two ideas thus brought to the front will find some brief expression in what I shall say in introducing the exercises of the occasion.

First, I will touch upon the events which led up to the tragedy enacted here in the dim light of a May morning, two and a quarter centuries ago, the culminating point of the antagonistic elements of the two races in contact; the land seeking forces from crowded Europe, and the native land holding forces, scattered up and down the banks of this noble river.

Once planted on the soil of New England, the Pilgrim and Puritan alike recognized the landed rights of the copper-colored occupant and passed laws protecting him from encroachment. No white man could take possession of any tract of land without the written consent of the native owner. And, more, a heavy penalty was imposed upon any who should buy, or even accept as a gift any territory without the consent of the colonial authorities. Even long leases were forbidden, thus guarding against the well known tendency of civilized men to acquire land without too closely scrutinizing the method. These laws were by no means a dead letter. We nowhere find, before the Indian wars any colony settling a new plantation without extinguishing the Indian title. To be sure in our eyes the consideration was small, and we have the right to think the native did not fully realize the result of his act. That the Indian knew the general effect of the bargain is proved by the simple fact that the Sachem who made the sale claimed the tract conveyed as his own against all others of his race. The right of conquest was also fully understood and acted upon.

When we come to consider then how came about the bloody conflict of arms, we must seek other causes than landed aggression. But we can point to no one event, no one act, no particular time and say here lies the cause. The inevitable collision came from the contact of the unsophisticated native with the avaricious, unscrupulous frontiersman, half scout and half



trader. The enticing fire-water was exchanged for the furs of the native hunter, and the more befuddled the Indian, the better the bargain for the white man. The simple child of nature could not retain his manhood before the temptations and vices of the so-called civilization, and he became debased in his own eyes. The contempt of the dominant race for these "children of the devil" was but thinly veiled, and the thousand and one acts by which it was manifested, were felt by the recipients, and they were galled by their own acknowledged inferiority until the fires of enmity began to take the place of the feeling of awe and admiration with which the stranger was first greeted.

The blundering attempt to enforce the civil laws of the colony upon the freeborn child of the wild-woods, even to the keeping of the Puritan Sabbath, was sadly out of place, and only added little by little fuel to the concealed volcano. The feeling of hatred for the white man kept pace with their own degradation, and as the years went by, the desire for vengeance on the intruder gradually became a smoldering fire, awaiting but an opportunity to become a withering flame. As you all know, the far-sighted Philip of Pokanoket grasped the situation and applied the incendiary torch to this fuel of discontent, and the fires of vengeance burst forth at Swansea in June, 1675. The dreadful scenes enacted in the Connecticut valley later in that year are familiar to you all. The spring campaign of 1676 was opened by the Nipmuck at Lancaster, February 10. The fire of destruction blazed all along the towns circling about Boston, and its light reflected consternation if not despair from the faces of our rulers,—the Indians fairly terrorized that region. A panic seized Boston, and active measures were taken to save the head of the colony, though it be at the sacrifice of its western towns.—But I anticipate.

Philip from his winter quarters, "towards Albany," had crossed the Green Mountains, and was at Northfield before the first of March, 1676. Hostilities in the Connecticut valley began March 14, with a fruitless attempt on Northampton and Hatfield, by a force from the camp of Philip. As the spring advanced, insulting positions were occupied by the boastful Indians on the Pocumtuck at Cheapside, and at this place. Hundreds of acres of corn were planted on the meadows, and a year's stock of salmon and shad was being cured and stored in





convenient underground barns. When their spring work was done, the hated white man was to be swept from the valley, and as we shall see the governor and council, were practically, if unwittingly, aiding and abetting Philip in his plans. A dark shadow loomed over the settlements below.

It was at this juncture that Capt. William Turner appeared on the scene as commander-in-chief of the forces in this part of the colony to frustrate the well laid plans of the enemy, save the settlements, and impress his name on the spot we this day commemorate so long as grass grows and water runs.

Who was this Capt. Turner who gave his life to save our fathers with their wives and children from the tomahawk and scalping knife? This is a fit question to be asked, and I will hastily outline such answer as I may, concerning this true patriot and soldier, this man of the hour!

Capt. Turner is first heard of at Dartmouth, England. His name does not appear in Drake's or Bouton's lists of immigrants; he was doubtless in the great rush of the thousands who crowded the west-bound ships from 1630 to 1640. He is found at Dorchester in 1642; was freeman and of course a member of the Puritan Church there, in 1643; he is in 1646 a landowner in a certain inclosed meadow and in a dispute concerning lines and fences he is one of those who agree to leave its settlement to arbitration; in 1652 he was elected on a board of town officers with Major General Humphrey Atherton. This connection with the Atherton family was continued when Rev. Hope, son of Humphrey, minister of Hatfield, was made chaplain of the expedition to this place. You will recall the pathetic story of the chaplain, relating to the disasters and sufferings which befell him on the retreat. In 1661 Turner was chosen "Bayliffe," an office answering, I suppose, to our deputy sheriff, and reëlected in 1662. It appears from the offices he held that Turner was a man of some note in Dorchester; by his submission of a dispute to arbitration he seems to be a man of peace; judging from subsequent events we conclude he was active in military affairs. A large number of Turners appear early in the colony but I do not connect our subject with any of them. He married after 1647, Mary, widow of John Pratt of Dorchester; in 1671 he had a wife named Frances; a third wife was the young widow of Key Alsop, of Boston, who is named in his will of February 16, 1676. In this will he also mentions sons





and daughters, but we have a meager account of his children. His son William was with him in the army, but was not in the action here. A grandson, William Turner, inherited his share of the grant at Falltown. No reason appears for the removal of Capt. Turner from Dorchester, but he is found in Boston in 1665, where a few years later he is put on trial in the courts, is convicted, fined and for many long months he languished in Boston jail. As we are not in the habit of thinking of our hero as a "jail bird," let us take some time to consider the circumstances of his imprisonment.

All agree that our fathers were driven from England because they insisted on thinking for themselves, and they established themselves where they could worship God after the dictates of their own consciences. But—

Aye, call it holy ground,  
The spot where first they trod,  
They left unstained what there they found,  
Freedom to worship God:—

was not, alas, written of the Puritan at Boston, but of the Pilgrim at Plymouth. The Puritan was for freedom of thought, with only this proviso, that all thoughts and acts must be in exact accord with the established creed and the ecclesiastical laws which were the work of the ministers. To state it broadly, but truly, John Cotton ruled the ministers, the ministers ruled the magistrates and the magistrates made and enforced the law, ecclesiastical as well as civil.

Now it happened that some men, who did their own thinking and saw things not seen through the spectacles of, say, John Cotton, came to the front with the question of the true form of baptism. All agreed upon the necessity of the rite, but the form of it, there was the rub! Should it be sprinkling or dipping? The Puritans said sprinkling for all, infants and adults. Others said dipping, and for adults only; both finding sufficient Scripture warrant to back them. On this thin, watery line the battle raged. According to the regulars the newborn babe must be carried to the fireless meetinghouse the first Sunday of its earthly career, be it summer or winter, to receive the seal of salvation. The protestant stood up and turned his back when the rite was administered or walked quietly out of the house. This was the extent of the protest. They did not, like some Quakers, appear in the broad aisle clothed in sackcloth



and ashes, or in no cloth at all, to denounce the minister to his face; but their acts were called a "prophane trick," "unreverent carriage," a "disturbance of worship," and Capt. Turner and the others were called to account therefor. To settle the matter quietly the dissenters concluded to not only walk out of the meetinghouse but out of the church communion. From bad to worse, they were summoned before the church and solemnly "admonished." This being ineffectual to deter them from their purpose the offenders were haled before a civil court and fined for nonattendance on divine service. The fines were paid, but they found their attempted secession easier to contemplate than to execute. They were not allowed to live quietly in the church or peaceably withdraw from it.

However, May 25, 1665, Thomas Gould, William Turner, Edward Drinker and six others organized a Baptist church in Charlestown.

They were not disturbed while the King's commissioners were in Boston, ready to hear any complaints against the civil or ecclesiastical authorities; but it became noised about that the Baptists had organized a church, and "Set up a Lecture at Edward Drinker's house once a fortnight." August 21, the constable was ordered to search out the place where these people met, and order them to attend the established worship, although they had already been excommunicated from the church in Charlestown. These measures having no effect, in September, 1665, they were brought before the Court of Assistants. They offered in their defense, a passage from a letter written by Rev. John Robinson, pastor of the famous church of Leyden,—who gave chapter and verse—as the charge of Christ to the Apostles:—"The Sacrement of Baptism is to be administered by Christ's appointment, and the apostles example, only to such as are, externally, so far as men can judge, taught and made disciples; do receive the word gladly; believe and so profess.—Baptism administered to any other is so far from investing them with any saintship in that estate, that it makes guilty both the giver and receiver of sacrilidge and is the taking of God's name in vain."—This hard "nut" from the Pilgrim armory was cracked at a blow by declaring them guilty "of a schismaticall rending from the communion of the churches heere & setting up a public meeting in opposition to the ordinances of Christ here publicly exercised" and the magistrates



“solemly” charged “the accused” not to persist in such “pernitious practices” “as they would answer the contrary at their peril.”

Disregarding this admonition the wicked disturbers of the peace were called before the great and general court at its session, October 11, 1665, “and by their owne acknowledgment doe stand convicted of non observance & submission unto the sentence & charge of the Court of Assistants,” and further declared their determination to continue the same course. “The Court doe judge it meet to declare that said Gould & company are no orderly church assembly, and that they stand justly convicted of high presumption against the Lord & his holy appointments, as also the peace of this government.” Sentence was therefore pronounced, that “such of them as are free men, to be disfranchised & all of them vpon conviction before any one magistrate or court of their further proceeding herein, to be committed to prison vntil the General Court shall take further order w<sup>th</sup> them.” Their assertions of a right to free thought and free practice in religion fell upon deaf ears. One “Zeckaryah Roads,” evidently a sympathizer with Capt. Turner, being present, said: “The Court had not to doe w<sup>th</sup> matters of religion.” This was bearding the lion in his den, and Zachary was promptly clapped into jail for his pains.

The Church, the Court of Assistants, and the General Court had each tried its hand upon the dissenters in vain; they would not bend and had not yet been broken; and April 17, 1666, the civil court took a fourth hand, and they were presented to the County Court at Cambridge, for “absenting themselves from public worship.” To their plea that they did attend public worship regularly, they were answered that the General Court had declared their assembly unlawful in its edict of October, 1665, and each was fined £4 and ordered to give bail in the sum of £20. Refusing to do either they were sent to jail. An appeal was made to the Court of Assistants; after a hearing the jury brought in a verdict in favor of the accused. The court would not accept the verdict, but sent them out again for their further consideration, with proper instructions. Even under this stress, the honest jury found only a special, conditional verdict which the court interpreted to its own taste, and of course the lower court was sustained.

This persecution of the Baptists was not, let us be thankful,





a popular movement, and the authorities though hard and firm in their action, were anxious and troubled at the possible outcome. A special session of the General Court was called for September 11, 1666. The acting governor, at the opening, gave the deputies the grounds for calling them together, and the next action was to order "that some of the reverend elders that are or may be in towne be desired to be present with the Generall Court on the morrow morning & to beginn the Court & spend the fornoone in prayer." Doubtless this was for effect on the popular branch. It was a troublous matter and for fear that opportunity would be lost by delay, it was:

"Ordered that the Elders now in towne be desired to be present wth the Court presently after the lecture to afford their advice in the weighty matter now in hand."

This call upon the ministers for advice was no new thing for the General Court. A few years before when the question of baptism was up, but in a less acute form, the Elders were called to assemble in Boston—"Then and there to discourse & declare what they shall judge to be the mind of God" on the subject. What they reported as to the preference of the Deity, may be evidenced, I suppose, in the proceeding we are now narrating. Even if the results did not manifest it, there can be no doubt what the ministers would advise when their supremacy was threatened. The only comfort Gould and the others got from the General Court was, that if they would pay their fines according to the sentence and the contr of court, they should be let out of jail.

This persecution, continued in varying forms, had no effect in reducing Capt. Turner and other advocates of free thought to subjugation, so another grand scheme was devised in which the biggest guns of the established order were trained on the heretics, and the largest doses of the true doctrine were to be forced down their throats, all out of the good grace and mercy of the General Court. They say, March, 1668, "Being willing by all Christian candor to endeavour the reducing of the said persons from the error of their way, and their return to the Lord and the communion of his people, from whence they are fallen, do judge meete to grant—an opportunity of a full and free debate of their grounds for their practice—in the meetinghouse in Boston—on April 11th." Six of the ablest orthodox ministers were selected to meet with the governor and magistrates—"before



whom—with any other reverend Elders and ministers as shall there assemble,” the free and full debate was to be had, and “Thomas Gold & Company were ordered in his majesty’s name to appear and, in an orderly debate to answer the question, whether what they are doing is justifiable by the word of God, and whether such a practice is to be allowed by the government.” Upon these abstruse questions in debate, all the polemic talent of the colony was arrayed against half a dozen men spoken of as a few “honest mechanics,” and these “plowmen & taylors.” Capt. Turner was a tailor.

The official report of this meeting in the court records, says it “was held here in Boston with a great concourse of people, the effect whereof hath not been prevalent with them as wee could have desired.” The authorities profess to be disappointed. I doubt if they expected other result; I doubt if the whole spectacular performance was not intended to produce an effect on the popular mind, rather than on that of Turner and his party. If another report of this meeting be true, these “honest mechanics,” these advocates for free thought, received anything but fair and Christian treatment in this debate. From first to last they were looked upon as “vile persons,” who “stood condemned by the court.” They were denounced as “obstinate and turbulent Annabaptists,” “combined in a pretended church state,” “in contempt of our civil order and the authority here established,” “to the great grief and offence of the Godly orthodox.”

To find out from themselves what effect this gentle and persuasive “debate” had upon the callow minds of the culprits, they were ordered to appear before the General Court, May 27, 1668. “That the court might understand what effect the endeavours of the Elders had with them.” It did not take long to find out. “The said persons did in open Court assert their former practice to have been according to the mind of God, and that nothing they had heard had convinced them to the contrary.” They did also declare their purpose to continue their own course regardless of consequences.

The next action of the General Court was to pass an act of banishment, and the grand result was an increase of the number of dissenters. The court say to allow this “would be the setting up a free school for seduction into wayes of error & casting off the government of Christ Jesus in his owne appointments w<sup>th</sup>



a high hand, and threaten the disolution & ruine both of the peace & order of the Churches & the authority of this government." To prevent all this desolation, three of the leaders—Gould, Turner and Farnum, were banished, "and if found after the 20th of July in any part of this jurisdiction," they shall be committed to prison—without bayle or majne-prise." As the offenders refused to budge they were lodged in jail.

November 7, 1668, Capt. Edward Hutchinson, Capt. James Oliver and 65 others, citizens of Boston and Charlestown, presented the General Court a petition "asking the Courts favor" to Turner and others. Instead of granting the petition the principal signers were ordered to appear before the Court to give account for this "scandalous" action. Some made a retraction, others with more pluck, were fined. Our good forefathers must have been utterly lost to a sense of humor when they gravely passed the following order, allowing the prisoners three days of grace, in which to learn the error of their ways.

March 2, 1669, the governor and council ordered that Thomas Gould and William Turner may have "liberty for three days to visit their families, as also to apply themselves to any that are able and orthodox for the further convincment of their many irregularities in those practices for which they were condemned."

It does not appear when this order took effect, but, unless I misjudge these men, they were of those who attended the "anabaptist assembly of Anabaptists at Thomas Gould's house on the Lord's day the 7th of March," at any rate, Edward Drinker, Turner's lieutenant in 1676, was there, and for the offense was shut up in jail.

Capt. Turner was feeling seriously the effects of his prison life. Drinker writes, "Brother Turner's family is very weakly, and himself too. I fear he will not trouble them long." It was in this condition of affairs that Turner sent the following petition to the General Court. This shows the situation and the man.

"To the honored General Court now sitting at boston the humble address of Will: Turner now prisoner at boston humbly sheweth.

That whereas it hath pleased some of the honored magistrates to issue out a warrant for the apprehending of my body and Com-





mitting mee to prison, and there to remayne according to a sentence of a General Court the 29th of April 1668 your poore petitioner doth therefore humbly beseech you to consider that by virtue of that sentence I have already suffered about thirty weekes imprisonment and that a whole winter season which was a greate prejudice to my health and distraction to my poore family & which I hope this honored Court will consider with the weakness of my body and the extremity of lying in prison in a cold winter which may be to the utter ruine of my headless family.

“And Withal to Consider my readiness to serve this Country to the uttermost of my ability in all Civill things: The maine difference being only in faith and order, of which God only can satisfie a poore soul: Thus hoping this honored Court will take it into their Serious Consideration and extend their mercy as becomes the Servants of Christ I shal leave both my state and condition and honored Court to the wise disposing of the Almighty, remaining Yours to Serve you in all faithfulness to my power, boston prison this 27th of 8th Mo. 1670.

“WILL: TURNER.”

Capt. Turner had yet to learn that an appeal for justice or mercy to the man or body of men who set themselves up as the standard of all right opinion and all excellence must be in vain, in such a case as this. The popular branch voted almost unanimously in favor of the petitioner, but they were overruled by the Governor and Council. This condition in the law-making power continued until the death of Gov. Bellingham.

The next great attempt to subdue these sturdy independents was a public appeal to the Lord. June 16, 1670, was appointed “as a day of humiliation and fasting to find out the cause of God’s displeasure against the country.” We may be sure the ministers took the occasion to make the people understand that the principal cause was the breaking away from the established churches, and the advancement of free thought. At any rate this was a great cause of anger with them, if not with the Deity. May 16, 1671, fifteen of them write in a long address to the General Court lauding the magistrates, and complaining of the deputies as not showing them proper respect; the result was that the court apologized for this “anti ministerial spirit, and that the papers by the deputies referred to in the Complaint are





to be considered vslesse.” The ministers came out ahead as usual.

Some of the difficulties and inconsistencies of the General Court may be seen in its action May 17, 1672. They say “Although no human power be Lord over the faith and consciences of Men—yet any who shall openly oppose the baptizing of infants, or shall purposely depart from the congregation at the administration of that ordinance—after due means of Correction shall be sentenced to banishment.”

Lest I should unwittingly, my friends, give the impression that the spirit of persecution was confined to the bigoted clergy in and about Boston, I will say that this was the one thing they held in common with the ecclesiastics in England. I do not know that young William Turner was driven from his Dartmouth home by ecclesiastical persecution. Probably he was. The new power grown up in the West only did what ecclesiastical power has always been prone to do. Are we sure that no form of it is to be found among us to-day? But to go back to England. A pamphlet, the title of which would put to blush the yellowist of our dime novels, was issued under the patronage of the Archbishop of England. His name was Sheldon, and I am sorry to say he is said to belong to my ancestral line. This was the delectable thing:

“Mr. Baxter baptized in blood: or, a sad history of the unparalleled cruelty of the Annabaptists in New England; faithfully relating the cruel, barbarous, and bloody murder of Mr. Josiah Baxter, an orthodox minister who was killed by the Annabaptists, and his skin most cruelly flead off from his body. Published by his mournful brother, Benjamin Baxter.”

This was hawked about the streets of London and a second edition was issued in a few weeks.

It may have been unwise to dwell so long upon this miserable business, but perhaps it will not be altogether bootless to trace the same spirit in another line, where it again touches the man we to-day commemorate. Capt. Turner was accused amongst his other frailties of “disobedience to government and especially in the point of a defensive war.” On the breaking out of Philip’s war he bestirred himself to prove the falsity of this charge. He at once raised a company for the service of the colony, but because many of the men were Baptists his offer was refused. This sets the bigotry of the magistrates in a notable contrast



with the patriotism of Capt. Turner. But the war had reached that stage to which I earlier called your attention, and the authorities so far humbled themselves as to beg the service of Capt. Turner and his men. After demurring awhile because his company had scattered, Turner offered the remains of his prison-weakened body to the service of his imperilled countrymen. He was commissioned captain with his fellow sufferer, Edward Drinker, as his lieutenant. This action gives evidence that Turner must have had military experience, but no record of such service has been found. One says of him, "He was a very worthy man for soldiery," and I find him called "sergeant" in 1665. February 21, 1676, Turner, with 63 men, including his son, William, and two servants or apprentices, marched out of Boston.

A foot company under Lieut. Gilman and a troop of horse under Capt. Whipple were in company, all under Major Thomas Savage. In due time Turner was in Northampton, in season to repel the attack on that town by a band from Philip's camp at Northfield. With the force under Savage and the Connecticut troops under Major Treat, the valley towns were now safe from any emergency. But trouble increased in the eastern towns and the alarm in Boston became almost, if not quite, a panic. Orders were posted to Savage to give over Northampton and Hatfield to the Indians, concentrate the inhabitants at Hadley and Springfield, leave them small garrisons and move his forces eastward. Nothing but an indignant storm of protest from the doomed towns saved the colony from that humiliation; a step which would have insured the success of Philip's plans.

April 1, 1676, the council wrote Major Savage: "Wee received your letter [of Mch 28] and perceve . . . that the Connecticut forces are drawne of & that by the numerousnes of the enemy (according to yo<sup>r</sup> information) you are not in a capacity to persue y<sup>m</sup>, also you intimate y fears of the people of those towns y<sup>t</sup> in case you bee drawne of w<sup>th</sup> yo<sup>r</sup> forces, y they wilbe in danger to be destroyed by the enemy." They complain that the towns do not heed the directions to concentrate. The language of the council appears to show that they had little or no hopes of saving the west side of the Connecticut valley. To remain in such a scattered state they say, "is no less than tempting divine providence." To remove this temptation the council



insists on concentrating and fortifying on the east side, "or all will be lost!"

As I have said, the order was not obeyed, and thanks to Capt. Turner, all was not lost. The council continue: "Wee are willing for the present that you leave . . . not exceeding 150 men, all single men, leaving Capt. Turner in Capt. Poole's place; with the Rest of the Army we expressly command you to draw homeward." They then speak of the sad condition of Lancaster, Groton, Chelmsford, Medfield, etc., "these things considered you may see the Necessity of having o<sup>r</sup> Army nearer to us . . . to kepe the heart in any competent Safety." In other words, we must look out for ourselves, and the devil take the hindermost.

In obedience to his orders Major Savage marched away with the army, April 7, 1676, even taking the company of Capt. Turner under his lieutenant, Edward Drinker, who was his right arm, leaving only 15 of the boys and "single men," three from his own family, with 136 of the same class picked from the other companies, with no officer above a sergeant to assist him.

And so Capt. Turner, the contemned heretic, was left to command in the Connecticut valley, evidently considered by the authorities a forlorn hope. Is it possible that the magistrates had a method not appearing on the surface in thus honoring Capt. Turner? Nine valiant captains had fallen in the war. Could they have reasoned that: If another is to be sacrificed, whom can we spare better than this arch-disturber of our peace?

Deserted by the government the men of the valley rallied around their commander-in-chief. He had already earned their confidence and he nerved them to action. They shook off their apathy and fears and gave themselves up to his guidance. Turner had been ordered to act strictly on the defensive, that possibly some of the towns might be saved, but as we have seen he had little awe of the governor and council, and less faith in their wisdom. He now took counsel of his own judgment and being backed by sturdy John Russell and perhaps—who knows—by Gen. Goffe himself, certainly by the elders and chief men, he took the responsibility of disobeying orders. You all know the result. His bold action saved the towns and practically closed the war in the Connecticut valley.

One more point and I am done. Each of three eminent ministers wrote a history of Philip's war. In neither of them do we find a hint of the circumstances under which Turner ap-





peared in it. The scantiest notice is found of the part he played, and not one iota of credit is given for his great service in the valley. Hubbard's first mention of the name of Turner in any way, was to indirectly charge him with mismanagement and want of foresight, in the attack of May 19, and that he was responsible for the principal loss on the retreat. Capt. Holyoke is given full notice and the praise justly his due. Cotton Mather's only mention of Capt. Turner's name is a four-word notice of his death. Increase Mather in describing the battle also charges lack of foresight on the part of Turner, whose name appears in his history for the first time in the following passage. He is speaking of the retreat: "In this disorder, he that was at this time chief Captain, whose name was Turner, lost his life . . . within a few days after, Capt. Turner's dead Corps was found a short distance from the River." This, and nothing more, from beginning to end of his book, save a quotation from another writer.

Can it be only accident that these three reverend authors, contemporaries of the dead patriot, give him such slight and contemptuous notice, or did bigotry still blind their eyes to honor and justice! Who shall say! A lay writer, also a contemporary, sees things differently. He says of him: "Capt. Turner by Trade a Taylor, but one that for his Valour, hath left behinde him an Honorable Memory."

Capt. Turner was physically unfit for the task of leading the expedition from Hatfield on the night of May 18. He was well on in years and was enfeebled by his persecutions and prison life in Boston. He writes to the council April 25, 1676, modestly suggesting that another be appointed to take his place. "For I much doubt," he says, "my weakness of body and my often infirmities will hardly Suffer mee to doe my duty as I ought in this imployment: And it would grieve me to be negligent in anything that might be for the good of this Country in this day of their distress." Here spoke the man and the patriot, regardless of what he had suffered at the hands of the rulers, and he gave his life as the last sacrifice, that our fathers' lives and our heritage might be preserved.

And so to-day we reverently gather to dedicate a monument to the Honored Memory of the Champion of Free Thought, the Christian Patriot, the wise and brave Soldier, Captain William Turner.



## INDIAN WAR CONDITIONS.

BY MISS ROWENA BUELL OF OHIO.

So soon after the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers as the spring of 1621, Governor Carver made a treaty with the great Indian chief Massasoit, which endured, broadly speaking, for 50 years. It was Philip, the son of Massasoit, you will remember, who instigated and fostered the first general Indian war in New England. For us who are to-day gathered to consider only one of the most important battles in that war, the fight at Turner's Falls, it is not necessary to recall Philip's initiatory steps toward open hostilities. It is sufficient for us to know that after six weeks of skirmishing in the east, and of skulking ambuscades, Philip, in the early summer of 1675, was forced to flee to the interior, to the country of the Nipmucks. This tribe, though nominally friendly to the English, had murderously fallen upon an official messenger from the colonists and had also burned the town of Brookfield. Having gone thus far in their depredations, they needed scant encouragement from Philip to join his notoriously hostile band. The news of this alliance caused widespread alarm throughout New England. As yet no general uprising of the Indians had been feared but now the apprehensive colonists lost no time in sending troops to the new field of action.

From the headquarters at Hadley numerous parties went forth on extended scouts only to return without tidings of Philip and his Nipmuck allies, and with grave doubts of the fidelity of a motley gathering of Indians on the west bank of the Connecticut River at Hatfield. That their fears were well grounded these Indians soon proved by attacking a party marching to treat with them concerning the relinquishment of their arms.

Convinced that a war of races had now begun in earnest, the frontier colonists in this valley had no time to ponder upon their perilous situation. Just one week after this first armed conflict in the west, the Indians made a vigorous attack upon the stockades of Deerfield, retiring only after they had burned and destroyed all perishable property outside of the forts. A similar attack upon Northfield, followed by the almost total extermination of the rescuing party, resulted in the abandonment of that



settlement and in the withdrawal of the troops from field operations to strengthen the garrisons of the towns. This fruitless policy soon caused the concentration in the valley of a larger force for the carrying on of a more vigorous campaign. The second attack upon Deerfield and its subsequent abandonment, the terrible massacre of Lothrop and his men at Bloody Brook, and the burning of Brookfield, Swampfield and Northfield were all disheartening reverses which crowded the frontier line south as far as Hatfield and Hadley. Emboldened by such success, the Indians now attacked Springfield so openly and insolently as to force upon the Connecticut council of war the tardy conviction that it was "high time for New England to stir up all their strength and make war their trade . . . to suppress the enemy before they grow too much for us." The subsequent increased efforts of both colonies resulted in the south in the destruction of the Narragansett stronghold, while in the west a fierce attack of 800 Indians upon Hatfield was repulsed and the assailants driven into winter quarters on the Hoosick River.

Early in the following March the English began the new campaign by an expedition against the Indian rendezvous at Wenimisset whence winter war parties had rallied to spread destruction and death among the Bay towns. The eastern tribes warily retreating toward their allies in the western wilderness, the English hastily garrisoned the Connecticut valley. As was expected, the Indians promptly attacked Northampton and Hatfield, only to be gallantly repulsed. They succeeded, however, in raiding Windsor and Longmeadow, in burning Simsbury and Marlboro, and in destroying a force of 60 men on the Pawtucket River, an accumulation of disasters for the English which filled them with despair in that they all occurred upon one fatal day.

The weeks that followed were indecisive ones for both sides. The recent deluge of reverses caused the recall of the main body of the Massachusetts troops from the frontier for the better protection of the constantly ravaged Bay towns, while the remaining troops under a strictly defensive policy, were ordered upon garrison duty in the valley. Meanwhile, in the shifting body of 3000 Indians gathered on Pocumtuck and Squakheag territory a peace party had sprung into being; the repulse at Northampton, a scarcity of food and ammunition, the strong defenses of the valley towns, together with tribal jealousies had resulted in a desire upon the part of the less hostile Nipmucks





and Pocumtucks to consider the overtures of peace made by the colonists of Connecticut. Even the untimely death of the great Narragansett chief, Canonchet, and with him 40 sachems, might have gone unavenged had not the near approach of summer with its abundance of food strengthened their courage by allaying their anxieties for daily sustenance.

Under the leadership of the provident Pessacus a fort to be used in case of retreat was established by them 40 miles up the river, and camps were placed at the best fishing places, the principal one being at these falls on the right bank. While the fishermen were engaged in storing their barns with dried salmon and shad for the campaign, other Indians were hopefully sowing the fertile meadows of Pocumtuck and Squakheag with corn that was to be garnered long after the white encroachers had been driven from the valley. With fears lulled by continued non-interference, the Indians ventured as far south as the Hatfield meadows where they procured 80 head of cattle to add to their already abundant supplies. Men far less savage than these Indians would have given themselves up to a gluttonous celebration of such a success; small wonder is it that these half-starved confederates, men, women and children, fell recklessly upon the unwonted abundance of fish, beef and milk. On the night of the 18th of May, having gorged themselves to repletion, they sank into a heavy sleep so forgetful of their enemies that no sentinel was posted to guard their slumbers. A better hour could not have been chosen by the English for a sudden attack upon the Indian camp.

The quiet of the month following the withdrawal of the Massachusetts and Connecticut forces did not deceive the settlers; the small garrisons left in the valley towns gave them cause for fear, and a petition was sent to Boston asking for more men with an offer to pay and ration them. The appeal was vain. Left more to their own resources, and knowing full well that the Indians' present devotion to the gathering of supplies presaged a second vigorous campaign, their inherent bravery manifested itself in a "growing spirit to be out against the enemy." To the General Court, the citizens of Hadley wrote:

"A great part of the inhabitants here, would our committees of militia but permitt, would be going forth. . . . The enemy is now come so near us, that we count we might goe forth in the evening, and come upon them in the darknesse of the same





night. . . . It is the generall voyce of the people here, now is the time to distresse the enemy, and that could we drive them from thair fishing, and keep out though but lesser parties against them, famine would subdue them."

Though the authorities cautiously withheld action in the hope that certain peace overtures with Pessacus might yet bear fruit, the settlers only needed the news of the raid upon the Hatfield cattle to spur them into a decisive move. On May 18 there gathered at Hatfield, a zealous force of 141 men, 85 of them being volunteers from Hadley, Hatfield, Northampton, Springfield and Westfield; the remainder, soldiers from the garrisons, all under the command of Captain William Turner of Boston. No pen can so well describe the night advance of these brave men as that of your tireless historian, the Hon. George Sheldon.

"After sunset, Thursday," he says, "this little army set out on a memorable march—memorable for its material, for its good and bad fortune, and for the results achieved. After a fervent prayer by the chaplain, and a tearful Godspeed from their friends, the cavalcade passed out from Hatfield street with high hopes and determined hearts. Crossing the meadows to the north, vowing vengeance for the stolen cattle, they wended their way slowly up the Pocumtuck path. Tall Wequamps loomed up before them like a pillar of cloud against the dim northern sky. They followed the exact route which had led Beers and Lothrop into an ambush nine months before. Thoughtful eyes peered into the fatal swamp as they passed. Over the Weequioannuck and through the hushed woods as darkness was closing down, to Bloody Brook. Guided by Hinsdell, the troops floundered through the black morass, which drank the blood of his father and three brothers eight months before; they passed with bated breath and clinched firelock, the mound under which slept Lothrop and his three score men. As they left this gloomy spot and marched up the road, down which the heedless Lothrop had led his men into the fatal snare, the stoutest must have quailed at the uncertainty beyond. Was their own leader wise? Did he consider the danger? Did not they all know that if Towcanchasson was treacherous or any swift footed friend of Pessacus had revealed to him their plans, that they were marching to sure destruction? Was it prudent to neglect precautions against surprise? What if the information of Reed should prove incorrect? Burdened with thoughts like these,



the command made its way to Pocumtuck, guarding with closed ranks against the gaping cellars of our ruined village. More than one of these men, by toil and frugality, had there built their homes and gathered their families. As they passed the desolate hearthstones, what but faith in the Most High could raise their sinking hearts? Onward across North Meadows, where one of the guides, Benjamin Waite, was later to end his eventful life in the brave attempt to rescue the captives of 1704, and where the boy hero of this expedition, famous later as Captain Jonathan Wells, tried vainly to temper his rash zeal. Over the Pocumtuck River, at the mouth of Sheldon's brook, to avoid the ford guarded by an Indian fort, and up the steep side hill to Petty's Plain. Even with this precaution, the wading of the horses was heard, and the Indian sentinel gave the alarm. With lighted torches the party examined the crossing-place, but finding no track, concluded that the noise was made by moose crossing the river. So narrowly did the party escape discovery. Following the Indian trail at the foot of Shelburne hills, the adventurers entered the mysterious and unexplored wilderness stretching away to Canada. Full of boding fancies, they marched on under the gloomy arches of a primeval forest, the darkness made more intense by the glare of lightning, and the silence occasionally broken by a peal of thunder, the bark of the startled wolf, or raccoon, the ghostly flitting of the wondering owl. What wonder if these brave men and boys, superstitious as they were, and worn by fatigue and excitement, lost their self-possession a few hours later. Marching two miles northward, then crossing Green River at the mouth of Mill brook, to the eastward, skirting the great swamp, Turner reached the plateau south of Mount Adams before the break of day, tired and drenched with the shower.

Leaving their horses with a small guard, the main party forded Fall River, ascended a steep incline and came out in the rear of the slumbering Indian camp. As day broke, the English stole down among the wigwams, and at a given signal poured a deadly fire upon the stupefied inhabitants. The wildest confusion followed. The Indians who survived the first volley, supposing that their old Mohawk enemies were upon them, rushed for their canoes, but only to be shot or upset and drowned. So slight was the resistance that only one of the assailants was wounded. On the other hand, the Indian loss



was estimated to be between 300 and 400; the English also destroyed their provisions and ammunition, thus giving a death blow to their plans for a summer campaign."

One cannot read the story of this fight without wishing that it ended here. The sequel is by no means so full of the joy of victory. By delaying too long upon the battlefield the English gave time to their aroused enemies from the adjacent camps to gather about them in an avenging horde. Wearied by their long march and the heat of conflict, they must now retreat through the dense forest, their every step dogged by Indians, until they had passed through Deerfield Street and reached the Bars. In their frantic retreat the men became so separated that at sundown there was a mournful mustering of but two-thirds of the command at Hatfield. Captain Turner himself had fallen and 41 of his men.

A terrible loss was this when the life of every man that could bear arms was incalculably precious, but these men, unlike the 64 so fruitlessly sacrificed at Bloody Brook, had helped to secure the safety of hundreds. The brave attack upon the camp at Peskeompskut, quickly followed as it was by a vigorous repulse of the Indians at Hatfield, convinced the councils of war of the efficacy of an aggressive policy. From the east and south troops simultaneously advanced, killing and capturing detached parties of Indians, and finally combining at Hadley to make a formidable army of 1000 men. A band of 700 Indians having been driven back from Hadley two days before the union of the troops, the main body of savages withdrew to such a distance that scouts searched the woods for them in vain. Disheartened by their reverses, the western tribes became further convinced, by a sudden attack from the hostile Mohawks, that the Connecticut valley was no longer tenable, and finally withdrew to the protection of their Mohican allies on the Hudson.

The story of the movements of the eastern tribes during that summer of 1676 is similar. In spite of Philip's insidious plans for the prolongation of the war, Governor Leverett's friendly negotiations for the redemption of captives, being followed by an aggressive raiding of the enemies' camps, resulted in Indian disorganization and dispute. The death, in August, of Philip, slain by the hand of one of his own tribe, removed the chief advocate of further hostilities, the other leaders being apparently quite ready for peace.





So ended a war which, insignificant though it may seem to us, had terrorized the New England settlements for 14 months; 600 colonists had lost their lives, 13 towns were totally and 11 partially destroyed. A heavy debt had been incurred. Surely in the face of these facts no one can fail to do honor to Captain Turner and his brave men who, on this spot, did so much to end the conflict.

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### ADDRESS OF RALPH M. STOUGHTON.

We have assembled here to-day upon historic ground. We have come to dedicate a lasting monument to the men who surprised and destroyed the Indians encamped at this place on May 19, 1676. It is with many misgivings and with a consciousness of my own inexperience, that I undertake a task like the historical address for such an occasion, especially since I know how complete have been the historical investigations of Mr. Sheldon and his colleagues of the Pocumtuck Association. Montaigne, in speaking of his own writings, said: "I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and naught but the cord that binds them is mine own." So if I also to a large degree have been necessarily dependent upon the fruits of other men's investigations, the cord that binds them into one, at least, is mine.

Less than 300 years have elapsed since the time when the red man held undisputed sway over this great valley. Here by the river below us, the Norwottuck, the Agawam and the Squakbeag, the Indian of the Pocumtuck pitched his wigwam while from the depth of the stream he drew his store of fish; in the wilderness along its banks were his hunting grounds, and below in the fertile fields his harvest of corn and beans was planted. But all this has changed. Soon, as a historian says, "across the ocean came a pilgrim bark bearing the seeds of life and death. The former were sown for us, while the latter sprang up in the path of the native." The result, however, did not take place at once, but came about gradually. The idea we generally derive from the reading of history, through our confusion of dates, leads us to suppose that our ancestors spent their time unintermittently in bloody wars with the Indian. Such was not the case. For the most part the early colonists lived at peace with the savage.



Soon after the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth in the fall of 1620, an Indian chief, Samoset by name, came to them with words of hearty welcome. Later they were visited by Massasoit, the great chief of the Wampanoags, who readily entered into a treaty of friendship with the English and a promise of perpetual peace; this league of "friendship, commerce and mutual defence" was kept inviolate for more than half a century. During this period from 1620 to 1675, the red man and the white man lived side by side. Hoyt in his *Indian Wars* remarks: "On a review of the incidents connected with the first settlement of Plymouth and Massachusetts colonies, it can not but appear on the first view extraordinary that the planters met with so little interruption from the natives. For the natives generally evinced a peaceable disposition and admitted the English among them with apparent satisfaction."

There were several causes which gave rise to this state of affairs. One of the principal reasons was the small number of Indians in the vicinity of the colonies. Shortly before the arrival of the settlers, a fatal plague had stricken the natives, desolating the coast and nearly extirpating the tribes of that region. Thus, as it were, had been prepared a way for the Pilgrims to settle on land claimed by no owner, and thus had they been shielded from attacks of the savage. Soon afterward, small-pox broke out among them, still further decreasing their people, until the Indian population, never very large, was reduced to a small number. Another important factor in the peace of this period, was the great pains which the English took to conciliate the natives. Express instructions regarding this had been given to the colonists by the English company. The pioneers acquired all their land by fair purchase from the rightful claimants, and though the price paid was often small, it was equal to the value of the land at that time. The Indian, retaining the rights of hunting and fishing, was satisfied that the best of the bargain was his.

In this manner the colonists passed their first 50 years; and during these years of fostering peace and prosperity, the influx of emigrants from England to New England was great. New villages were constantly springing up. The enterprising settlers threaded their way inland, reclaimed the wilderness to the use of agriculture, and founded their settlements. Haverhill was a northern frontier town on the Merrimac; Lancaster and Brook-



field were isolated villages, while Springfield, Deerfield and Westfield were settlements farthest to the west. In the first 25 years after the Pilgrims landed, the colonists had settled 50 towns and villages, had reared 40 churches, several forts and prisons, and the Massachusetts colony had established Harvard College. The Connecticut valley with its rich alluvial intervals at an early time attracted the pioneer, and the towns of Northampton, Hadley and Deerfield sprang up.

For 50 years the English lived peacefully in these scattered villages, and then came that darker chapter in our colonial history, when the red man with all the unique savagery of his Indian nature brought death and destruction upon the settlements. The time when the war whoop of the merciless savage, and the shrieks of defenseless families, arose to heaven together, amid the smoke and flames of burning villages and towns; when the musket, the torch and the tomahawk brought havoc and desolation everywhere. Yet out of the carnage of battle and massacre, out of the heavy trials of captivity, appears many a scene picturesque amid the surrounding horror.

King Philip's War, as this sanguinary struggle is called in history, broke out in 1675. Philip was the son of Massasoit, the firm ally of the English, and after the brief reign of his elder brother, succeeded to the supreme control of that powerful tribe, the Wampanoags, or Pokanokets, as they are also called. Philip possessed an innate hostility to the white man and from the very beginning of his power, his conduct was such as to excite the English to suspicion. How well founded these suspicions were, was proved later only too thoroughly.

The omnipresent sentimentalist has idealized Philip as a magnificent example of Indian leadership, and has endowed him with all the qualities of a romance hero. Early historians have given him credit for a grand scheme, conceived with the deep foresight of a discerning statesman, and carried out with the cunning of a skilled strategist; a brilliant scheme to allay the fears of the English by a continuous show of friendship, until at a given time all the Indian tribes should unite in a simultaneous attack upon the settlers and thus annihilate them at a single blow. In reality there was probably no such systematic plotting, for later historians like Palfrey and Bancroft, found "no evidence of a deliberate conspiracy on the part of all the Indian tribes." Nor can we attribute the war to injustice on





the part of the settler. It cannot be said that they drove the Indian from his inherited possessions and thus goaded them on to a war of revenge. It is not true. When almost the first of the colonists arrived, they came with instructions "to do no harm to the heathen people. If they pretend any right of inheritance to any part of the land, to purchase their title." These instructions were obeyed, and at the time of the war, Governor Winslow, in a letter dated Marshfield, May 1, 1676, declared that "before the present troubles broke out, the English did not possess one foot of land but what was fairly obtained by honest purchase from the Indian proprietors." That the settlers had their faults and that they probably made hard bargains with the simple savage is not to be denied; but I do deny that they were cruel and unjust to the Indian to such an extent that he was compelled to war in order to free himself from the oppressor's yoke.

The trouble lay far deeper. It was a gradual development, an inevitable necessity. For that a war must ultimately arise between the two peoples, is to be conceded by every student of our early history. A deep gulf separated the Indian from the stranger, an irreconcilable difference which the Indian year by year more strongly realized. The missionary and the teacher who went forth to enlighten the ignorant native, made him see only the more clearly the vast contrast between the white man and the red man, and the Indian's proud heart burned within him. Nor was he so blind as not to see how the English were yearly increasing in strength and number, while the power of his own people decreased. The hunting ground of the savage became the fertile field of the indefatigable farmer; his fishing grounds were invaded and his favorite resorts were reclaimed to civilized cultivation. This still more forcibly contrasted the idle savage with the progressive settler. The Indian felt the antagonism and a frenzy seized him. The strife was not for the possession of land; it was for supremacy. With the knowledge that he was the weaker party, the savage, irascible, vindictive, and impetuous, went to war without hope and fought without mercy. It was this war, which grew out of pure antagonism, the antagonism between civilization and barbarism, a war which raged with all the revolting horror and fury of a warfare only waged by a desperate savage; it was this war which for more than a year threatened destruction to New England, and which abated





neither beneath the blaze of summer nor amid the snow of winter,—it was this war, I say, which was King Philip's war.

The threatening cloud suddenly broke upon the colonists in an attack by Philip's men on Swansea the 24th of June, 1675. The dormant passions of the savage had been awakened and the war went on. With amazing rapidity it spread throughout the colony. Hardly had Swansea and Taunton been attacked, and Dartmouth and Brookfield been burned, when the war was turned toward this region. Deerfield was assailed and was soon after the scene of a memorable slaughter. The awful story of Bloody Brook is too well known to need recounting. No part of western Massachusetts is so fraught with the brutish atrocities of Indian warfare as the valley of the Connecticut from Northfield to Springfield. It became the theater of a fiendish drama unique in barbarity. Nowhere have the conflicts between the native and the settler of this valley been exceeded for the relentless brutality of the one and the indomitable fortitude of the other; and some of the bloodiest struggles that crimson this period were fought along the banks of this river.

The winter of 1675-76 was a sad and gloomy one for the colonists. So far victory for the most part had been on the side of the Indian. Dark indeed was the prospect. Many of the settlers had been killed and their villages burned, and this only tended to increase the danger of the solitary settlements in the interior. Their enemy was an enemy whose only warfare was one of stealth and ambuscades; who never met them in the open, but lurking in secret fired upon them with fatal effect. As the Indian in peace was an idler, so in war he was a marauder. Divided into innumerable prowling bands, he attacked the lonely farmhouses and distant settlements, disappearing as suddenly as he came, yet leaving murder, fire and desolation behind. Under cover of the night he furtively crept upon his victims. Often he concealed himself before their very doors, and the first warning of his presence was the ring of musketry, as the settler dropped dead upon his own threshold; the house was then fired, the mother and her children scalped, and the work of destruction was accomplished. While the English pursued in one direction, he burned and plundered in another. "His mode of warfare," writes an historian, "was secret and terrible. He seemed like the demon of destruction, hurling his bolts in darkness. Shrouded by the deep shade of



the midnight, he stole upon the villages and settlements of New England, like the pestilence, unseen and unheard. His pathway could be traced by the horrible desolation of its progress, by its crimson prints upon the sands and snows, by smoke and fire, by the shrieks of women, the wailing of infants and the groans of the wounded and dying."

During this winter occurred the "Swamp Fight," terrible in its disaster for the Indian. The colonists, regarding the Narragansetts, who were the most powerful of the New England tribes, as their most dangerous enemy, invaded the winter quarters of the Indians with a force 1000 strong. In a stealthy march they approached the Narragansetts, stormed their fortifications, set fire to their wigwams, and in the confusion a scene of awful carnage ensued, in which the Indians, irrespective of age or sex, perished by hundreds. Though the English can hardly be commended for this cruel massacre, equal in barbarity to any Indian slaughter, it must be remembered that the war was now to the death; a war of extermination for the one or the other. Mercy could not be shown to a merciless foe; he must be met with the weapons of his own warfare. The "Swamp Fight" excited the Indians to new violence and in the spring the war was renewed with redoubled ferocity. Lancaster, Medfield, Weymouth and Groton were laid in ruins; then early in the spring the war was again transferred to this valley, and we come at length to the incident which to-day claims our interest.

In those early days when first our ancestors explored this valley, no river in all New England afforded a greater abundance of fish than the Connecticut, and no spot along its banks presented a more favorable station for their capture than this very spot. In the spring of the year, immense quantities of shad and salmon came up the river until the rapids and the falls close by obstructed their course. Here the river narrowed by the girding hills, furnished a place remarkably adapted by nature for a fishing ground. Such was the case in the spring of 1676. A large camp of several hundred Indians was situated on this side of the river, a smaller camp was on the opposite bank, and a third on what is known as "Smead's Island," some distance below here. The Indians, fearing no danger from the valley settlements, camped here in careless security; the daytime they spent in catching and drying fish to fill their barns for the win-



ter's stock, and the night-time was passed in feasting and revelry, while no military vigilance was kept.

This state of affairs in the Indian camp was reported by two boys, Gilbert and Stebbins, who had been held as captives, but who on account of the negligence of the Indians, escaped and found their way to Hatfield. Soon after, Thomas Reed, a soldier who had been taken prisoner in the April previous, made his escape and came to Hadley. He, too, informed the English of the Indians' carelessness and neglect of precautions against surprise; and how, secure and scornful, they boasted of the great things they had done and would do. When all this was known, the English, urged on by the beginning of renewed incursions upon them, decided that the time had come when a decisive blow must be dealt for the masterdom of this great valley. No longer could the red man and white man live here as neighbors. One must yield to the other; one must pass away while the other remained.

In accordance with this resolution, a force of about 145 men gathered at Hatfield for an expedition against the Indian camp. Rev. Hope Atherton, "who was a courageous man and willing to expose himself for the public good," was the chaplain; Benjamin Waite and Experience Hinsdell were the guides, and the whole was under the command of Captain William Turner of Boston. Each man was furnished with provisions for three meals and nearly all were mounted men. Just after sunset on Thursday, May 18, after a "fervent prayer by the chaplain and a tearful Godspeed from their friends," the little army with stout hearts and set purpose, passed out from Hatfield for a memorable night march of more than 20 miles. Across the meadows to Sugar Loaf, up the Pocumtuck path, past Bloody Brook, where on that very day eight months before, the heedless Lothrop and his three score men had dyed red the ground with the best blood of Essex; past Deerfield in ruins, recently burned; onward across North Meadows, over the Deerfield and up the steep hillside to Petty's Plain. Then turning to the east, following the Indian trail at the foot of Shelburne hills, crossing Green River and skirting the swamp, the party finally reached the plateau just northwest of Factory Village. Leaving the horses here under a small guard, Turner led his men noiselessly down into the "hollow," forded Fall River above the upper bridge, scaled the steep ascent of the opposite bank and came





out on the summit just above us. On the slope he drew up his men into line; his objective point, the Indian camp, was spread out before him.

Save for the monotonous roar of the cataract, silence reigned in the camp by the river side. Not a sentinel was posted; the dusky warrior was wrapped in profound slumber. At the very time when Turner and his adventurous men were making their stealthy advance, a grand feast was being held here at Peskeompskut. Warrior and squaw, the young and the old alike, gorged themselves with the salmon drawn from the river and with beef gained by a recent raid on the valley settlements, and then filled to repletion the whole camp slept in unguarded, unsuspecting security. Little did the Indian dream of danger, yet the end was near at hand.

Impatiently the soldiers awaited the light, and in the gray of the early dawn, they stole silently down among the unguarded foe; the word of command was given, and a crash of musketry aroused the stupefied sleepers. Many were killed at the first fire, while the terrified survivors, believing their furious enemy, the Mohawks, were upon them, rushed madly to the river, and pushed off in paddleless canoes, only to be engulfed in the tumultuous waters of the cataract. Others, hiding about the banks, were hunted out and slain, and we read that Captain Holyoke with his own sword, killed five under a bank. Resistance was slight, and only one of the assailants was wounded by the enemy. The camp and wigwams were immediately set on fire, and all was entirely destroyed. As to the number of Indians that perished in this slaughter, no intelligent estimate can be made as contemporary accounts differ widely. It must have been, however, at least 300, for Indians themselves afterward admitted that loss; whatever the number was, doubtless many were women and children, for we know there was no distinction of age or sex.

The firing quickly aroused the camp on the shore opposite, and a party soon crossed to bring assistance. About 20 of Turner's men volunteered to meet these, while the main body returned to their horses and began to march back. The small detachment that had gone to attack the Indians from the other camp, proved insufficient; they were forced to retreat and with great difficulty reached their horses, only to meet with attacks from all sides. One of the number, Jonathan Wells, a boy of



16, though wounded, managed to reach Turner and begged him to return to the relief; but Turner, believing that it was "better to save some than lose all," pushed on.

Unfortunately for Captain Turner, he was very feeble, scarcely able to sustain the excitement and fatigue of such service. As the sun came up and the day grew warm and sultry, Captain Turner's weakness increased until it became evident to his troops that he must soon be unable to guide them. At this unfortunate time, attacks from various quarters and the baseless rumor that Philip was approaching with a thousand warriors, caused a sudden panic among the troops. Order and discipline were lost and the retreat became a rout. The force divided into separate squads, each bent only on self-preservation, and during the passage through the dense morass, one party was captured and the tradition is that they met death at the stake. The main body at length reached Green River, and there Captain Turner fell beneath the enemy's fatal fire. Captain Holyoke, upon whom the command now devolved, was a man equal to the emergency. Exposing himself to every danger, his own dauntless courage was infused into the spirits of his men and he incited them to redoubled exertions. Hour by hour they struggled on harassed continually by the infuriated foe, until at length, exhausted, wounded and bleeding, the survivors of the shattered troop arrived at Hatfield, with a loss of 41 men killed.

The panic that assailed the troops in the early part of the retreat gave rise to several instances of individual experience and suffering worthy of being again recounted. Jonathan Wells of Hatfield, the youth whom I have already mentioned, was among the first to be wounded. Barely able to keep seat upon his horse, he soon became separated from the others; and bewildered in the woods, he turned to the north instead of the south, and followed Green River up above what is known as the Country Farms. There he fell from his horse exhausted, and soon fell into a sound sleep. And while he slept, he dreamed that his grandfather came to him and told him he was lost because he was traveling in the wrong direction. In the morning his horse was gone, and with his gun as a staff, weak and faint from loss of blood and from hunger, he followed the direction of his dream and started homeward. With great difficulty on account of his wound and because of the swiftness of the current,



he forded the Deerfield, and while lying down to rest, he saw an Indian approaching him in a canoe. Leveling his gun at him, the Indian fled, and Wells knowing that others must be near at hand, thought how to elude them. Finding two logs near together that projected out over the river nearly level with the stream, he waded out and stood between them. In this way he escaped the Indians, who, as he anticipated, soon came to hunt for him. When they had departed, Wells slowly pursued his journey, sometimes giving up in despair, often overcome by fatigue and all the time racked with pain. Finally he reached Hatfield on Sunday, at noon, 48 hours after the retreat from these grounds.

The Rev. Hope Atherton, first pastor of the Hatfield church and the chaplain of the expedition, on his return gave an account of his experiences in a sermon to his people on Sunday the 28th of May, in which he said: "When I was separated from the army, none pursued me. The night following I wandered up and down, but none discovered me. The next day I tendered myself to the enemy as a prisoner, for no way of escape appeared and I had long been without food, but notwithstanding I offered myself to them, they accepted not my offer; when I spoke, they answered not; when I moved toward them they fled. Finding they would not accept me as a prisoner, I determined, if possible, to find my way home, and after several days of hunger, fatigue and danger, I reached Hatfield." Some historical commentators have been inclined to think that the Rev. Atherton's mind became bewildered by his exposures, and that the incidents of his story were merely the fancies of a disordered imagination. More likely, however, there was something in the appearance of the chaplain by which the Indians recognized him as a minister, and with superstitious fear, left him unmolested.

The "Falls Fight" has ever been memorable among the events of that Indian war. It was more than merely a bloody slaughter; here, about this very ground upon which we now stand, took place the final struggle between the Indian and the settler of this valley, and here the Indian lost forever his tribal power over this region. Here beside the waters of the river below us, the men of Hatfield, the men of Hadley, the men of the Pocumtuck valley, wrote in bloody characters the concluding chapter in the history of the Pocumtucks as a nation. Save for feeble and ineffectual attacks on Hadley and Hatfield a few days





later, the Indian as a tribal power, never after beset these settlements. All their later depredations were made at the instigation of the French, and under their leadership for the most part. From this time and place the Pocumtuck tribes pass into oblivion.

The fight here on the 19th of May, 1676, was a serious blow to Philip, for it destroyed the fisheries on which he so largely depended for supplies. His power soon ebbed away; hunted backward and forward the monarch of the Wampanoags became a fugitive, abandoned by most of his confederates, and he finally fell by one of his own people. It is probable that you would gladly doubt, if you could, the recorded fact that Philip's head was sent to Plymouth and was there long exposed on a gibbet. Before you too harshly condemn this act of shocking barbarity recollect that in London, nearly a century later, the heads of the Scotch rebels were exhibited on Temple Bar.

Few characters in history have had such conflicting judgments passed upon them as the Indian warrior, Philip. Early chroniclers were wont to heap upon him the most opprobrious epithets, while later he was looked upon as a true patriot, whose enmity was national, not individual, an heroic—martyr. Modern historians, however, agree in representing him with all the vices and instincts of his race. "The title of King," says Palfrey, "disguises and transfigures to the view, the form of a squalid savage whose royal robe was a coarse blanket alive with vermin; whose nature possessed what might be expected from such a race and such habits of life. To royalty belong associations of dignity and magnificence. The Indian King Philip is at all events a mythical character."

My task is done; the sad and fearful story is told,—the story of King Philip's War. But the men who met the brunt of those fierce conflicts, who were they? We are rather wont to look with scorn and ridicule upon our Puritan ancestors, for their austere manners, their rigorous principles of stern piety, and their antipathy to the diversions of society. But study, I ask you, the history of the colonies from 1620 to 1675, and then scoff at the men and women who endured the hardships and exposures of that early time. Our Puritan forefathers may have been harsh and severe, but their code of laws was the law directed by their own conscience; they may have detested merriment and festivity; the pioneer looks not for a life of ease and amusement: they doubtless had their faults and failings, but





that they were selfish, that they were deliberately cruel, that they were intentionally unjust to the Indian, I find no proof. I little accord with the sentimentalist who portrays the Indian as a noble being, endowed with virtues unnatural to his race, while he decries the Puritan as harsh and uncompromising, narrow and arrogant. I read of the untiring efforts of Eliot and the Mayhews; I read how the English ministered to the plague-stricken Indian when his own people forsook him; I read of countless instances of magnanimity to the perfidious native. There are exceptions in all things but as a whole the Indian was defective both mentally and morally, incapable of the larger instincts of humanity, as inspired by Christian influences. Amid all the uplifting associations of civilization, the Indian was an Indian still.

Read the convincing facts of history and your sympathies will be with the early settlers. They were plain men of common sense and strong convictions, full of courage and patient in toil; men as stanch and upright as the primeval pines they felled to clear their farm. They were men of action who realized the supreme importance of seizing the hour. They were men in voluntary exile for the sake of religious and civil liberty. They knew only that it was theirs to labor with patience and hope, to hand down the heritage finally purchased with their own blood. Search the pages of history and tell me where you find nobler examples of manly virtues. And when you have seen the unfaltering fortitude of the men of 1676, look at the calm courage and marvellous hardihood of the farmer soldier a century later at Bunker Hill, at Concord and Lexington, at Bennington and Saratoga, and tell me whence came the spirit of 1776. From whom but those early settlers, to whose blood and traditions the American patriots were heirs? "Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation," said Lincoln at Gettysburg. To-day I say two centuries and more ago, the men of 1676 laid the foundations for the very principles of that new nation. And so I claim that it is highly fitting that we to-day honor the memory of the men of that early day, who over 200 years ago came with shot and sword and fire, and from this very ground, swept the Indians to the river below, ground their cabins to the dust and sent their wigwams to the clouds above, and freed forever our valley from the thralldom of barbarism.



## ANNUAL MEETING—1901.

### REPORT.

The annual meeting of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, which was held in the old kitchen at Memorial Hall yesterday afternoon, was of peculiar interest for the members of the society and others interested in antiquarian pursuits. A noteworthy feature of the meeting was the quality of the papers prepared for the occasion. In the afternoon there were short sketches of the well known members who had passed away in the year. S. O. Lamb spoke briefly on James S. Grinnell and submitted the following resolution which was adopted:

Resolved, That the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association deeply feels the great loss which it has suffered in the death of the Hon. James S. Grinnell, late of Greenfield, and hereby places upon its records an expression of its cordial appreciation of his constant friendship and faithful devotion to the interests and work of the Association; also an expression of its sincere sympathy with the bereaved family and friends of the deceased.

Mr. Lamb confined himself principally to Mr. Grinnell as a young man at the time of his admission to the bar in 1846, and incidentally alluded to some of his contemporaries. Mrs. Lucius Nims read a sketch of Eben A. Hall, which was prepared by Judge Fessenden; a tribute to Charles H. McClellan was given by Frank J. Hosmer; Rev. P. V. Finch contributed a sketch on Deacon Hitchcock, and Mrs. Charles Stebbins one on Mrs. Mary P. Wentworth.

Judge F. M. Thompson, vice-president of the Association, presided. It was voted to hold the next field meeting at Deerfield, July 31. The president, vice-presidents and Treasurer, with William L. Harris, E. A. Newcomb, Mrs. Samuel Childs, Augustus V. Tack and Miss A. C. Putnam, were authorized to act in conjunction with the committee on the "Old Home Week" chosen by the citizens of the town last October. Some of the historic places in town will be marked by suitable monuments. The committee on memorials are: Mr. and Mrs. George Sheldon, Judge F. M. Thompson and George A. Sheldon. These officers were elected:—

President, George Sheldon of Deerfield; vice-presidents, Francis M. Thompson of Greenfield, C. Alice Baker of Cambridge; recording secretary, Margaret Miller of Deerfield; cor-



responding secretary, Mary Elizabeth Stebbins of Deerfield; treasurer, John Sheldon of Greenfield; members of the council, Charles Jones, Robert Childs, Edward A. Hawks, Samuel Childs, Frances W. Ball, Madeline Y. Wynne, George W. Solley, Laura B. Wells, and Edward J. Everett of Deerfield; P. Voorhees Finch, Samuel O. Lamb, Herbert C. Parsons, Caroline C. Furbush, Ellen L. Sheldon and Eugene A. Newcomb of Greenfield.

John Sheldon, treasurer of the committee on the publication of the *History of Deerfield*, submitted the following report: "Your committee would report that during the past year they have sold fourteen sets of the *History of Deerfield* for \$127. There was an edition of 500 bound copies and in addition we have 300 unbound sets. A few complimentary copies have been given away at the request of the author. Two sets were sent to Washington to secure the copyright, some have been used in exchange for other books to the advantage of the Association. There have been sold 385 sets, and we have now something over 100 sets on hand. The sales have extended over a large part of the United States, and a few copies have gone abroad. The price has been collected for all books sent out to date, with the exception of one copy of Volume I sent to Philadelphia. We have paid all costs of publishing, delivering and all other expenses. You now own what books we have on hand clear, and we have paid to your treasurer \$1067."

The report from George Sheldon, chairman of the publishing committee, was submitted.

"The Committee on the Publication of our Proceedings would report, that Vol. III has been issued from the press of T. Morey & Son, in an acceptable form and satisfactory manner; although unfortunate circumstances caused unexpected delays. It is herewith submitted. Experience has demonstrated that the cash demand for these volumes has been much smaller than was anticipated, therefore the edition has been limited to 300 copies.

"The work is useful as a medium of exchange, making our Association better known, and bringing valuable additions to our library. Our field in this direction is enlarging as the years go by, and I would recommend the continuance of the series."

For the labor of editing, proofreading, and for the incidental expenses of getting the volume through the press, there has been no charge to the Association. This has been a labor, indeed, but a labor of love, by the Chairman of the Committee.





## CURATOR'S REPORT.

Your curator would repeat his words of last year, that the future of our Association never looked brighter. We are established in our place, and are acknowledged by all to hold a characteristic collection unequalled in our broad land.

One of the state commissioners for the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo told me a few weeks ago that he had traveled far and wide, visiting museums in this and other states without finding anything to compare with ours. We may certainly congratulate ourselves on what we have accomplished when such men give us such a rank.

Our collection is gradually enlarging, but as our schedules year by year fill up, our accretions are materially less than in the full tide of our earlier growth. Still the past year has brought us large additions, chiefly, however, to our library. To this 45 books, 180 pamphlets and other papers have been added since our last report, and our shelves have become uncomfortably crowded. To our miscellaneous collection 158 articles have been added.

Owing to circumstances the work in the library has fallen behind for a year or two past, but last summer with an active assistant I spent considerable time in cataloguing and arranging accumulated material. Much, however, remains to be done. We have a large number of old manuscripts, historic and family papers, which should be catalogued and arranged to be available to the public. This work was well begun by Mrs. Wentworth, when through weakness, she was obliged to give it up. We have devoted a box to each family name, and all manuscript papers relating to this name are deposited therein; when these are catalogued and numbered they become available for public use. Another and better way to preserve family papers is to secure them in large scrapbooks, prepared for the purpose. When arranged chronologically and indexed any paper is easily found. If any family will provide such a book we will undertake to arrange the papers. The Sheldon family papers already so arranged can now be shown. I commend this scheme to all old families and hope for fruitful results.

For consultation in historic lines there is nothing in the Connecticut valley to compare with this library. The question now is, How shall we increase its capacity? It is a question how



much more the floor will sustain. The original construction of this story has been changed and perhaps an expert examination should be made to determine its condition.

Death has been busy among our fellows during the past year, coming very near to us in taking Nathaniel Hitchcock, a charter member of our Association and our faithful secretary and treasurer from the first. He was one of the noted twenty-four babies born here in 1812, and at his death, March 3, was nearly eighty-eight.

Jonathan Johnson, to whom we must credit the first idea of associated action in local fields of history, out of which our Association ultimately grew, was an invaluable member. In our early years it was to him, more than to all others, that our field meetings were such great successes. He had a genius for initiating such affairs.

The faithful, able and earnest assistant curator, Mrs. Mary P. Wentworth, who so satisfactorily filled the office for sixteen years, is another who will be sorely missed by us and the visiting public. She so closely identified herself with the place, that in our correspondence the burden of her hope was that some arrangement might be made whereby her last days might be spent within the walls she loved so well. However strongly I strove for this it was not to be. She survived her removal but a few weeks, dying January 25, 1901.

It may be esteemed fortunate for the Association that I have secured for her successor, Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Stebbins, who will be herself in evidence to-day.

Others who have fallen by the way, this fateful year, are James S. Grinnell and Eben A. Hall of Greenfield, Miss Maria Marshall of Weston, Franklin J. Pratt of Greenfield, Chauncey B. Tilton of South Deerfield, Deacon Almon C. Williams and Mrs. Catherine B. Yale of Deerfield.

While the places made vacant may not be filled, there have been good accessions to the ranks of our membership: one Life Councilor, Mrs. J. M. Arms Sheldon of Deerfield, four Life Members, Mr. Charles Herbert Watson of Boston, Mr. George Arms Sheldon, and Mrs. Jennie Edith Sheldon of Greenfield, and twenty yearly members.

The flow of visitors to the hall has not ebbed. Our register shows the names of 2198 visitors from all over the country.

Little has been done in the way of repairs on the tenement in



late years, and this year it became necessary to do something towards its renovation. The sum of \$58.70 has been spent in paper and paint under the supervision of your treasurer, which was money well laid out.

If I have in this report spoken on matters not strictly within my province as curator it is because Miss Miller, our secretary *pro tem*, could not be expected to cover the field this year.

In the absence of President Sheldon, Vice-President Judge F. M. Thompson presided at the evening exercises, which began by a selection of old-time music by the Deerfield choir dressed in ancient costumes. The singers were: Charles H. Ashley, conductor; Mrs. Ashley, Mrs. Edward Wells, Mrs. George Everett, Miss Julia Brown, Miss Mary Stebbins, Miss Pomeroy, Rev. Mr. Solley Mr. Sibley and Merrill Childs. Prayer was offered by Mr. Howard.

Judge Thompson then introduced Miss H. Isabella Williams of Deerfield, a teacher at Smith College, who read very interesting extracts from the diary of General Epaphras Hoyt.

The principal paper of the evening was by Hon. Herbert C. Parsons, upon "The History of the Hoosac Tunnel."

At the conclusion of Mr. Parsons' paper Judge Thompson told how he as a boy had helped to draw part of the boring machine over the hills to the place of operation. He also stated that he saw the machine when it began work. He then called upon Edwin Stratton and S. O. Lamb for personal reminiscences of that time. Mr. Stratton said that the machine bored into the rock about twenty feet at the bottom but only about six at the top where the whole bigness of the drill cut. Mr. Lamb said he could add but little to what had been said, but alluded to the good work done in favor of the tunnel by Wendell T. Davis and Horatio G. Packard, who were in the legislature at that time. He also said that in politics a man's position on the tunnel question made a great difference in his chance of election to legislative office. Many statesmen were made and unmade by the tunnel question.

Judge Thompson called for a vote of thanks to the Deerfield women and the singers, which was unanimously given. He then asked the singers to render a touching ballad about a young man who went out to mow and was bitten by a "pizen sarpi-ent," which they did with much feeling. The meeting





closed by the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" by all. There were about forty present from Greenfield. The Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association is doing a grand work in marking historic spots in our valley and otherwise commemorating events of the past for the benefit of future generations, and the interest taken in the meeting shows that their work is being appreciated and new enthusiasm being aroused.

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## NECROLOGY.

### JONATHAN JOHNSON'S SERVICE AS TOLD BY JUDGE THOMPSON.

The first meeting of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association was held at the town house in Deerfield, May 26, 1870. None of the officers elected at that meeting now survive, excepting our venerable president, vice-president James M. Crafts, and Rev. P. Voorhees Finch, who was at that time elected a member of the council.

Jonathan Johnson, then of Montague, was elected at that meeting a member of the council, and his labors for the success of the Association, thus early begun, only ended with his life, August 16, 1900.

Mr. Johnson was well known throughout the length and breadth of this county and the towns of southern Vermont and New Hampshire. Almost his whole business life was spent in traveling over the hills and valleys of this vicinity, and for the last twenty years, at least, his journeying was mostly on foot, for which mode of locomotion nature had peculiarly fitted him, with his height of six feet five inches, and not an ounce of spare flesh to overburden his long limbs.

He was by nature a most observant man, and there was no nook or cranny of all this section, which he did not know, and he had a personal acquaintance with a large majority of the people of this county, who had reached the age of maturity. He was born in Petersham, in 1826, and lived at times in Athol, Montague, Sunderland, Deerfield, Whately and in Greenfield. In early years he was by occupation a tin peddler, traveling over the country, stopping at every house, and early began making collections of Indian relics, antiquarian papers and ancient bric-a-brac; and without doubt gathered more of these articles than any other person in this county.





Always harassed by poverty, he was forced to part with many of his most precious collections, in order to protect his family from want. This Association has in its collection very many precious articles which came to it through the ceaseless diligence of Mr. Johnson, who was always so much interested in its prosperity. In view of his many donations to the Association, its members made him a life councilor in 1878; one of the highest honors within the gift of the society.

Mr. Johnson in his journeyings about the county, was ever on the lookout for details concerning each historic spot, and was thus an invaluable member of the committees appointed by the Association to look out places for the annual field meetings of the society; a duty which he faithfully performed for many years. He had more knowledge of the Indian names of rivers, mountains, meadows and streams, than any other member of the Association, and used to talk interestingly and intelligently upon these subjects at the meetings of the society.

Mr. Johnson took great satisfaction in having been a member of the old free soil party, and was instrumental in the forming of the association of the surviving members of that party, whose meetings he always attended.

In later years he had been greatly weakened by an affection of the heart, which caused a shortness of breath, and he was reluctantly compelled to give up his business of canvassing for newspapers, and consequently his gathering in of the ancient specimens of an earlier civilization, and of the savages that once inhabited this valley.

In the death of Mr. Johnson this Association has lost the service of an intelligent and successful collector, and the constant assistance of a person who had unusual means of helping the society in its work, and these means were always used to their fullest extent for its good.

#### MR. FINCH'S ESTIMATE OF DEACON HITCHCOCK.

Since the last annual meeting of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, Deacon Nathaniel Hitchcock has been gathered to his fathers. The mention of his name recalls the man. He was a type of the sturdy New England Puritan stock, loyal to the traditions and faith of his ancestors.

Born in Deerfield, June 22, 1812, he always lived in the quiet old village; and died in the same house in which he was



born, and had passed the many years of his unobtrusive life. This house was built by his grandfather in 1779, and had always been occupied by a Hitchcock. He was the son of Deacon Henry Hitchcock, who was son of Justin, and brother of President Edward Hitchcock of Amherst College. A sister, living in Cleveland, Ohio, survives the deacon. He left no children, his son having died in Andersonville in 1864.

Deacon Hitchcock was one of the original members of the P. V. M. A., and held the office of recording secretary and treasurer from the date of its organization to the day of his death. He discharged the duties which devolved upon him with promptness and efficiency, and to the entire satisfaction of his associates.

He was greatly interested in all that concerned the welfare of our institution, was always present on the occasions of its field days, and annual and special meetings, and contributed largely to the interest of the meeting held in this hall in the winter of 1887, by reading a paper describing his visit to Ridgeway, N. Y., in the year 1834. The peculiar modes of traveling at that time, by canal boats, stage coach, and by cars drawn by horses, were graphically portrayed.

He died at the age of 88 years, on March 3, 1900, having lived a just and upright life, loving the Lord his God, with heart, soul, mind and strength, and his neighbor as himself.

#### JUDGE FESSENDEN'S ESTIMATE OF HON. EBEN A. HALL.

Judge Fessenden in his sketch of Eben A. Hall reviewed his early life and paid high tribute to the sterling virtues of the man.

Mr. Hall received his education in the district schools and academy of Taunton. He did not have the advantages of a college education. This lack of collegiate training, however, seemed to spur him on to greater effort. He had Franklin's example in mind. By dint of painstaking study and practice, he trained himself so that he acquired a plain and direct style of writing, and an accurate estimation of the writings of others which was of inestimable service to him later on.

While thus laboring in the preparation for his chosen profession, he was not forgetful that a knowledge of his fellow-men was absolutely necessary to success. As a young man he mingled with others and became acquainted with their natures,



ways and thoughts. He learned that a correct judgment of men could only be had by patient observation; that a quickly formed opinion was often wrong. The men are few who knew others as well as he; and so we are not surprised that he was able to have around him, when he was publishing his journal, persons of skill and talent.

He studied public events, past and present; could recognize and appreciate great movements, and distinguish short-lived, spasmodic disturbances, and was able to, and did, direct the policy of his sheet accordingly. Its standard was high and firmly maintained.

He came to Greenfield with his steadfast purpose and high ideals. It was only a question of time when his merit should be recognized. In less than three years he became a part owner of the *Gazette and Courier*. In 1876 he became sole owner. This paper is a lasting monument of his work.

Although he gave his greatest energies to his newspaper, we should not lose sight of what he did in other ways. His training had given him good judgment. His nature was sincere and honest. And so he was asked to give the benefit of his experience and judgment to many institutions and enterprises, private and public, and was called to public and representative office. The list is too long to give in detail. It is enough to say that he rendered valuable and unselfish service.

For this Association of ours he always had a feeling of fond solicitude. One of the first members, for several terms a councilor, vice-president for two years, his labors were timely and of assistance to us. The object of our organization appealed most strongly to him. He was never found wanting when his help was needed.

It is a loss when such a man dies. But it is a gain that such a man was given to be with us.

FRANKLIN J. PRATT'S LIFE SKETCHED BY MRS. A. D. POTTER.

Franklin Josiah Pratt was for many years a member of our Association. His genial, warm-hearted and stimulating personality created for him a wide circle of friends, while his breadth of view and degree of intelligence with a capacity for leadership made him a prominent figure in any circle.

The son of Josiah and Catherine Hall Pratt he was born in East Charlemont in 1829. He removed with his family in 1843





to Shelburne Falls where he attended the then famous school, Franklin Academy. He was afterwards associated with his father in the manufacture of axes, then in the hardware business in New York. Ever on the alert for active business enterprises, his interests embraced a wide stretch of territory in the north, south, east and west. His broadening interests in localities far removed from New England never affected his affection for his native heath and in Franklin county he always had a home.

In politics he was identified with the Democratic party and at one time held the office of collector of internal revenue. He was a Mason and instrumental in founding the Mountain Lodge of Shelburne Falls and he was its first master.

The last six years of his life were years of patient suffering during which his brave spirit overmastered the sublunary things of life and it seemed as if his setting sun suffused his spirit and all things around him with a beautiful radiance. In the retirement of home, surrounded by those near to him, his life wore gently to its close and he departed this earth on the 24th day of September, 1900.

SKETCH OF MRS. M. P. WENTWORTH, BY MRS. M. E. STEBBINS.

Mary P. Wentworth died at the home of her sister, Mrs. Henry S. Childs, January 18, 1901. She was born in the town of Hawley sixty-five years ago and was educated in the public schools of that place and at the Deerfield Academy when Ryland Warriner was its principal. At the close of the Civil War, while teaching in Maryland, she met and married Benjamin Wentworth, who was a soldier there on duty. After her marriage, she with her husband went to Bromfield, Maine, and from there to Kansas, where they took up some government land. This did not prove prosperous and soon they returned to South Deerfield where they lived for a time before coming to Deerfield.

For nearly sixteen years Mrs. Wentworth has had a home at Memorial Hall as assistant curator, her labor and faithfulness in this office, and as a member and coworker in the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association will keep her in memory for many years, to those who knew her love and devotion for its every interest. Although for many years, her health has been frail, her spirit of hope and patience often prevailed over bodily weakness.



She was always a cordial, estimable woman with much knowledge of the world, gained by her travels in early life, her love of reading and a retentive memory—these combined to make her an interesting and intelligent companion.

Since the death of her husband last October she has gradually failed, and her last days were spent with her two sisters, who ministered to her every comfort and attention that affection and devotion could bestow.

JOURNAL OF GENERAL EPAPHRAS HOYT, BY H. ISABELLE WILLIAMS.

Epaphras, son of David Hoyt, born 1765; maj. gen. Mass. Militia, surveyor, student, antiquary, author, and man of affairs; postmaster, justice of the peace, reg. of deeds for Franklin Co. 1811–14, high sheriff 1814–31, member of the Constitutional Convention 1820; was deeply interested in military science and was offered by Washington an appointment in the U. S. Army; he published in 1798 a “Treatise on the Military Art,” for the use of the army, which passed through several editions; a more elaborate work on the movement of armies in the field was published in 1816; he was a student of natural science and contributed papers to *Silliman’s Journal* and other publications; in 1813 he published an elaborate paper on astronomy, of 100 pages, as an introduction to Dickinson’s geography; he is best known, however, by his “Antiquarian Researches”; he left an unpublished work on Burgoyne’s campaign, and copious notes on the French and Indian wars, of which he made an especial study. He died Feb. 8, 1850. He m. Nov. 4, 1792, Experience, dau. Simeon Harvey. Children. Fanny, May 29, 1794; Adeline, b. Mch. 26, 1798; Isabella, b. Nov. 10, 1804; Arthur Wellesley, b. Oct. 6, 1812; the latter in the Little Brown House on the Albany Road.

Gen. Hoyt’s manuscript runs: “A Journal of a voyage (by God’s permission) on board of Capt. Sweet’s Fall-Boat begun July 17th, 1790, Saturday 17th July 12 o’clock A. M.”

“I entered on board Capt. Sweet’s Boat at Cheapside in company with my friend Mr. Solomon Williams. Wind N. E. Sailed down Deerfield River about 2 miles where it enters the Connecticut River. About 2 o’clock P. M. (having some business with Mr. Bardwell of Montague) went on shore—had but just got into quarters when we had a prodigious Thunder storm attended with Hail-stones as large as musquet-balls—the stones



were in general nearly spherical, but some of them were Polygons—the violent explosions of Thunder were equal to any I ever heard—the rain having abated we set out for our Boat—which to our great surprise we found had got loose and gone adrift down the river with all our baggage—but drifting verry near the shore her Mast fortunately caught in the top of a Tree which secured it. We got on board, proceeded down the River,—found the wind against us from the South but soon lulld away—the storm by this time had almost ceased but the violent explosions of thunder continued—We were now moving on slowly—I happened to be looking at some trees on the E. side of the River—had the pleasure to see 1 of them sustain the electrical shock of lightning not more than 80 rods from us—it struck off some of longest limbs from the body of the tree but did not shiver the body as it frequently does—We proceeded down the River, arrived at Mr. Newtons Tavern at N. End of Hadley when we put up for Lodgings about 12 o'clock at Night—

“Sunday 18th. Went on board our Boat about 6 o'clock sailed round Hadley-meddows to the S. End of the Town—went on shore and took breakfast at Mr. Goodmans—in this run round Hadley meddows which is 5 miles we gained but 1 mile from our lodgings—the turn of the River includes a pretty large meddow in form of a Semicircle—on the E. its bounded by Hadley Street which with [the] River completely envelopes it—After breakfast set sail—found the wind in the S. sailed very slow—went on shore in Northampton meddows to see the crops—found excellent long grass in old *Rain-bow* like to our Poges-hole—proceeded on our voyage arrived at the head of Springfield falls about 9 o'clock—marched about 2 miles put up at Mr. Millers Tavern.

“Monday 19th. Rainy Morning. Wind N. E. set out from Mr. Millers marched to the Landing below the Falls took breakfast at Days left Capt. Sweet to bring on the loading which arrived at the landing about 3 o'clock p. m. Dined—set sail with brisk gale which increased attended with rain—about six o'clock rain ceased—had a very pleasant run from Springfield to the head of Endfield-falls—put up at Abby's Tavern—We saw this day a great Number of Sturgeon leaping out of the water—some of them would project themselves a foot perpendicular into the air then bring themselves into a horizontal direction and fall into the water—they may be heard at a distance of 100 rods, we





had more or less of these fish throughout our run from Cheap-side to Hartford—

“Tuesday 20th. Secured a Pilot. Sailed over the falls without any accident—these falls are called Endfield-falls from the adjacent town of Endfield—are from the uppermost to the lowermost Bar about 6 miles in length—these falls are not very remarkable for the rufness of the water but they are very singular on account of a remarkable channel near the middle of the river about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  rods in width which the Boats are to keep within or they are immediately upon the breakers—the water on each side of this Channel is very shallow not so deep but a man might wade the greatest part of the way up the falls—we had a very quick passage from the falls to Hartford arrived about 11 o'clock with wind N. took breakfast at Mrs. Knoxes—found a sloop for N. York Capt. Butler Commander. Agreed for a passage to sail next day—spend the afternoon in visiting the different parts of Hartford—the Cyty is a considerable place of trade.—Vessels come up here in low water but above the Cyty the water is too shallow to admit of any but flat bottomed Boats—the main street is about 2 miles in length—it is about half a mile from the river rising parrallel to it—lies on the W. side. the soil is of a redish colour produces fine crops the Houses are chiefly built of wood but there are some brick—but 2 meeting-houses with spires—A little S. of the center of the Cyty there is a fine small river running across the main street at right  $\perp$ 's. About 8 or 10 rods wide over which there is a bridge at a considerable height from the water—they have excellent Mills on the river which make it very convenient for the inhabitants—there are some farmers in the Cyty but the greatest part of the inhabitants follow trading—We put up at Mr. Butlers over night—I had this day an extreme pain in my head—but our quarters were so good that it quite cured my head before I went to bed. This Tavern is just on the S. bank of the little river above mentioned a few rods from the Bridge.—We parted with Capt. Sweet this Day—which ends the Journal on board his Boat.—

“Wednesday 21st. Walking the city—paid a visit to Mr. Bliss—took dinner with him—Afternoon wrote a letter to Mr. John Russell—went on board our Sloop at 6 o'clock—fell down the river—wind S. by W. sailed down as far as the town front of Wetherfield. Capt. anchored till morning.





"The sloop we are aboard of is about 50 tons Burthern, an excellent fine vessel—She has very good accomidations for passengers, her cabbin is an elegant room completely painted in the neatest manner—She has every convenience that could be wanted—In her stern between her 4 cabbin windows there hangs a looking glass—on each side of the room are the beds with small beautiful curtains—some Windsor Chairs, besides seets—a small square table and Cupboard richly furnished with Crockery—She is called the Hartford.

"Thursday 22nd. weighed anchor sailed slowly not much wind passing over a shoal of sand our vessel struck which with a little trouble we got off—met with old companion Capt. Sweet from Middletown with his Boat loaded—got aboard our Long-boat sailed out to him took some grog and parted—he informed us that on Tuesday night a sailor belonging to an English Brig lying at Middl<sup>a</sup> fell over board and was drowned. We cast anchor off E. Haddam about Sun set—went on shore took in fresh water drank some punch &c. returned on board—spent the Evening on Deck it being very warm—in sailing down the River the scene was very romantick—when we view'd the shores from the Cabbin windows sometimes whirling round with great velocity at other times seeming to be in full chase up the river we in the Cabbin could percieve no motion of the vessell.

"Friday 23. the Mosquitoes drove us passengers out of the Cabbin before Sun rise—found the ship 10 miles ahead from where we anchored—the tide setting out the Capt. thought best to tide it out of the river—sailed till we met it again cast anchor waited till it was in our favor then with brisk gale set sail again. About 1 o'clock P. M. got sight of Land—tide setting very rapid came up with Capt. Burnham Sloop belonging to Hartford bound for N. York—who set sail from Hartford about 24 hours before us. Cast anchor along side of him—here we had the long wished for sight of the ocean, it appeared grand beyond description: Long Island was very plain to be seen in some parts, in others, it was so low that we could scarcely discern it appeared like a cloud at the very edge of the Horizon. About 4 o'clock weighed anchor sailed over Seabrock bar into the Sound—here we saw a great Number of Porpoises leaping out of the water or rather rolling out, they made a similar appearance to a large wheel under water that



in its rotations shew'd its circumferance now and then—they made a noise when on the surface like the snorting of a Horse—Capt. Burnham kept company with us though we rather out-sailed him in a brisk gale, the wind lulled away about 8 o'clock he came up with us—the Evening was very pleasant the Moon shone in full luster the appearance was majestic and solemn—nothing but the wide extended Horizon around us. We kept on Deck till about 9 o'clock then retired to our hammocks to rock to sleep—the sailors kept the Deck.

“Saturday 24th. Foggy Morning light wind—no land to be seen. Wind diing away and tide against us. Cast anchor in 12 fathoms of water—About 2 o'clock wind sprung up hoisted anchor bore away S. W. in company with Capt. Burnham—About Sun set we had like to have got on to a shole of sand—this shole lies off Stratford point about the middle of the Sound—not more than 3 feet at low water—it is conjectured that formerly there was a small Island where this shole lies and being of a Sandy Soil was worn away by the tides which frequently run very rapid. We tack'd bore away to the S. stood over to long Island tack'd a 2nd time passed by the shole—we had about this time a small squall of rain with Lightening and Thunder saw a couple of 2 mast Boats pass us—We saw this day several shark swimming about our vessell and a number of schools of sprats, the water appeared to be alive with them.

“Sunday 25th. Foggy morning, light wind—about 7 o'clock fog cleared off found ourselves close under Long Island tacked stood away to the Northward—Saw Vessels on all sides of us counted 18 sail—about Noon a fresh gale sprung up from N. W. bore down through the Sound very swift—about Sun set passed the Boston and Rhode Island Packets—ten o'clock took in a Pilot sailed through the celebrated Hell-gate—saw a number of fine Seats on shore—arrived at N. York about 2 o'clock. Cast anchor—the Sea run so high this day that the water dash'd over her bow carried her low so that the water came into her scuttle holes but felt nothing of the sickness which usually attends the rocking of a vessell.

“Monday 26th. Halled in alongside Yankey-wharf (as the inhabitants call it) on the S. E. side of the Cyty—we now undertook to visit the different parts of the Cyty travel'd all most every part of it—the Houses are built Chiefly with Brick—it



is surrounded by water on the S. E. and W. on the North of the Cyty we find a beautiful country interspersed with Field and groves—here are a great number of gentlemans Seats with fine orchards of fruit trees—from a hill on the N. side of the Cyty the scene is very pleasing, to the S. we have a full view of the City with the shipping on the E. and S. side of it—to the N. we have a prospect of the above described country which at once excites in us admiration and delight—there are to be found here people of most all nations—On the S. side of the City there are 13 Cannon upon a platform Completely mounted—1 of them is a 24 pounder—the others are nines beside these there are great Numbers dismounted lying upon the ground—the Old Battery's almost demolished (which stood on the W. side of the City) there is a wharf a building along the N. River the W. side of the City from the remains of the Battery—Went about 11 oclock to the Federal Hall heard the debates of Congress—Mr. Sedgwick, Mr. Livermore, Mr. Maddison, Mr. Smith S. C., Mr. Smith Abany, Mr. Jackson Georgia, Mr. Ransler, Mr. Bloodworth a member from N. C. and others spoke while we were there—About one third of the members appear to be what I call *Pretty Men* the biggest part of them sett with hats on their heads and canes in their hands. There is generally a pretty large Number of spectators in the Gallery—some of them females. I heard that McGillivary [?] with the Indian chiefs had been in the city a few days before we arrived—that they had gone out a little way into the country that they were to be back tomorrow, that the independent companys of Militia would parade took a walk in the evening with my friend and Capt. Butler, came acrost a gang of fellows who after we had past them undertook to stone us, we returned them the stones back again with as great velocity as we were able. Whether we did any execution among them I cannot determine—but they came after us and we got out of their way & went on board our vessell.

Tuesday 27. determined to attend upon the parade to see the troops—were told that they would be on it in the afternoon—took Dinner sett out for the parade—to our great disappointment met the troops returning back into the city—the President, Governor and the Indian Chiefs had been upon the parade to see the troops. We followed the troops into the Cyty where we saw a company of Infantry preform the firings by platoon





and Division. The troops were dressed in a complete uniform—their arms were also very neat—but in their Manoeuvres they were not very exact—the Position of a Soldier on the parade was very little attended to—looking about in every direction, moving their feet, no attention to dressing the line, laughing and talking &c. After being dismissed they kept their Muskets constantly a going amongst a numerous gang of spectators—held them level when they discharged them—for my own part I thought myself in eminent danger of having my head shot off—this in the County of Hampshire would be called very unmilitary indeed—if our troops could be dressed in the same manner that these were they would by military judges be called disciplined troops when compared to these. the following is a list of the corps that paraded—1 Company of Artillery with 2 pieces, 1 Troop of Horse (these I did not see) 1 Company of Light-infantry with hair caps 1 Company of Infantry with round hats one side turned up, 1 Company of Granideers with high Beaver skin Caps. After the troops had got through their firings 7 of the Indians pass'd by toward the Presidents House. I now was somewhat gratified in my desire—followed them till they entered the Presidents House. they had a new suit of Regimentals given them by Congress—blue with red facings, hats with red feathers Indian trousers and shoes—returned to our vessel very much disappointed at the luck of the Day.

Wednesday 28th. Entered on board of Sloop Julia of Hartford Capt. Webb Commander sailed out of N. York about 11 o'clock for S. Amboy had a very quick passage arrived about 3 o'clock put up for Night—this place lies on the S. side of Raretan River—at the Meritts is the place that the Stage from N. York put in at where the Land stage mett them. On the N. side of the River lies Perth Amboy very pleasantly situated—from this place we have a fine prospect of the Ocean to the E. with the Light House on Sandy Hook. Clams are caught in the Bay which lies of this place in great plenty.

Thursday 29th. At 2 o'clock morning set out from Amboy in the Bordington Stage, arrived at Bordington about 11 o'clock—this place lies on the E. side Delaware River, is the place where the passengers go on board the Stage Boats, about 30 miles above Philadelphia—New Jersey is a very level country, we never saw a mountain nor a hill promontory to Bordington except now and then a little uneven ground not more than we



find in passing through Deerfield Street though the distance is not less than 50 miles—the soil is rich inclined to clay—the roads are very hard (though free from stones) which made it very uncomfortable riding in the stage—the traveller in passing through this state on the Stage road meets with no large towns built like ours compact but finds here and there a House surrounded with large spacious Fields of Corn and other crops, excellent fruit trees—the Corn was some of it excellent some small—but with manure the Land produces fine crops—we had a gentleman and Lady from Ireland with us in the stage besides 4 more women with 4 children and ourselves making in the whole 12 souls exclusive of the Coachman—about 12 o'clock got a board the Packet Boat sailed down the Delaware with little wind which lulled away, cast anchor several times to prevent being taken back by the Tide—our women passengers were very uneasy on account of Delay, particularly 2 of them whose Husbands were in Philadelphia—We saw 2 very fine built towns in our passage down the River—1 of them on the Jersey side called Burlington very pleasantly situated.—I observed a great Number of fine orchards at this place as well as in every other part of Jersey—the other was on the Pensilvania side called Bristol—One of our passengers an Irishman that entered at Boardington having made to free use of a Bottle he had on board grew very troublesome challenging every person on board to take a bot [?] with him &c. we put him in the hole and bared him down, which stilled him awhile, but soon after being set at liberty he began his old pranks, went so far as to strike a hand belonging to the Packet—but we soon brot him to reason by threatening to shut him up again—About four a breeze sprung up our 2 women above mentioned began to feel themselves almost inclos'd in their Husbands arms but to their sad disappointment had to lie on board the Packet till the next morning—arrived at Philadelphia about 1 o'clock morning—the Houses were all shut so that we could not have got in if we had attempted it—besides the streets were full of Patroles crying the time of night—they take up all straglers found at that time—the women kept the Cabbins as did the Europeans—hands went into the forecastle. Mr. Williams and I walked the wharf till about 3 o'clock when we went on board rolled ourselves up in the Main Sail upon the deck rather than go into a Cabbins that had been crowded all most full for 13 hours.



"Friday 30th. Got out of our very uncomfortable beds about 4 o'clock, took breakfast at the Crooked-billet Tavern with our 2 Europeans—they were going to Baltimore the Lady having a husband there—They were 42 days in the passage from Limerick to N. York the lady appeared to be very polite indeed waited on us at the table—when we had drunk a sufficiency the woman insists upon our taking another dish—take her own words "Sir shall I help you to another cup of coffee" "Not any more" "Sir please to have another cup you had better." "Sufficient Marm" "Take half a dish with you" &c. went on board of the packet to see our trunk but no trunk was to be found—very much surprised—concluded it stolen—but we were relieved in our fears. One of the women passengers sent a man after her trunk but he took ours by mistake. Soon found the House where she was—rectified the mistake—this House is a Tavern it stands in the L made by the intersection of Second and Race streets E. side Sign Franklins Head—4 Stories high built with brick is very handsomely furnished with furniture—owners name Hamburg—here we took lodgings while we tarried in the city. Visited the different parts of the Cyty.

"Saturday 31st. got up very late in the morning—after Breakfast visited the Market—fine one, everything that is wanted may be had excepting fish which are not very plenty—attended a Vendue—articles very Cheap—Calicoes that in Deerfield are sold 4 & 5 shillings might be bought for 2 or 2/6 Pennsylvania currency—went to Mr. Prichards & Mr. Siddons Bookstores in Market street between first and second streets S. side—Mr. Prichard keeps a Circulating Library—has a very large Collection of Books—there is as much as 2762 Volumes—has great numbers of second hand books which may be bought very low. Mr. Prichard gave us a Catalogue of the whole—here a man may have Books to read at anytime (if he is no subscriber) by leaving a Deposit and paying sixpense (Pensilvania money) for a Duodecimo, which may not be kept more than four Days, a shilling for an Octavo not longer than 7 Days under penalty of paying for the same. Yearly subscribers—before their names can be inserted in the Library Book pay 20 shillings. No Book or set of Books to be kept longer than 8 days. If a transfer is desired the Librarian must be consulted. In the edge of the evening we saw several Sky-rockets thrown in Rose Street—they made a very beautiful appearance.





August, Sunday 1st. Mr. Williams was very unwell, we spent forenoon in our chamber which is the third story, observed the different sects going to worship—the Quakers might be distinguished from the others by their manner of dressing which is very plain—Old fashioned Bonnets of various colours some of near white others black ones. A Capt. Green that was in this Cyty (with his wife) came to see us at our quarters—this gentleman we first got acquainted with at Amboy—he formerly belonged to N. York—was an Adjutant in the British Service in Genl Burgoyne's army—he is an American born, well acquainted in the Northern States—knew Major Catlin, Mr. Munn &c.—he informed us that a British vessell arrived at this place last night who had been captured by a Spaniard—that the Spaniard fired several shot at him before he struck—that they put hands on board his vessell to take her into a Spanish port but being a slow sailor could not keep up with the Spanish Vessell and not having much value on board dismissed her to go at her pleasure. Afternoon I went to Christ Church with Our Betsy—took a book looked over at the Bishop rose up set down with the rest, looked wise in short was a complete Churchman—but amidst my zeal I could not withhold from making some observations upon the many objects that surrounded me particularly a couple of Ladies Bonnets who sat in the gallery opposite for the information of our Deerfield Ladies (who are not backward in embracing the newest mode of dress) I shall give as accurate a description of them as I am able. The lower part of the Bonnet i. e. the rim is in form of the Lower frustum of a Cone—the Diameter of the Base about = to the Bonnets our Ladies wore when I left Deerfield, open behind, above this was a piece of white silk with blue spots, somewhat like my Cotton Stockings, in form of a Parabola except the lower part which went almost or quite round the Bonnet, this was made fast to the first piece, it represented the trap *front piece* on our Helmets—from the Vertical point of this piece hung a loose piece of Blue Sarsnet with wire to keep it up 5 or 6 inches back on the level with the vertical point—After passing over these wires it hung down loose behind flowing gracefully in the air—the trimming about the bottom was wide lace which hung down over their eyes; the appearance of the Bonnet was not much unlike the Bonnets worn by our ladies when I came away—except the front piece which represented a Grenadeers Cap. The





Leghorn hats are worn here trimmed much like ours, the rims not quite so large—the other part of their dress which is most worn is white—but their dress in gayness is by no means = to the N. York Ladies, nor do the Men equal those of N. York. I this day went to see the famous Steam Boat but had not an opportunity of examining it—enough to give a full description—the Machinery is in the middle of the Boat—from which there is two small Iron chains running back to her stern in loops where they go round each end of an Iron crank like a band to which are fastened 3 large paddles—this crank with one rotation dips the paddle alternately into the water which after they are in are carried back with a considerable force and shoves the Boat forward—At the time one paddle comes out of the water another enters so that 1 paddle is kept constantly in the water—I could not see what the primary cause of this motion was but was told it was produced by fire. the Boat was to sail down the river in the morning—the Wind and tide was very strong down but the machinery would not perform its office because of the wind (as they told me).

Monday 2nd. This Day 3 independent Companies of Militia were out upon the Common we attended upon them to see their Maneuvres; they performed tolerably well for Militia—1 company practis'd the slow step kept very good time—In their Manual Exercise the motions were middling well timed but wanted that life and spirit in them which greatly contribute to the beauty of the performance—their dress was neat and convenient—the following were the corps that paraded 1 Company of Artillery 1 Company of Infantry with hair caps, 1 Company of Infantry with small round hats covered with Bear Skin—one side turned up—the Artillery were dressed much like Maj. Steven's each man carried a sword—the Infantry were dressed in short Blue Coats turned up with red. 1 Company wore Cartridge Boxes and Bayonets—scabbards—their belts white, the other Cartridge Boxes only—We returned to our quarters with our old friend Green who had been to see the troops—he thought 40 or 50 of the British Infantry would clear the Field of them—This day heard of the death of Governor Mifflin's Lady who is to be interr'd tomorrow morning.

Tuesday 3rd. Making preparations for our return home by N. London—about noon took leave of our Landlady Mrs. Ham-birg (Mr. H. being at Baltimore) and Family—went on board



a Burlington Packet W. North—which is right down the river—tide of flood in our favor—sailed up to Burlington by tack- ing arrived at 9 o'clock—this river is about = to Con. River for Magnitude—the Banks very low—Land level the water seldom overflows the land adjoining the river (as the Boatmen told me) though they are not more than 5 or 6 feet above high water mark which is a Demonstration that but little snow falls in the country about the river—banks are interspersed with fine crops of corn—excellent orchards with beautiful country seats belonging to gentlemen in Philaf. it appears that there is but very little trade carried on up the river when compared with Con. River—here we see but a very few ship- ping in the river at Burlington was a vessel upon the stocks—the place is an town, has a market Houses good buildings. I shall not undertake to describe the city of Philadelphia in full for it would be needless to perform what is already done in so many authors. The river where it passes by the City runs a little E. of S. the streets running parallel to it are numbered from the river after Front street 1, 2, 3 &c the streets cross- ing these have particular names, such as Market, Rose, Arch, Chesnut, Walnut Streets &c. from the water there is an ad- jacent ground back from the water the width of 1 street. They are paved very handsomely rising in the middle on each side there is a row of Lamps which are kept running every evening untill 11 cl or later if it is very dark—a watch is kept in every street from 11 till day who cry the time of night and take up all straglers—it is very curious for a stranger to hear the different cries.

“Wednesday 5th. Got on board the stage Waggon—set out for S. Amboy arrived about 2 o'clock. here we had to wait for the Boardington Stage which arrived about Sun half hour high—while we lay here we had a number of religious disputes—had a couple of Methodists and a Doct.—All of N. York with one or two Philadelphian—the Methodists were against the Doct. among many other topicks this dispute was introduced—the Doct. thought a man had no right to give his assent to a proposition that he could not comprehend, or could not see anything to make it appear to be so—the Methodists thought differently because there were many things contained in Scrip- ture that we could not comprehend nor see any reason for but because it was written in that Book we must believe it.



the Doct. urged that it could not be said that we believed a proposition that we could not see anything to make this belief in us, for it might or might not be so; but was no belief in us &c. A Man I think might believe a proposition that he could not comprehend or tell why it was so, but then he would believe it for the reason perhaps that the agent who asserted it was capable of knowing whether it was so or not—A Man, for instance, who never studied Mathematicks might believe that the  $\angle$ s of a  $\Delta$  were  $=$  to  $2 \angle$  when a Mathematician who (he believed) understood geometry asserted it—but here he has a reason to believe it because he supposes the asserter perfectly understands the proposition but for him to believe it when he knows nothing of the attribute of the asserter, nor has other reason to believe it and understands nothing of the proposition, it all is absurd and no belief. to return from this Digression—we got on board the Amboy Packet, weigh'd anchor W. Southerly stood out of the Bay—this Bay which lies at the Mouth of the Raretan is famous for Clams and oysters—here may be seen a great number of boats almost at any time fishing for they use long rakes to take them—here also the shipping from Connecticut River comes for clay to glaze their Earthen wares which is excellent—we were pretty soon overtaken by the dark evening there being no Moon—I now observed that common though very singular appearance of the water appearing luminous around the Vessell especially where a swell broke against her bow—it appeared like potash when ignited—I put out an oar which as soon as it struck the surface of the water seemed to be all on fire took up a Bucket of it which when agitated appeared like small coals of fire—when turned on the deck it had the same appearance—I took some of it into my mouth which when spit out resembled Liquid fire—this differs from rotten wood, for that shines when at rest, constantly but there is no appearance of light in water unless it is aggitated—what can be the cause of this I revolved in my mind? is it the electrical fluid which is known to exist in the air, or owing to the particles of Salt which reflect the rays of light from their several surfaces? We arrived at N. York about 1 o'clock in the Morning.

“Thursday 6th. Went to Federal Hall—the House went into a commiti of the whole upon several bills while I was present, I believe  $1/3$  of the Members were absent when I first went





into the House but about 2 o'clock p. m. Numbers of them returned and being soon very much fatigued I suppose by reason of their very hard Labour Mr. Jackson moved that the House adjourn till tomorrow which was 2nded and put to vote and negatived—there was but 3 of the Members that had tired themselves so badly. Mr. Ransler, Mr. Jackson and another Southern Buck were for the adjournment, but the other part of the House I suppose thought 6 Dollars were not earned in 3 Hours therefore the above members were obliged to submit to the disagreeable task of keeping their Seats. found the Lady Washington Packet of Norwich lying at Cranes Wharf, to sail tomorrow about noon—agreed for a passage to give him 2 Dollars for the passage 1 Dollar for Boarding—she has very good accommodations for passingers, is a clean neat Vessell of 50 Tons Burthen, we lay aboard her this night—

“Friday 6th got up about 5 o'clock took a walk up into Broadway in hopes of having a sight of the President who we were informed commonly Road out in the Morning through the Street (his House is in this street) We walked with a slow pace expecting to come across him in the street. But finding a Tavern we went in, placed ourselves by a front Window took some sherry sling, almost dispaired of seeing him, the Landlord told us it was not likely he would be out so late as it was 6 o'clock—We determined to wait untill we were sure of his not coming—had not set long before an old gentleman at the door cry'd out “there he comes now.” We now went very quick to the Door to see the Great Washington—who was upon a white Horse with Colo. Humphrey at his left hand wore a Blue Coat—they were a riding out of the Cyty to the N—We from there walked down near the President's House, went into a Tavern intended to get a nearer view of him when he returned, in about an hour he came back. I had now got right against his House when he dismounted—had a fair view of him—he is of a tall and noble Stature, well proportioned, of a mild countenance, his body very slim, to give an adequate discription of him is to say *he is* Genl Washington. I now felt as though I could leave N. York contented, that my business in this city was accomplished.”

After this portrait the rest of the Journal seems almost an anticlimax yet it is full of observation and incident. For instance, next day after setting sail they drink “a bowl of Punch



made with Ice which a Mr. Yates, a Passenger had took on board" and he finds it "very curious to see Ice at this season of the year." They meet a little bad weather and one notices the growth of the writer's nautical vocabulary in his descriptions. At New London he saw "acquaintances and took some letters for Cheapside." Entering the Thames he describes Fort Trumbull which they passed. They then continued their journey to Norwich where they took lodgings at Mr. Leffingwells and the next day "went Huckleberrying on the hill behind Mr. Leffingwell's House." From Norwich they sent their baggage to Hartford by stage and continued on foot in order to make a detour to visit friends. At Windsor they took the stage but at W. Springfield "the stage," says the writer, "having got to the Road that left our course we took shanks Mare." Traveling thus they reach Northampton, "our run this day in the Stage and on foot was 55 miles." The following day, Thursday, August 19th, after dining at Mr. Partridge's in Hatfield, "about five o'clock got sight of the Steeple of the Meeting House, sup'd at Capt. Locks at the Bars arrived at My Fathers about 7 o'clock, found my Friends well."

To-day it takes less hours than it then took days to reach New York and Philadelphia, but we descendants of these earlier travelers still rejoice, returning from afar, when "the Steeple of the Meeting House" tells us that we are nearing the old town.

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## THE HOOSAC TUNNEL.

BY HON. H. C. PARSONS.

The legislature of 1826 confronted what was regarded as a serious situation. The western portion of the Commonwealth which had been bound to it by the closest ties of kindred was thought to be losing something of that intimacy of relation through trade which was essential as a foundation for continued social and political peace. The development of lines of communication between Berkshire and New York was found to be diverting the trade of the western county away from Boston. Something of the same sort was true of the Connecticut valley. The building of canals and locks had made possible the naviga-



tion of the river by rough boats of commerce, which slow and difficult as was their passage, were serious rivals of the stage coach lumbering over the hills that lay between the valley and Boston. It was urged that something must be done to preserve the unity of the state and to keep Boston from losing its rightful trade. The same ambition which now leads Boston to bid for the commerce of the Mississippi valley then saw its limitation in that of the Hudson. But that it was regarded with as great seriousness is evident by the sober turn the discussion in the legislature of this and the subsequent years took.

Let the Hall of Representatives in the then new State House be the first scene in our story. The time, 1826. A body of more than five hundred members, the chosen representatives of Massachusetts towns, is crowded into the chamber whose dimensions are now considered no more than sufficient for forty modern senators. Not only are they crowded like schoolboys on the benches of the floor, but the galleries are packed, not a few of the incipient statesmen being condemned to obscurity in corners beyond the range of the Speaker's eye. A member of the western portion of the state arises and offering a motion that the legislature inquire into the means of better communication between the remote ends of the state, sets forth the possible breaking away of the western towns because of the loss of trade relationship. So moving is his speech that the House authorizes the Governor of the Commonwealth to appoint a commission to inquire into the public needs and to make reports as to how the calamity may be avoided.

As a result of the legislature's action, its successor of 1828 has laid before it the survey of the commission appointed, accompanied by a solemn message from Governor Levi Lincoln delivered January 29th. The dream which these commissioners had strained their imaginations to produce was that of a horse railroad extending all the way from Boston to the Hudson. They submitted a survey of the southern of several proposed routes. In making this they had discovered the two obstacles to be the high ridge which crosses the state through the center of Worcester county and the higher one between the Connecticut and Hudson. The most favorable crossing point here they found to be in the town of Washington where the elevation was 1440 feet above the Connecticut. The incline by which this was to be reached would not exceed eighty feet in a mile. But





they did not regard this difficulty as overwhelming. Governor Lincoln summarizes their conclusion in these words :

“The Commissioners are of the opinion that upon this degree of elevation the power of two horses working the usual time in a day and at the ordinary rate of travel will be equal to the draft of eight tons’ weight, and that on every other part of the road, one horse will be fully competent to such load.”

He added his own solemn conclusion that the commission could be “considered as fully establishing the practicability within the reasonable application of means of the construction of the road, strengthening every conviction and anticipation of its vast utility.”

This commission appears not to have gone deeply into the question of construction. It mildly suggested the building of a stone track, but left the elaboration of the scheme to its successors. It went deeply, however, into the question of motive power. It made a scientific observation of the horse with the thoroughness which suggests the preparation of the commissioners in the school of Yankee horse trading. They say :

“The exploration and survey have been conducted exclusively with reference to the use of animal power, which is thought to be better adapted to the accommodation of the community in the transportation of that endless variety of loading which a dense and industrious population required.”

It foresaw that “the introduction of inclined planes with mechanical power may hereafter present an important question” and admitted that there were places where this device might afford a great saving in distance and expense and perhaps in time, where the location was favorable. But it laid down as a rule for conduct in any progressive movement that “While investigating the practicability of this project it was thought best to proceed on the most simple system, and that which in practice will be found to comport with the common habits and opinions of the people.” It was the horse that comported with the common habits and opinions of the people. And anything so revolutionary as an inclined plane would be too violent an intrusion upon their mode of life.

The commission found that the weight of 11 pounds was sufficient to overcome the friction of a ton weight on rails. And that another 11 pounds would overcome the gravity on a grade of 26 feet to the mile ; and that in moving the load in





the downward direction the gravity of a ton on this grade will be just sufficient to overcome the friction. The value of this wise conclusion is to be found in the observation which follows "that the only power necessary to be exerted by the horse attached to the load will be to regulate its motion at the most convenient pace to itself. What that most convenient pace for the horse from the horse's standpoint was expected to be will be revealed farther on. There was the most intricate calculation as to what the horse could do in the way of a draft, how much he could endure to work in a day, how often he would need to be relieved and how many would be required between Boston and the Hudson. Then the commission swung off into a learned discussion of the comparative value of canals and a road built of rails as to cost and utility, and came to the conclusion that double the speed could be attained on a railroad that was reached from the canal.\*

What was hoped of the horse railroad is suggested in the commission's discovery that the trade of the western counties was going away from the state, and that in consequence "Those moral influences which give harmony and effect to all efforts for the public welfare will be diminished." With the road built it was hoped "To place the whole commonwealth if possible in a condition of more intimate and cordial union."

This tarrying with the commission of 1828 gives us the background for the development of the project which gave to Massachusetts that achievement of engineering skill and persistent enterprise, the Hoosac Tunnel. We are led in their report directly to the foot of the mountain which presented the great obstacle to the western traffic. There were those who believed that a more northern route was feasible, coming from Boston on the course now occupied by the Massachusetts Central Railroad, crossing the Connecticut at Northampton, and turning northerly to follow the valley of the Deerfield, or perhaps reaching the Connecticut by the line of a proposed canal, the survey for which had been made some years earlier. The commission of 1828 spoke of the possibility of using for the railroad "The route of the canal survey by Millers and the Deer-

\* It may be worth while to stick a pin in the commission's discovery of railroad dates: That wooden railways were first used in the 16th century, the first iron rail in 1767; the first public railway opened in 1789; the first plate rail made in 1799; the first malleable iron rail in 1811.



field river on which it has been suggested the passage across the mountain to Hoosac River might be affected by stationary engines." But this appears not to have been regarded very seriously.

What has later become the tunnel route was first drawn upon the map of Massachusetts by Loammi Baldwin. It was he who developed the idea of a canal running the length of the state and to him appears to belong the credit of first suggesting a tunnel under the Hoosac mountain. He was enthusiastic as to its feasibility, and he estimated that the tunnel would cost a million dollars. He was a high authority in engineering, had traveled and studied engineering feats in Europe, and was intrusted by the government with the construction of its dry docks. The sort of a man he was and the sort of cabinet officers we must have had in the early days is shown by the instructions which are recorded as having been given to him by an early Secretary of the Navy of name and date unknown. "We will furnish you," he said in answer to Baldwin's request for instructions, "with sub-engineers, with men, with money to the amount of millions, but we have no instructions to give you. Use your own judgment." It is safe to say in passing, that that method of awarding government contracts belonged to another period and to another race of men than the present. It may also be remarked that the legislature did well not to place a million dollars in Engineer Baldwin's hands with expectation that he would return a completed tunnel under Hoosac.

By another year, 1829, there had come into being a state board of directors of internal improvements. Its report on the proposed horse railway, is a fine specimen of elaboration of English, possible only to officials whose literary productions are printed at the expense of the government. First it discussed the rails. It waved aside the suggestion of iron rails which it found were in use in England on the ground that the high cost of iron in this country and the great abundance and cheapness of fine granite made a stone railroad the necessary kind for America. It proposed parallel stone walls laid so deep as to be below frost, surmounted by a rail of split granite of a foot thickness and breadth with a thin bar of iron placed on the top. These were to be laid five feet apart with a space filled in with earth and gravel so as to form a path for horses.

Next, it took another view of the horse. By careful study it



was found "that a steady and long continued exertion by a horse is more fatiguing to him than even the greater exertion occasionally remitted. And so it proposed to reward the motive power for a hard pull up an incline by providing a platform placed on small wheels on the long descents on which the horse himself may ride. As a further economy, it suggested that with this provision, the horses might eat their provender while returning to a point where their labor was resumed. To help up the inclined planes stationary water or horse power might be employed.

The commission was exact in its calculation as to cost. Finding that a mile of the stone road would cost \$14,940.70 and allowing 10% for possible error, \$16,434.77. From Boston to the state line, the road would cost \$2,638,628.64. To Albany, \$3,254,876.46. No calculation was made of land damages, and it was apparently expected that a patriotic people would gladly give the land to promote the scheme of rapid transit.

Just how rapid the transit was to be, the commission investigated and reached the conclusion that "the most easy and convenient rate of travelling would perhaps average about three miles an hour and the journey may be accomplished in four days."

The cost of operating the railroad was accurately ascertained. It was to include the wages and subsistence of a man to conduct the teams, one dollar a day. The horse, including interest, depreciation, hay and keeping, 50c. The daily cost of a carriage, six of which in a train were to carry sixteen tons, 75c. Thus, the cost of carrying a ton of freight from Boston to the Hudson was to be \$1.59, provided some stationary powers were to be used, or an unassisted haul, \$1.97. The cost of carrying a passenger from Boston to Albany, using the stationary powers, was to be 82½c. Without the stationary powers, \$1.05.

By this time, the suggestion had come of a steam locomotive. But it appears not to have been harbored by the commissioners longer than was necessary to demonstrate that this device would be of no use in America. Their words on this point are graphic. "On railroads recently built and now building in England and France it is proposed to make use almost exclusively of locomotive engines; or (by way of explanation) carriages moved by a steam engine placed within them, of a sufficient force to draw after them without the aid of animal power





a succession of 20 or 25 loaded wagons. These engines are in operation with entire success on several railroads in England. Where coal is abundant and cheap and where the subsistence of horses is dear, steam power may be advantageously used for many purposes in which it can not be economically employed in a country where coal is dear. For the purpose of determining whether locomotive engines can be advantageously employed by Rail Roads in this country, we have examined the cost of maintaining these engines in England where [note this observation] they have been brought to a high degree of perfection. And where the cost of coal for fuel which constitutes a fourth part of the expense does not exceed a third part of its cost here. We find that by the lowest of these estimates the cost of the effective power of these engines is greater with the advantages there possessed than that of maintaining horses to produce the same power in this country. . . . The cost of oats and other food for horses in England in general is nearly double its cost in this country, and the cost of this description of animal power must therefore be greater in nearly the same proportion."

By this circumlocution the commission reached the conclusion which they evidently regarded as good for all time, that in England, where coal was cheap and oats were high, coal was the fuel for railroad purposes. But in America where oats were cheap and coal was high, oats were the available base of power.

Some additional surveys appear in this report. One takes the course west of the Connecticut through Williamsburg to the north branch of Mill River to Conway, thence along a high range of land through the southerly part of Ashfield and the northerly part of Plainfield to the height of land in Savoy; thence to the Hoosic and the south village of Adams.

But Franklin county had its vigorous spokesman of this period in General Hoyt who insisted that Deerfield should be on the line of the proposed horse road. He had his scheme well worked up. It was to cross the Connecticut at Wilson's a mile below the mouth of the Deerfield; thence to the Deerfield River at Stebbins' milldam; thence to the head of Shelburne Falls, to Cold River, to Gulf Stream; then to the summit by Haskins Tavern, near the old glass works on Hoosac Mountain, a rise of 1886 feet.

Here must fall the curtain on the first act of the Hoosac



Tunnel story. It shows the infancy of the railroad idea, the childish miscalculation of natural forces and the lack of any grasp of the cost either of constructing or operating such a novel institution as a railroad.

Between scenes there is a lapse of 20 years. Meanwhile we must imagine the decline of the horse railroad idea, the submerging of the prejudice against so unnatural a thing as a steam engine, and a demonstration that on the whole coal was a less costly fuel than provender. No horse ever came to enjoy the delights of coasting down the slopes of the Hoosac Range on a low-wheeled car in the quiet enjoyment of his meal at a cost of two shillings a day, making up for what it lacked in enjoyment of its placid scenery. No passenger ever experienced the thrilling sensation of being transported at a speed somewhere between twice that obtained on a canal and three miles an hour. Nor up to this time has living man found the draft upon his purse for a trip from the capital of Massachusetts to the capital of New York to fall within  $82\frac{1}{2}c$ . But in the pioneer calculations of these commissions, we find the first promise of overcoming by some engineering undertaking, the barrier between east and west on the border of Massachusetts. It was the projector of a two hundred mile canal who first rapped at the stony gate of the Hoosac region, and if his calculation of the cost of penetrating the great wall was woefully small, it was hardly less than that of the later day promoters of the tunnel enterprise.

The time now is 1848. The curtain rises again upon the legislature before whom appear as humble petitioners George Grenell and others, praying for a charter to build a railroad from Greenfield to the state line in Williamstown. They proposed two routes, one of them tunneling Hoosac Mountain, the other turning northward at the base of the mountain and getting around it through the towns of Monroe, Reedsboro, Stamford, Clarksburg, Adams and Williamstown. The tunnel route is estimated to cost \$3,000,000, the other \$2,585,000. The committee of the legislature sees no merit in the scheme, and to appease the petitioners, reports the bill, giving them a right to build a road from Greenfield to Shelburne Falls. The committee says it is unable to discover any exigency in the local wants of Franklin county for undertaking the Herculean task of piercing this barrier, while the gain of 20 miles in distance as compared with the Western, now the Boston & Albany Railroad,



was not worth considering when distance is so readily annihilated by railroads. There was another serious reason; it might be that the new road would have advantages over the Western in point of grade, and if it did, reasoned the committee, it would take away all the through business of the Western and two-thirds of the entire capital of that railroad would be jeopardised and probably be rendered worthless. The legislature of 1848 had progressed far enough toward the modern view of the uses of corporations to make its calculation on what was for the advantage and security of the corporation, rather than on the profit and convenience of the public.

Moreover, went on the committee, competition between the two roads would not lower rates to maintain even a sickly existence for the two roads, the rates would have to be kept up. These are the opening guns of the great tunnel debate. The great talk was not confined to the legislature nor limited by fewer than twenty years. It entered into the politics of the state as a violent disturber. It made statesmen and wrought their ruin. It developed ardent promoters into persuasive orators. It aroused contending factions in the town meetings. It gave the newspapers a burning topic. Every citizen of ordinary wit made his own calculation as to the cost of puncturing the Hoosac Range and the length of time the operation would require. And as the scheme with its varied fortunes advanced into reality, the incapacity for calculation as to the cost of an engineering work was revealed the most strikingly in those who undertook to look the wisest. Perhaps the earliest of the newspapers to develop high heat in its editorial columns over this topic, was the *Boston Advertiser*, although we must cautiously give it precedence over the *Springfield Republican*, which for a quarter century fulminated with the most effective editorial explosives against "the great bore." The phrase which passed into common speech as descriptive of the tunnel and the discussion over it, is credited to Samuel Bowles, and whether originated with him or not was kept standing in editorial type in his office for use in every new combination of denunciatory English he could devise. The *Advertiser* in the early days under discussion, showed its grasp of the problem by estimating on the basis of English experience that the length of time necessary to build the tunnel would be seventy-three and a half years.

The dramatis personæ of the controversy is rich in interest-





ing figures and crowded with minor actors, including in its last line the whole body of the legislature, which on successive years found diversion in the journey to the tunnel at the cost of the admiring populace. Perhaps no figure stands out more in relief than that of Col. Alvah Crocker. A boyhood recollection of this man, heard rather than seen, when in a crowded hotel dining room, his voice in ordinary conversation rose far above the combined noises of others' talk and feasting, will go with me through life. He was a strong, persistent character. The tunnel was his early dream and into bringing it to pass, he threw all the energy of a most determined and invincible will.

The real legislative controversy began in 1851, with a petition for state aid in the construction of the tunnel. The Troy and Greenfield Railroad had been incorporated. It had quickly found itself unequal to the task of building the tunnel by private enterprise and in 1851, it threw into the legislature the bomb of Hoosac Tunnel dispute which might be more graphically described as a mine of high explosives so arranged as to keep up a recurring discharge. The discussion was violent at the outset. The committee of the petitioners estimated the cost at \$1,948,557, and that the time for construction would be 1556 working days, if no shaft were sunk, or 1054 days if a shaft were used. One engineer, Mr. Parrett, estimated the cost at \$2,856,000, and the time of building at sixty-three and a half years, with the length of time reduced and the cost increased on a regular schedule by multiplying the number of shafts to divide the work. What was asked was the loan of the state credit. It was proposed that the money should all be returned to the treasury, even by the time that the tunnel was completed. It was a new proposition that the state should embark upon such a project and nothing short of a revolution could have precipitated a more flaming discussion in the newspapers. After fierce debate the proposition was defeated by a vote of 108 to 237.

In 1853 the project reappeared. The newspapers reawoke. The pamphleteers came to their aid with highly wrought arguments, pro and con. A commission was appointed to investigate the project and a bill giving the required loan at first passed, but was later rejected.

The legislature of 1854 yielded to the petition, and \$2,000,000 was voted to be loaned. Never was the interest of the lender more thoroughly guarded in the terms of the contract. Before it





could receive any of this money, the Boston and Troy Railroad was to secure a stock subscription of \$600,000. It was to construct in one or two sections, seven miles of road. It was to complete and make ready for single or double track one thousand lineal feet of tunnel. It could then have \$100,000. For each successive \$100,000 up to \$700,000, a like amount of work was to be done, so that at this point the road would be completed and the mountain pierced for 70,000 feet. The final payment was to be made when the road and tunnel were completed and in operation. Within three months after each payment, \$10,000 was to be paid back to the state to constitute a sinking fund. The entire property was to be mortgaged to the state for the fulfillment of the contract.

This was regarded as a victory for the tunnel, but no sooner was the legislation secured than signs appeared of anxiety on the part of the promoters as to the elephant on their hands, and on the part of the public as to the probable end of the money it had invested. The public was given an opportunity to subscribe to the stock, but stupidly declined to do so. Nevertheless, in 1855, a contract was awarded to E. E. Sewell and Company of Philadelphia to build the tunnel and the railroad for three and a half million dollars. The work was begun in 1855 and carried on for a few months and until the treasury of the railroad was depleted. The promoters again took the journey to Boston, this time to ask the legislature of 1856 to subscribe \$150,000 for stock, which was summarily refused. The Sewell contract was broken and the lapse of time left to bring forth new promises and new funds. In July, 1856, there appeared a man whose name will remain long associated with the enterprise, Herman Haupt. First, he comes in the rôle of a contractor, but later, by a curious turn in affairs, he takes upon himself the task of promoting the entire tunnel scheme. The contract binds him to build the road and tunnel for \$3,880,000,—the commonwealth's \$2,000,000, with but \$382,000 in cash from the railroad company. Haupt was to take 6000 shares of the stock. The towns stolidly refused to subscribe for the stock, and the familiar road to the State House was again traveled in pursuit of money.

The year 1857 witnessed a tremendous struggle in the legislature over the tunnel project. A special committee was sent to inspect the work done, and reported the tunnel worked to a



depth of 621 feet at the east and 185 feet at the west end. After one of the stormiest experiences the State House ever went through, the bill granting easier terms was passed, only to be vetoed by Governor Gardner, whose message denounced the whole project. The House was persuaded to pass the bill over the governor's veto, but the Senate failed to do so by a single vote. These were dark days for the tunnel and work was practically in suspense. It was due to the Haupts, father and son, that it was given new life, they agreeing to a contract in which the cost of completing the work was marked up to four millions, but they were to receive no cash payment from the railroad company. The contractors now assumed the novel responsibility of cajoling the towns into subscribing for the stock. Haupt, Sr., engineer, contractor, builder, now became campaigner and organized the line of attack upon the towns within the Hoosac Tunnel region. The most extreme exertions brought but a few of these to the subscription roll, their total promise being \$140,000.

The work was resumed in 1858, and enough of the tunnel dug out and of the road built to win the first \$100,000 from the state. A new ray of hope was created by the invention of a rock-cutting machine to take the place of the hand-drilling. The legislative committee looked upon this and approved it, but the tough rock of Hoosac met it and proved it worthless.

The legislature of 1859 good naturedly modified the terms of the state's grant, confidence returned and the belief became general that the tunnel would be completed for the \$2,000,000. It occurred to the legislature of 1860, however, to investigate the work. It was moved to do so by one stroke of Haupt's management, which was not regarded as altogether sound. It was required that the stock should be paid for in cash, Haupt's six thousand shares being no exception. One day in July, 1858, Haupt borrowed \$600,000 at a bank, handed it to the treasurer of the railroad, received it back from his hand, and returned it to the bank, all within the limits of a banking day,—common practice now. Thus meeting the letter of the requirement as to the stock subscription. The investigators found the road built represented to be of so many miles' length, to be varied by gaps between its several sections with rivers unbridged and cuts and fills postponed in the attempt to draw out as many miles as possible to meet the state's requirements with the least



possible outlay. The road was discredited and kept up a struggling attempt only at continuing the work until July, 1861, when the state engineer refused longer to certify to the contractors' bill and the Troy and Greenfield Railroad laid down its work.

The next period is that of the state's undertaking to build and operate the road and tunnel on its own account. Induced by Governor Andrews' favorable message, the legislature placed the tunnel and road in the state's possession and committed the commonwealth to its completion. The successive years give an interesting picture of the state in the socialistic business of carrying on the construction of a public work by the direct employment of men and the liberal appropriation of the people's money. At the outset, it was found that serious mistakes had been made in the tunnel construction. It is highly desirable, as even the unprofessional in tunnel construction can appreciate, that in tunneling from the two sides of the mountain the work should be directed to a common point, but it was found in this case that the contractors had not paid heed to this requirement. The holes penetrating from the east and west ends were not pointed toward each other. Their continuance would have resulted in two tunnels under the mountain, and the troubles attending the digging of one were quite sufficient. The western entrance was being pushed at least ten feet north of the eastern. In consequence, the western end was entirely abandoned and the line of the eastern section corrected at no little cost. Work was begun on the shaft in December. The entire work thus far had been done with only hand power and the state immediately set about supplying a motive power. For this purpose the Deerfield River was dammed and a fall of thirty feet secured with a view to supplying compressed air for the drills. This move aroused a new volume of ridicule and the critics set down the commonwealth as incompetent in tunnel making. Events, however, justified the proceeding and the working at the eastern end was expedited greatly although the scheme to run the compressed air in pipes over the mountain to be used at the western end was never undertaken. Compressed air was not actually used until June, 1866, but meanwhile the hand drilling had accomplished a considerable lengthening of the eastern entrance.

Nature, as if jealous of the attempt to break down its barrier, now threw in a new obstacle. The drilling had struck the hidden fountains and a flood of water and mud put the work to a





sudden end. The opponents who stood ready to hold their sides at every new discomfiture of the project, now enjoyed another hearty laugh at the state's expense. Their amusement was further aided by the action of the laborers at the western end, who interrupted the work by a strike, and in their violence, burned the shaft house and destroyed machinery. But this was by the discovery of a new explosive dynamite, first used here in 1866. It was in this year that the contract was made with B. N. Farren who shouldered the task of carrying on the work of the western section. Decided progress was made during 1867, but the opponents of the scheme rallied in the legislature of 1868, and made an attempt to have the state entirely abandon the work. Here occurred one of the most memorable of the great debates in which George Walker of Springfield and Richard H. Dana, Jr., of Cambridge, led with great vigor the forces of the opposition. Its upshot was only that the state gave up its direct supervision, the governor and council being authorized to make contracts for the completion of the entire work at a cost not exceeding \$5,000,000. Under this provision the famous Shanly contract was made in December, 1868, and the work again resumed, March 29, 1869. The central shaft had now sunk to the level of the tunnel, and from it the arms were reached out in the mountain depths to both east and west. The subsequent years are stories of the great progress of the work and by December 12, 1872, the junction was made of the east end and the workings from the central shaft. Variation of only  $5/16$  of an inch was found to have occurred and the careful engineering which had proceeded on entirely new lines, was grandly justified.

November 27, 1873, will remain one of the great historic dates in the story of this undertaking. For a few days previous it had been possible for the workers in approaching excavations to hear through the intervening wall of rock, the tapping of the drills on the other side. It was a dismal Sunday morning when groups of newspaper men and others curious to witness the final opening were lowered through the central shaft or pushed in on flat cars from the eastern portal. A heavy charge of nitroglycerine, 150 pounds, had been placed in the drill holes and the electrical connections only awaited the completion of a circuit for the final blast. It was at 3:20 in the afternoon that the discharge was made. The observers rose from their position



lying flat in the tunnel's bed, to feel the first draft of air to find its free course through the completed hole. As the smoke was driven away, they rushed forward over the fallen rocks to exchange greetings through the aperture with their fellow observers from the other side. The first man privileged to pass through the opening was Robert Johnson, who in his official capacity as the chairman of the railroad committee of the legislature, proclaimed that the great bore had come to its completion.

It was nearly two years after that the people entered into the full enjoyment of the tunnel. Meanwhile there was a vast amount of work accomplished in perfecting the structure and completing the approaching railroad.

Running all through the history of the project, we find a discussion of the use to be made of it when it should be completed if it ever was. Originally undertaken for public reasons and such a profound public reason as the preservation of a united commonwealth, it was constantly held out by its advocates as a public work, undertaken for the benefit of the people of the state. For a season, after it entered into actual use, the state undertook to employ it in accordance with this idea. It was operated, tunnel and road, on the state's account and by state officials. No particular encouragement is given to the theory of state management of railroads by the results of this experiment. On the other hand, the limitations in the connections for its western freight business, were such as to prevent a fair test of the policy of a railroad being run on public account. The state, at all events, found it wise to dispose of its property, receiving in return for it, the common stock of the Fitchburg Railroad which for a series of years was regarded as an interesting souvenir of the tunnel enterprise without any particular cash value. The recent revival of value in this scrap of paper under the business touch of the present governor is familiar beyond need of more than a mention.

The great tunnel, the second longest in the world, has ceased to have interest as a curiosity. It has come into the common daily use of the millions who travel through it, and is accepted with the calm indifference with which all great improvements are accepted after the momentary gasp of surprise. It has fulfilled the predictions of its most ardent promoters as a means of giving commercial life to its neighborhood and furnishing



an avenue for the commerce of the west and the coast. That it has passed into the ownership and control of a single corporation, so defeating the promises that it should be an open gateway for whatever competing lines should approach it from the west, is perhaps an unavoidable consequence of the conditions which for the present give to private control and private enterprise the responsibility and the profits of public service. But the tunnel is permanent. Its usefulness is for all time, and it must stand as a monument to the foresight and enterprise and pluck of the men associated with its beginnings while it also serves as a mausoleum of the departed millions of unwisely spent money.



## OLD HOME WEEK.\*

OF THE

### POCUMTUCK VALLEY MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,

AT DEERFIELD, JULY 28—AUGUST 3, 1901.

### DEDICATION OF MEMORIAL STONES.

#### PROGRAMME.

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Old Home Week will open Sunday July 28, at 10 A. M. with an Historical Service in the Old Brick Meetinghouse, to dedicate the Willard Memorial tablet.

At 4 P. M. George Sheldon will extend a hearty welcome from the town, and will give briefly the pedigree of the old meetinghouse. Other speakers are: Dr. Edward Hitchcock, dean of Amherst College, on the life of his father, President Hitchcock; Prof. Henry H. Barber on New England General History; Rev. George W. Solley on the Forefathers' Parish; Rev. Frank W. Pratt on Home Coming. It is hoped that Bishop Huntington and Dr. Lyman Whiting will also be present.

On Tuesday, July 30, at 2 P. M., there will be an historical ride to the scene of the First Encounter between the Indians and the whites in the Connecticut Valley. The route will be that taken by Capt. Lothrop in 1675, and by Joseph Barnard in 1695, leading both into fatal ambush. The scene of the Bars Fight in 1746, will be noted. Near by is the memorial stone to Joseph Barnard placed by a descendant, James M. Barnard of Boston. Here a brief dedicatory service will be held. An original poem will be read by Elizabeth W. Champney, and a short address given by William Lambert Barnard of Boston, the representative of his uncle, James M. Barnard.

Continuing, we pass the home of "The Last Indian," thence to Bloody Brook, where stands the monument to the "Flower

\* The Old Home Week was planned and carried out by our Association; therefore, it is fitting that all the proceedings of the week should be included in this chapter.





of Essex." Here Dexter F. Hager will note some of the facts connected with the massacre.

Onward again under the guidance of James M. Crafts, past Wequamps and over the Weekioannuck to the place of the First Encounter, where incidents will be related concerning this epoch in our history, and seed planted, we hope, for a monument to mark the site. This ride will be under the direction of William L. Harris.



# FIELD MEETING—1901.

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## FIELD MEETING

OF THE

POCUMTUCK VALLEY MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,

AT DEERFIELD, MASS., WEDNESDAY, JULY 31, 1901.

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### ORDER OF EXERCISES.

1. MUSIC. Drum and fife.
2. INVOCATION. REV. GEORGE W. SOLLEX, Chaplain.
3. WORDS OF WELCOME. GEORGE SHELDON, FRANCIS M. THOMPSON.
4. SINGING by the choir, under the direction of CHARLES H. ASHLEY.
5. REPORT of Committee on Memorial Stones, J. M. ARMS SHELDON.
6. SINGING by the choir.
7. HISTORICAL ADDRESS. DR. A. E. WINSHIP of Boston.
8. INTERMISSION—Basket Picnic Lunch.
9. MARCH of the children to the JONATHAN WELLS Memorial.  
Ode, GEORGE SHELDON, sung by the children. Report,  
JONATHAN P. ASHLEY. Address, MARY P. WELLS SMITH.  
Ballad, ELEANOR M. ARMS, sung by MARY FIELD FULLER.
10. At 2:30 p. m. Remarks may be expected from SENATOR  
GEORGE F. HOAR, DR. HENRY D. HOLTON, PRES. G. STANLEY HALL,  
HON. H. C. PARSONS, PROF. CHARLES ELIOT NORTON,  
WILLIAM LAMBERT BARNARD, ESQ., SAMUEL O. LAMB,  
ESQ., GEORGE P. LAWRENCE, M. C., and others.



The exhibition of Deerfield Arts and Crafts will be held at the Martha Pratt Memorial Room every week day excepting Wednesday from 10 to 12 in the morning, and from 2:30 to 6 in the afternoon. This exhibit will include the work of Mrs. Wynne and Miss Putnam in metals; photographs by Miss Coleman and the Misses Allen; the products of the basket makers, rug makers, and, most prominent of all, of the Blue and White Society, with some interesting pieces of furniture, and other examples of village handicraft.

On Wednesday evening at 8, Mrs. Elizabeth W. Champney will give a reception at her home.

On Thursday evening, August 1, there will be a dance and song party at the barn of President and Mrs. Sheldon from 7:30 to 11.

On Friday evening, August 2, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Ashley will give a musical at their home beginning at 8 o'clock. They will be assisted by Mrs. Rogers, Miss Orr and Miss Cowles.

A few rare paintings of George Fuller will be brought to his old studio at the Bars, still kept as he left it by his family. These will be exhibited on the afternoons of August 1, 2, 3.

At the studio of Augustus Vincent Tack will be shown during the week a few of his recent portraits, with some good specimens of the work of J. Wells Champney, Bruce Crane and others who are identified with the Old Town.

During the week walks to historic and picturesque places will be in charge of John Sheldon.

Committee of arrangements, Mr. and Mrs. George Sheldon, Francis M. Thompson, C. Alice Baker, John Sheldon, Annie O. Putnam, M. Anna V. Childs, Augustus V. Tack, Eugene A. Newcomb, Charles Jones, Edward J. Everett, Mary E. Allen, William L. Harris.





## WILLARD MEMORIAL.

## REPORT.

Deerfield's Old Home Week had a fitting beginning in the service Sunday morning at the old meetinghouse which was devoted to the unveiling of a memorial tablet and portrait of Rev. Samuel Willard, D. D., a minister of the church of honored memory. The tablet is a handsome one of mahogany, in colonial style, conforming with the pulpit, with a crayon portrait of Dr. Willard which is a remarkable reproduction of the face of the distinguished clergyman. The portrait is by Mrs. Richard Hildreth, wife of the historian.

The tablet is designed by Clarence Hoyt. It is provided by the Willard family, friends and citizens of Deerfield. There have also been erected two tablets in the vestibule, designed by Mr. Solley. One of these gives the list of ministers of the church and some general facts relating to its organization. The other gives the covenant of the church. These came from wood in the old Boyden house, probably 100 years old, and the pieces were too large to go into any wood planer in Greenfield. The Willard tablet was unveiled by Susan Barker Willard of Hingham, a granddaughter of Dr. Willard. There was music by the choir and the Sunday school. Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop Rogers of New York, assisted in the musical service, Mrs. Rogers singing a solo. The Fortieth Chapter of Isaiah was read, this one being the last that Dr. Willard ever read in the pulpit. The closing hymn was one written by Dr. Willard.

## DEDICATION HYMN.

Composed by Rev. Samuel Willard, D. D., for the laying of the corner stone of the Unitarian Meetinghouse, June 1st, 1824:

## TUNE—WEBB.

On this foundation, Lord, we raise  
A house of prayer,—a house of praise;  
Where humble Souls may seek their God,  
And find with thee a blest abode.

Assist us, Lord, with power divine;  
Let Christian love and zeal combine  
To rear a temple strong and fair,  
To Him who makes the Church his care.



As Zion's hill to Judah's race,  
To us—be this a joyful place;  
Our children's joy,—our children's home,  
For years and ages long to come.

And while of wood and brick we build,  
Let every mind with grace be filled.  
Diviner temples thou can'st rear.  
Oh! make each heart a house of prayer.

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### ADDRESS OF REV. GEORGE W. SOLLEY.

It is very fitting that Deerfield should begin its Old Home Week celebration, on that day which our New England forefathers set apart as the first day of the week, and made sacred to religion. It is also equally fitting that the services should be held in the old parish meetinghouse, which was built by the town. This house was erected during the ministry of Rev. Samuel Willard, D. D., in 1824, and was the fifth of the five meetinghouses which have graced the Common, since the settlement of the town, and was dedicated with religious ceremonies. It is also particularly fitting that the services for this morning, while commemorating all the other ministers of the first parish, should center about the name of the great blind preacher of Deerfield, who, more than all the ministers of the past two hundred and thirteen years, is the best representative of all that is sacred in New England life.

Dr. Willard came to Deerfield as a young man, and threw his whole soul into the work of the Christian ministry. He was installed here by the town, and the whole town became his parish, nay more, he was like one of the ancient Metropolitan Bishops of the early church, for his ministrations reached to other towns within a radius of fifteen or twenty miles from the old parish church. Everything of interest to the fellow-citizens of Deerfield became of deepest interest to him.

He found the public schools in a weak and unsettled condition; this engaged his earnest attention. He not only superintended their work, and secured a better grade of teachers, but the text-books in use being found unsuitable, he wrote new and better ones. The influence of such a public spirit as Dr. Willard's could not be confined to any one town. Next, the schools



of Franklin county demanded his attention. He called together all interested in education, and soon a revival of education sprang up throughout the towns of the valley, as a result of the work which he started here in Deerfield. It is said that Dr. Willard, like other ministers of his time, was one of the most prominent tutors of college lads. We are told that the third story of the old "Manse" was always full of boys studying under the old doctor; and as in the story of the famous Master of Drumtochty, the grass was never allowed to grow in the pathway which led from the Deerfield "Manse" to Harvard College. During Dr. Willard's ministry, our famous old Academy was at the height of its power, and his son-in-law, Luther B. Lincoln, became its most noted principal.

The church music of the day became of absorbing interest to Dr. Willard. We are told it was in a very low state. He began the movement for a more worshipful order of music in the meetinghouses, and in 1830 published his collection of five hundred and eighteen hymns, which were used here for twenty years. To-day no collector of ancient church music considers his library complete, without Dr. Willard's famous "Deerfield Collection."

The first attempt to beautify "The Street" of the town, is connected with Dr. Willard's name. There are those still living who point out the magnificent maples at the "South End" as having been planted under his direction. We are told that, although he was blind, the grounds of the "Manse" were kept in beautiful order by his own hands; that its northern terrace ornamented with shrubbery, and the fish pond were his own design; and to-day in front of the "Manse" may still be seen a little patch of mosaic walk of round stones, which he brought from the river and laid himself in place.

Although Dr. Willard was the leader of the liberal forces of religion in the western part of New England, the townspeople stood by him, and the parish was not divided by theological differences. The most conservative members were his warmest friends and supporters. He himself knew neither friends nor enemies; everyone was his parishioner. He took men and women as they were, and ministered to their needs; he looked upon life with the same generous fatherly spirit as his Creator. All mankind were children of God to him. And although the period of his ministry from 1807 to 1829 was that of the most



heated theological controversy throughout New England, it seems to have affected his own parish but little. Here he was respected, loved and followed by all; and the day of his resignation, September 23, 1829, was one of great solemnity and regret for the town.

We are told of his long journeys, by night and by day, throughout all the valley, to minister to the sick and dying; and even, when his blindness came upon him, we are told of how he found his way across the ice of the turbulent Deerfield River with its many dangerous holes, to visit families in the western part of the town. Later he continued these ministrations, led either by the hand of a friend or driven from place to place. The epitaph of one of the country's most famous ministers we can well apply to him:—"The whole city was his parish and every one in need his parishioner."

Although Dr. Willard moved his family from Deerfield to Hingham, upon his resigning his ministry here in 1829, and became very actively engaged in educational work there, still his heart remained in Deerfield, and in 1836 he moved back here again. The old "Manse" became once more a center of power and influence for good. He lived to help select and install four other ministers over this parish; and for the remainder of his life was moderator of the church and kept its records. It was not until the ministry of the Rev. John Fessenden in 1839, that any trouble arose relating to theology. Then twelve persons, men and women, addressed a respectful letter to the church asking that they be allowed to withdraw and form a separate orthodox society. This movement was carried out in the same year, and the orthodox society was formed.

The most perfect fellowship always prevailed between Dr. Willard and his successors in the old parish church. As long as he lived he used to occupy a seat in this pulpit and frequently took part in its services. When vacancies occurred, it was Dr. Willard who filled the gap.

Dr. Willard became the organizer and prime mover of the Franklin Evangelical Association in 1819, which was composed of the liberal or Unitarian ministers of this section of the country. Here we find associated with him such noted leaders of his day as Rev. Preserved Smith of Rowe, Alpheus Harding of New Salem, Dan Huntington of Hadley, and Dr. Peabody of Springfield. He preached at Shelburne gratuitously for a year, and





then on every fourth Sunday until 1840. He also preached at Heath, Leverett, Greenfield and Charlemont, where Unitarian societies had been formed.

Each reform or forward movement, as they followed each other in turn down the century, received his attention and commanded his services. If it was temperance, he was at the front, writing and speaking in behalf of a purer and better life. If it was anti-slavery, he was joining hands, and voice, and pen with the greatest leaders of his day. During the Kansas-Nebraska troubles, he had an illness caused by overwork and excitement, which his wife called the "Nebraska Fever." One of the most dramatic incidents in Dr. Willard's life was at the famous Springfield meeting of the American Unitarian Association in 1850, shortly after the passage by Congress of the Fugitive Slave Act, when a resolution denouncing the act was brought before the meeting. Excitement ran high, and as the house was equally divided, an attempt was made to table the resolutions. We are told that the aged minister passed a sleepless night, and on the first opportunity after the opening of the morning session he was on his feet calling for a reconsideration of the resolutions, and, after a speech of twenty or thirty minutes, he had the satisfaction of seeing it passed. We are told that as the aged minister stood there in his blindness, surrounded by the young men of the Conference, who all sympathized with him as he pleaded for the slave and for his nation's honor, there was scarcely a dry eye in the large assembly. This remarkable scene has been preserved in some verses written by Rev. George Osgood for the "*Christian Register*."

Oh! when, amid the gathered throng,  
We saw his aged form arise,  
We thought that naught could ever dim  
The truth, that lit his sightless eyes.

Like an old prophet in his might  
His noble form arose sublime,  
When in the cause of truth and right,  
He dared denounce a nation's crime.

Dr. Willard's life is a record of accomplishment in the face of obstacles. The charge of heresy, the severe trial, the excommunication which he underwent at the opening of his ministry here, would have killed a man less devoted to his ideal, but this trial made him the leader of the Unitarian movement



in Western New England. The blindness which came upon him in 1818 would have incapacitated some men, but with Dr. Willard it only diversified and multiplied his employments. His son, upon whom he leaned, became blind also early in his life, and the noble doctor had to see his wife pass on to higher things before himself; but even with all these sorrows, in his eightieth year, we find him writing that "he still had ten years of work laid out before him." One of the noblest tributes which we can give to his life to-day, after forty-two years, is this; hard things never daunted him.

Dr. Willard lives before us to-day, although his ashes rest in the bosom of yonder hill, overlooking the town which he loved. No such life can ever pass away. It remains ever a challenge to future generations to choose the highest, and to live the noblest. And this fine old meetinghouse, so symmetrical, so dignified, one of the best in New England, built by his inspiration, and dedicated with his prayer, with its white spire ever pointing upward, is an enduring memorial to him who, "Being dead yet speaketh."

The following letter from Miss Eliza Starr of Chicago was read:—

"It is gratifying to be remembered by our Deerfield friends on occasions of special interest as if we still were among them, with the same grateful sentiments toward those who have done, not only so much for the town but for us individually as Rev. Samuel Willard.

No one who was born in Deerfield during Dr. Willard's pastorate can disclaim an indebtedness to him; but while many works, like the church, the pulpit, church music and hymns, the beautifying of the Street, as well as his own grand personality are often spoken of, no one refers to his admirable set of readers—The Franklin Primer, Improved Reader, General Class Book, Popular Reader—no one could go through this set of readers without acquiring a taste for pure literature, and I do not recall any instance in which he was not historically, as I now realize, eminently candid. I have often spoken of these readers, as having had a great deal to do with my own literary taste, and have more than once expressed a wish that I had a full set of them, however worn or thumbed.

It was a happy thought, we all considered, to place Mrs. Hildreth's characteristic portrait of him in the church which he built, presided over and embellished by the wonderful pulpit, which I admired as a child, and which I have since learned was of remarkable beauty. His portrait at its side was well placed, and now the additional honor of an architectural frame by a son of Old Deerfield is full of significance, as a proof of the veneration in which 'Dr. Willard' is held in this generation. To my own mind, it is, also, an honor paid to a veritable work of art by my dear friend, Mrs. Hildreth; thus, you see your scheme has a claim, a token of good will to your fund with every best wish for my beloved friends in Old Deerfield."



The following is the inscription on the tablet:—

SAMUEL WILLARD

1776-1859.

Pioneer of the Unitarian Movement in  
Western Massachusetts.

Minister of this Church 1807-1829.

Organizer of the Franklin Evangelical  
Association 1819.

One of the Founders of the American  
Unitarian Association 1825.

Harvard College 1803, A. A. S., D. D.

Scholar, Author, Patriot, and although blind, a Leader for fifty years in Educational, Temperance, Peace and Anti-Slavery Reforms.

His life ever remains a challenge to future generations.

In Memoriam, 1901.

The sketch of the life of Dr. Willard by Rev. Charles E. Park spoke of him as a great man, his greatness not of the flag-waving and horn-blowing sort, nor comparatively speaking, in native talent and abilities, but the sort indigenous to the New England country community, and peculiar to the old-school New England country parson, a greatness compacted of diligence and honesty, of sympathy and consecration, of fidelity and impregnable serenity and greatness that does not seek to be ministered unto but to minister. His mental power and thoughtful temperament were the direct inheritance of at least four generations. The first Willard of this line born in this country was Dr. Samuel Willard, great-great-grandfather of our Samuel Willard, a minister of the old South Church in Boston, and virtually president of Harvard College. His grandfather, another Samuel Willard, was minister of the church in Biddeford, Me. His own uncle, one of the brothers of the Peter-sham farmer, William Willard, was the Rev. Dr. Joseph Willard, also president of Harvard College.

The story of Samuel Willard's education is a story familiar enough in the farming towns of Massachusetts. He was one of eleven children. His father's income depended upon the products of the farm. Surely these facts are sufficient to set the imagination vividly at work picturing the perseverance, the pinching struggle, the self-sacrifice and determination which had to be exercised before that education was at last acquired. How many a New England statesman, a prophet, a seer, of whom the country is proud, has had to go through that same





experience, and pay that same exorbitant price! On some accounts it is a good thing that a liberal education should cost so much and come so hard. It is a guarantee that none will get it save those who really appreciate its worth and are determined to have it, and use it, and make the most of it after it has been acquired.

Samuel Willard, when a child of but five or six, began his attendance at a school in Petersham taught by Ensign Mann, Esq., who had graduated from Harvard in 1764. It was the beginning of a boy's haphazard and desultory schooling, continually interrupted by hard times and changing teachers and the constant demand of farm chores. The Bible, Dilworth's spelling book, and the New England Primer, were his textbooks until he was nine or ten years old. When about fourteen, he "was exercised," as he himself states it, "in declamation and arithmetic." He was the best speller in the school, and very fine in arithmetic.

It was at about this age also that he began his education in one of the branches of culture, in which he was destined later to shine as an authority—that is, music. It is very evident that he was a passionate lover of good music, and possessed naturally of a very keen and discriminating taste.

After describing his struggle to secure an education and his early supply of pulpits near Boston, the farthest away being at Montague, the sketch took up his Deerfield life.

The invitation to assume charge of the church at Deerfield came in March of 1807. After long and prayerful deliberation, after visiting the church and preaching repeatedly on trial, he decided to accept the call. The first council called to ordain him, refused to do so on the ground that he did not admit the divinity of Christ. But on September 22 a second council convened and voted unanimously to ordain him, and after impressive services held next day, Dr. Samuel Willard found himself a settled minister, settled in his first and only regular parish.

His career in Deerfield, with the persecutions he had to undergo on the score of heresy, the years of hard labor and loving service and vigorous growth, must be treated by another hand.

Upon one occasion he was obliged to take a journey by stage from Deerfield to the eastern part of the state. The stage reached New Salem very late, and a young man came out of the hotel to embark, in a boiling rage at having been kept



waiting so long. Turning to the proprietor he poured forth a volley of oaths and abuse in his chagrin. But as he was about to get into the stage, Dr. Willard called out to the proprietor that if that profane young man got in he would get out, for he would not ride with such a foul tongue. The result was that the young man rode with the driver. How many persons to-day would have suffered and said nothing! Not so, Dr. Willard. He would not countenance, even by a noncommittal silence, what he considered wrong. It would have been easy to turn a deaf ear to the young man's profanity. But by doing this he would be giving tacit consent to it, and that he could not do.

Dr. Willard was the kind of a man who not only would do no wrong himself, he would not allow another to do it if he could help it. His morality was of the aggressive sort, that rejoices to pick out a foe and do him up. In a supine and easy-going generation, this kind of a man is most uncomfortable to live with. But every bit of good work that was ever done in this world of ours has been done by just such fighting Puritans as Dr. Samuel Willard.

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### A RARE OLD TOWN.

The fine old-time interior of the brick meetinghouse in Deerfield, an interior happily preserved in its architecture of a century ago, gave an impressive setting for a service, Sunday afternoon, in which the claims of a historic New England town upon the affections of her sons and daughters was the central theme. The succession of addresses then given presented with perfect balance the historic and sentimental tie, and furnished the broad foundation for the observance of the Old Home Week which runs through the days that follow.

The services of that afternoon are not likely soon to fade from the memory of those who shared in them. The service was not religious in any exclusive sense. Neither was it alone historical. The historic past was not indeed neglected, nor was the reverential tone missed. But there was room for the lighter vein and ample play for the personal reminiscence.

Over it all there presided the representative historian of the town, the man who more than any other or all others, has made



secure the links of the old and the new. Mr. Sheldon's presence and his characteristic treatment of a historical theme was the essential to its completeness. But he was not alone. The broad import of the New England history had a deeply thoughtful and happy treatment at the hands of Rev. and Prof. Henry H. Barber. The personal reminiscence was furnished in a bright and witty contribution by Dr. Edward Hitchcock, who, speaking of his father's notable career, kept clearly in view the impression of the Deerfield formative influence upon him. The worth of the historic background and the environment of natural beauty upon the youth of the present generation was tenderly acknowledged by a junior member of the household, Rev. Frank Pratt, now of Wollaston. A word of historic interest on the Indian, who stands for all that is evil in the Deerfield pioneer annals, was added by Charles Barnard of New York, whose ancestor fell a victim to the savage. And the final word for the church itself was well spoken by the present pastor of the old parish, Rev. G. W. Solley.

The music of the afternoon kept in the same lines, with not only the ancient hymn, accompanied by the organ in the loft, but as well the secular songs, "Home Again," and "The Breaking Waves Dashed High." Mrs. Charles H. Ashley and Miss Susan B. Hawks, a granddaughter of George Sheldon, gave a pleasing organ and piano duet.

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## THE OLD MEETINGHOUSES OF DEERFIELD.

BY GEORGE SHELDON.

In the genesis of New England the earliest organizations, after that of the colony, were bodies of men to whom were granted authority to make settlements on certain tracts of land, where the title was to be obtained by them from the native owners. These organizations were known as "The Proprietors;" as the Proprietors of Hadley, the Proprietors of Pocumtuck, as the case might be. These settlements were merely colonies under the direct care and guidance of the General Court in all important matters. As a rule their earlier meetings were held elsewhere than on the place of settlement, as there would be on the spot no house in which to meet. As



soon as such places were provided, frequent meetings were held for the allotment of land and the ordering of their prudential affairs.

Gradually, by successive steps, the colony was endowed with authority to set up the machinery of a town organization, and hold meetings to choose officers, lay out highways, raise money by general tax, and make orders and rules necessary for the well-being of the community.

The second organization in the settlement was the church. This was usually enjoined by the power which granted the right of settlement and made one of the conditions of the grant. In perfecting this organization frequent meetings also became necessary.

These meetings of the Proprietors, the church and the town, were necessarily held in such of the cabins as were most available, and must have been a great tax on the householders. Add to this the gathering of the whole population, young and old, for public worship on Sundays and Lecture days, and the necessity of a building for a common place of meeting is too obvious to need mention. Out of this necessity grew the meetinghouse in every town. The town and the church were practically one, and the meetinghouse was built by a general tax, and it was used alike for civil action and religious observances. It was never dedicated to divine service, never considered a sacred edifice. It was never called a "church" and never a town house. It was, and should continue to be, written of and spoken of as a meetinghouse. It is therefore advisedly, and in accordance with the customs of the Fathers, that I have called you together on this occasion, in the old meetinghouse of 1824, and it is with no ordinary feeling of pleasure, that, as the representative of the Old Home Week committee, I welcome you within its walls. It is by name and in fact the fifth in lineal descent from the one in which Parson Samuel Mather preached more than two and three quarters of a century ago.

Come you as pilgrims come  
Back to ancestral home,  
To grove or plain,  
Where memory's seed was sown,  
Where brook and tree and stone  
Bear fruitage all your own—  
For joy or pain.





Or, where in silence sleep,  
What earth will ever keep,  
A sacred trust;  
What forms your fathers wore,  
What sorrowing mothers bore  
Were laid in anguish sore,  
Alike now dust.

In 1668 the Worshipful Major John Pynchon of Springfield was the owner of 38 cow commons of land at Pocumtuck, and in his account book are entries giving the tax levied on it for the support of public worship here. In December, 1675, he enters the amounts of his rates. One item is:

"To y<sup>e</sup> little house for a Meetinghouse y<sup>t</sup> y<sup>e</sup> Meet in."

This is all that has yet been found referring to the first meetinghouse. A single scratch of a quill, a blot or crack in the time-stained leaf, and every jot of evidence that this building had ever existed would have been forever lost. During that year Philip's war flashed out, and not only this little meetinghouse, but every dwelling of those for whom it was raised, went up in flames. All that was left of the prospering village were here and there a bit of charcoal and a pile of ashes.

The evidence of the existence of the second meetinghouse is not much more extended but is equally sure.

"March, 1693, the town voted that the Meetinghouse shall be reseated: That Deacon David Hoyt and Deacon John Sheldon shall be 2 of y<sup>e</sup> persons to doe it, and Benoni Stebbins be with y<sup>m</sup> in s<sup>d</sup> work."

At this date the town had been resettled about a dozen years, and either the limited accommodations, or some discontent at the new seating brought matters to a head. A new building was thought necessary. It was doubtless a poor affair, but no other word comes to enlighten us thereon. We must make the most of that single line.

The wonder of it all is that March 8, three days before this vote on seating was discussed and settled, Capt. John Pynchon had written a long and impassioned letter to Gov. Phips, imploring military aid for distressed Deerfield. He says provisions are scant and can only be had from other towns, the corn last year being destroyed by worms. He had heard of plans in Canada for pouncing upon poor Deerfield, and he ordered a stockade to fortify Meetinghouse Hill. June 3, 1693, the blow fell upon the Broughton and Wells families at the north end of the Street.



Two days before the vote upon seating the meetinghouse, the General Court of Connecticut had agreed to send soldiers for the protection of Deerfield. The accession of William of Orange to the throne of England had brought on a war with France which was now raging in their colonies in America.

October 6, 1693, Capt. Jonathan Wells for the militia, Joseph Barnard for the selectmen, and November 6, Rev. John Williams for the inhabitants, sent appeals to the General Court for aid, "without which we must of necessity forsake our habitations and draw off to some neighboring town." Capt. Pyncheon indorses these appeals. But not danger, famine or death could turn aside the demand for proper and orderly meetinghouse accommodations.

Of the next meetinghouse we shall be permitted to know more. September 15, 1694, Baron Castine made an assault on the fort with an army of French and Indians. He was driven off with a loss to the settlers of one killed and two wounded.

At a legal meeting in Deerfield, October 30, only six weeks after this assault, "Ens. John Sheldon, Moderator, voted that there shall be a meetinghouse Built in deerfield upon the Town Charge," that David Hoyt, Sergt. John Hawkes, Henry White, Thomas French and Ens. John Sheldon "be a committee chosen and empowered to agree with workmen to begin said building forthwith and carry it on as may be." It was to be "y<sup>e</sup> bigness of Hatfield Meeting House" [30x30].

"For carrying on s<sup>d</sup> work there was chosen as a Committee Lt. David Hoyt, Serg. John Hawks, Henry White, Thomas French and Ens. John Sheldon. To supply means a Rate was made of one hundred and forty pounds payable this present year in pork and Indian corn in equal porportions."

The committee were given "full power to Bargain with, and let out unto particular persons y<sup>e</sup> severall parsalls of work for the carrying out and completing sa Building as, y<sup>e</sup> falling, hewing, framing, shingling, clobording, etc."

The contemplated building was then standing and growing in God's great temple on East mountain, and even with this provision for division of labor and contemporaneous action the progress was slow. November 22, 1695, Godfrey Nims was chosen to gather the meetinghouse rate laid the year before.

June 15, 1696, another meetinghouse rate was voted, payable the next January in pork and Indian corn. The seats were to



be of plain pine boards, not wainscot. The meetinghouse was used in 1696, but was not fully finished before 1701. The seats were long benches on each side of an aisle leading from the entrance to the pulpit. The men sat on one side of this aisle, the women on the other. This house was one of the buildings which escaped destruction February 29, 1704.

In 1709 a pew was built for the minister's family. Another accident has given us all that is known concerning the form of this meetinghouse of 1694. In 1729 two Harvard students left Cambridge, after commencement, on a horseback tour to the far West—Deerfield being the ultimatum. One of them kept a journal of adventures and sights. The fly leaf of this journal was covered with rough pen and ink sketches of various kinds, the meetinghouses on the route being prominent. Only one is located; over that is written, "Deerfield Meetinghouse." It appears square, as voted, two stories high, the four-sided roof running up to a belfry surmounted by a turret. The picture is a mere skeleton in straight lines, but it gives a clear idea of the building. The myth of the "Bell of St. Regis" grew up around a supposed bell in the steeple of this meetinghouse.

From time to time this house was repaired to "make it something comfortable," but November 25, 1728, a committee reported it could not be made "something comfortable" any longer, and a vote was passed to build a new meetinghouse 40x50. Capt. Thomas Wells, John Catlin, Sr., Deacon Samuel Childs and Dr. Thomas Wells were chosen a committee to see it done seasonably. It was voted to set the meetinghouse "on y<sup>e</sup> highest part of that nole between y<sup>e</sup> sine post and Deacon Childs, his shop, y<sup>e</sup> east side of it to Range with y<sup>e</sup> front of y<sup>e</sup> West teer of home lots." The original minutes of this meeting have been found in a fairly good condition. By these it is seen that provision was made for buying a bell for the steeple. These minutes are signed by the moderator. The action of this meeting is a matter of record on the town book, but the part relating to the bell is not found there. The last written word of the meetinghouse of 1694, is a vote November 20, 1730, "to sell y<sup>e</sup> old meetinghouse this night to the highest bidder, reserving only y<sup>e</sup> benches and liberty to meet in it until next March." Its site was discovered a few years ago, some six rods northwest of the soldiers' monument.

Mr. Williams died in 1729, and his successor, Jonathan Ash-





ley, was installed in the new meetinghouse in 1732. This was a fine building of two stories; the belfry, over the center of the roof, open, with eight pillars supporting a tall, graceful spire above it. Its site covered the spot on which the soldiers' monument stands. It was never dedicated to religious service, and for 94 years was the common meeting place for the Proprietors, the town, the congregation, and lesser bodies of the inhabitants.

In 1765, following the fashion of that period, the steeple was removed from the roof and planted on the ground at the north end of the building, copying the steeple at Northfield. Capt. Jonas Locke, who 17 years later led the Deerfield minutemen to Boston on the Lexington Alarm, was the architect. The old weathercock was taken down, regilded, furnished with "new globe eyes" by Shem Drowne of Boston, and returned to his new perch, where until 1824, he kept faithful watch and ward over the going and coming generations of men. On the graceful spire crowning the edifice in which we are met, he still fulfills the duty assigned him in 1729.

February 17, 1823, the town voted to build a new meetinghouse on certain conditions. The site was bought for \$530 by people who wished the common might be open and clear; \$1,500 was raised for a building fund by interested townsmen.

The corner stone was laid with ceremony, June 1, 1824. The work was pushed, and the new meetinghouse, the fifth in descent, was dedicated December 22, 1824.

My friends, whatever brings you here to-day; whether it be the name or the fame of Deerfield's sons and daughters; whether you find here kith or kin, our hearts are open to welcome you all to our fields and hills and waters. Whether you come the arts and crafts to view, memorial stones, old or new; our ancient trees and houses brown, you are welcome guests to our dear old town.

Mr. Sheldon then turned the conduct of the afternoon services over to Prof. Henry H. Barber of Meadville.

Prof. Barber speaking of the exercises of the morning, in dedication of the tablet to Rev. Dr. Willard, said that the talent in the Willard family was by no means confined to the doctor, and referred to the poems written by his daughter Mary. He then introduced her niece, Susan Barker Willard, who read the following unpublished lines:—



Lovely home of early years,  
Shrined in memory's joys and tears,  
Linked by many a tender tie  
With the loved of days gone by.

Beauty, without stint or bound,  
Glow's above me and around,  
Breathes through all and every part,  
Stamps its impress on my heart.

On the mountain's 'solemn grace,'  
On the meadow's smiling face,  
Broods a Presence, holier far,  
Than these forms of nature are.

Dear and saintly ones, who made  
Sunshine in life's joy and shade,  
Sure they watch around me yet;—  
Loving hearts can ne'er forget.

I below and they above,  
Interchanging love for love;  
While my inmost being lies  
Open to their tender eyes.

In these paths their feet have trod,  
Walked with man, and walked with God.  
Peace that passeth words to tell  
Falls upon me like a spell.

And I bow in faith and trust  
That the Holy One and Just,  
Calling home a child from earth  
To the spirit's higher birth,

Purified and cleansed from sin,  
Peace without and peace within,  
Will the lost of earth restore  
To my longing heart once more.

Prof. Barber then referred to the wide scientific reputation acquired by President Edward Hitchcock, and introduced his son, Dr. Edward Hitchcock, dean of Amherst College, to speak of his father. Dr. Hitchcock said in part: The old hymn "Where, O Where are the Hebrew Children?" has been running in my mind ever since I struck the platform at Deerfield station, and I have been asking myself "Where, O Where, are the good Old Deerfield people?" Where are the pretty Dickinson girls,



where is Miss Pratt, where Ephraim Williams and his pretty girls, and all the rest of the good people? They are safe in the promised land, I am glad to say, and do we not rejoice that they are not here with us worrying over the infelicities of this life. As to my father, I don't know much about him as a boy, for I was not there. I think he was an ordinary boy, with some deviltry, wide awake, with an ambition to learn. You know that big tree not far from the old place; well, my father put up some big sticks in the crotch and there he would climb up in the early evening to read until the stars came out. That showed his studious disposition. He had other tricks, but I won't speak of these, as it might bring our family into reproach.

My father was greatly indebted to Gen. Ephraim Hoyt, who interested him particularly in astronomy and military affairs. He had a commission as aid-de-camp from Gen. Hoyt. My father took a deep interest in astronomy, and at a time when a comet was to be seen knew all the facts about it, and had to make his own instruments to make his observations. He had literary tastes. That was the time when Napoleon was in his glory, and he wrote a tragedy on the downfall of Napoleon, the first book printed in Deerfield. He used to calculate eclipses. These studies occupied three or four years, and for that time he had made remarkable progress in astronomy. He made Deerfield widely known by some errors he had found in a nautical almanac, published by a Philadelphia man. Errors in such an almanac might well be fatal to a ship in finding its reckoning. My father got hold of this almanac, and with a boy-like desire to punch some one between the ribs, he began to go over the calculations and found some mistakes. He wrote to the publisher about it, who ridiculed the claim, and said he would give \$10 for every error found. My father went to work and found thirty, and though he never got the \$300 to which he was entitled, the matter attracted a good deal of attention, and the publisher had to admit that he was wrong. My father was very anxious to go to college but the poverty of the family placed difficulties in the way. He had however gotten nearly ready to go, when his eyesight gave out, which proved a severe blow. He could do nothing with his eyes for years. The result was to set him out to work along another line of scientific study. He began to study flowers and rocks, and became a geologist. Thus in losing an ordinary minister, we gained a scientific man. He



discovered the reptile tracks in the Connecticut valley, like which nothing else in the world has ever been found, enormous prehistoric reptiles, toads as big as an ox, and creatures at the sight of which you would run for the house. Tracks of 130 to 140 different animals were found.

The religious feeling was very prominent with him. He dared preach the harmony of science and religion at a time when every scientific man was supposed to be in league with the devil. He held that God was the author of both science and religion. He tried to show nature in the cross, the cross in nature. He saw the highest thing in everything; saw some religious end in reptile tracks and all else. And now all the scientific men are coming around to his point of view. I am sure that a revival of religion is coming; not the old fashioned revival, not a revival of man made theology, but the religious life, serving God and serving man.

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## NEW ENGLAND'S HISTORY.

### PROF. BARBER'S SUMMARY OF ITS IMPORT.

Prof. Barber then gave an address on the history of New England, treating in a comprehensive way its relations to American civilization. Treating the saying that "history is philosophy, teaching by example," Prof. Barber said it seemed to him that in this old home and memorial week, history itself was being taught by example. Something of the kindergarten method is being followed, pleasure and science,—the science of history,—being combined, and we shall find our minds and hearts filled with the spirit of the old times. This is the best way history can be taught. The human element in it is more than the array of names and dates. Our best historians to-day are writing histories of the people, and their work has a new power and inspiration. I wish you to join me, he continued, in special thanks to Mr. Sheldon. It is by his laborious and fruitful work in bringing forth the details of the early days that we are made familiar with the heroism, sacrifice and God fearing and man loving service of the pioneers of this valley.

There are two errors in the regard for history which should be avoided. One is in making it the standard of life and truth, our creed in thought and pattern in life. The other appearing in the transcendentalism of the early part of the last century,





and in the rationalism of the century before, is the notion that the individual is sufficient, so severing relationship with the past. Both extremes are pernicious, the one giving us a Chinese view of life, the other giving us a truncated manhood, without foundation, and without continuity. New England history is surely not to be subjected to either view, because it sets out great principles, not to bind us to the past but as inspiration and instruction for the Christian commonwealth.

Those who underrate the history of New England by dwelling on the treatment of witchcraft, and the extermination of the Indians, and religious intolerance, do it an absolute injustice. In the hanging of the witches,—not the burning, for no witch was ever burned in New England,—her people yielded to one of the delusions of the time which spread over Europe and was actually shorter lived here than there. It was only about half the time of the Indian struggles that our fathers were combatting the Indians; for the rest they were feeling the effect of the hostile interests of England and France. Nor was their intolerance so marked a development.

They lived in an age of intolerance and yet there were many among them who were most tolerant. They came here that they might exercise their own religion, and they were not able to get on with the man who said their church was no church. Their treatment of Roger Williams was tolerant for its time. It was a mild sentence when they said to him that he must go. The same was true of the treatment of the Quakers; it was only after they had been sent away and come back, were implored to go away in peace and refused, that they were hung. In our day Mary Dyer and others like her, would have been put in a lunatic asylum for such conduct, but there were no lunatic asylums then. They believed the devil possessed them and only so could they be rid of him. John Endicott and John Wilson were the narrow men among them, but there was Sir Harry Vane, and there were John Winthrop, John Cotton, and John Eliot, peers in culture and tolerance of Cromwell and Milton. They were tolerant as far as men could be by the circumstances of their time. The Puritan clergymen were true leaders of the people. Peter Bulkley went into the wilderness with his flock and was a father to his people. Thomas Hooker, who led his company from Newtown to Connecticut, was a father to his people. John Williams, here in Deerfield was the father and



helper of his people, guiding them through the years of darkness in the history of this settlement and coming back from his captivity to help plant anew the town as a Christian community. We shall fail to understand them if we do not regard them as forward-looking, energetic, earnest, progressive men. John Robinson spoke of greater light to come, and asked his people not to follow him further than they saw he followed God.

In Massachusetts and Connecticut the rights of citizenship were restricted to the church members, and here the halfway covenant, extending these rights to men of upright conduct, followed, later to give way to perfect freedom. There may have been blots on the early history of New England, but we can only think of the pioneers with profound reverence, and honor the men whose ideal in the planting of the colony was the bringing forth of a higher civilization.

Prof. Barber paid a high tribute to John Fiske for his service in reconciling science and faith. There has been, he said, an unbroken succession of men who have served this great end from the earliest days down. We find in it the names of Benjamin Franklin, the greatest embodiment of common sense; Samuel Adams, the herald of liberty and lifelong crusader of independence; Jonathan Edwards, whom we are apt to think of as the preacher of terrible sermons, but who was a scientific thinker, a poet, a saint of the Lord, a Christian philosopher; William Ellery Channing, who corrected Edwards' error in exalting God so high as to lose sight of man.

The Puritan spirit has been growing and broadening. The history of New England is to be read large in the lives of these men and their children. It is pervasive and permanent and it will yet bring back the people from the new Napoleonism, which has swept over Christendom, and developed the denial of the old truths in South Africa and China and the Philippine Islands, back to the ideals of John Robinson and Samuel Adams.

The Pilgrim spirit is not fled;  
It walks in noon's broad light;  
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead  
By the silent stars at night.  
It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,  
And shall guard this rock-bound shore,  
Till the waves of the bay  
Where the Mayflower lay  
Shall foam and freeze no more.



## THE OLD HOME SPIRIT.

REV. FRANK W. PRATT'S TRIBUTE TO DEERFIELD, AS A SON.

We come as loyal children of Deerfield, gladly bringing our gratitude and love. At this time it is easy to awaken precious memories, and to stir the fires of affection into a glowing flame. We rejoice together in all that this old town of ours has been to us, and during the coming week as we gather upon spots made sacred by brave deeds done, and the blood of martyrs spilled, we shall live in the consciousness of the larger and deeper meaning of the life of a "frontier town."

I like that title—"a frontier town." It tells of energy and push, and plenty of New England fortitude and perseverance. It speaks of that progressive manhood which knows how to turn forest trees into habitations and wildernesses into gardens.

We are not surprised that the same spirit which led Samuel Hinsdale and his followers to come up the river and "beare the venture of the place," also made them chafe under the government of the Proprietors of the "Dedham Grant," and caused them to hasten to petition for the rights of an independent township. Twice deserted and twice reclaimed; those words tell of the hardships endured and the price which was paid that our town might take its place among the townships of old Massachusetts.

But during our reunion and memorial week we would not recall only scenes of suffering and bloodshed and death, inspiring as they are when consecrated by the greatest acts of heroism and self-sacrifice. But we would also remember the many peaceful periods—those months which immediately followed the coming of Hinsdale, when our first cabins were built without molestation, when the men tilled the virgin soil without fear of the Indian war whoop, and our little village nestled among the trees amidst all the peace and beauty of a Garden of Eden.

We have had within our borders many periods like this. When the men raised their crops, and the women looked after their household cares, and all the family gathered together after supper—in the summer upon the steps, in the winter before the great fire—illustrating a happy family life. Bloody Brook did





not always run red with blood. The underbrush did not always conceal red men. The hills did not always echo with the sound of Indian warfare. There were times, although often in earlier days they were brief, when the sun came over the mountain and looked into our dear valley when it was as quiet and peaceful as upon summer days we have known. We would remember these times, too, when between the rude shock of warfare came the daily pursuits of village and family life, lighting up the shadows by peaceful industries and happy companionships.

And yet we would not have those early days freed from hardship and privation. I think we are all thankful that the Pilgrims did not land upon a shore where all was balmy and attractive. Tom Reed has said that he trembled to think what the fate of this country would have been if the Pilgrim Fathers had landed on the fertile soil of California, where the reward of the husbandman comes without effort, instead of upon Plymouth Rock, where the surroundings demanded the work that develops the best that is in the man.

It was the meeting face to face of the sterner aspects of nature and life which kept alive in our forefathers the same spirit which fought the battles of Naseby and Marston Moor, and led them to cross the water that their ideal Commonwealth should be built, although it might cost suffering and death. And so they braved the dangers of the new land, and planted corn over the bodies of their rapidly increasing dead that there should be no tell-tale graves. It is manhood and womanhood like unto this moulded in the very fire of adversity, which has been incarnated into the bone and fiber of our national life.

This nation of ours has had a stupendous task before it—the turning of the immense stream of foreign blood which has flowed across the water like a great ocean current—the turning of this stream into something like the blood of our own land. There has often been the danger, in some sections of our country, that instead of that foreign element being transformed into the characteristics of American citizens, that the foreign element should transform our national life.

Here is where the great work of New England has been done. Her influence has gone forth throughout the length and breadth of our land, emphasizing the principles of civilization which have always been dear to her heart. The experiences of New England created a type of manhood so permanent that it refuses to



be warped and changed by the influences of foreign immigration. Go out into the far west and you see by the census returns that a large percentage of the population of some of the states is of foreign birth. But when you investigate as to who the men are who hold the positions of influence—who it is who are interested in schools and good government and clean streets you find that they are almost to a man New England born or closely related to New England stock.

Our old town of Deerfield has done her share in this great work of spreading abroad that best American spirit which is the native product of New England. Her boys and girls have gone forth as living testimonies to the principles for which New England has ever stood.

As we walk up and down our old Street, and feel its dignity and peace creep into our souls, I think we are all filled with a deep gratitude that we passed our youth in the country. The early years of life are the most receptive ones, and there are some things, which if we do not get when we are young, are lost to us forever. There is a spirit of friendliness to nature, which one learns best before the coming of the years of maturity. Thus Deerfield gave us an education, not only by teaching us reading and writing and the multiplication table, but she also gave us a knowledge and appreciation of the varying moods of God's world.

Tint of mountain, gleam of sinuous river, the overarching elms, the call of flicker and cry of whip-poor-will, the smell of new mown hay, the view from old Pocumtuck—these are some of the subtle influences which have become permanent factors in our lives. They came to us as naturally as the sunlight comes in the morning, but they became instilled into our very natures and exist now as a perpetual inbred memory.

Thus we must gratefully recognize this education which Old Deerfield gave to us almost unconsciously, but which perhaps was the best education of all.

At this time the country and country life is being appreciated as never before. Educators are beginning to understand its important influence upon child development. The bookstores of our great cities are filled with books upon nature and outdoor life. A great desire is springing up in our people to get closer to this old earth of ours and into better sympathy with her innumerable moods and her innumerable children.



The mad rush for the city is being partly equalized by a growing love for the country. Every year abandoned farms in New England are becoming fewer and as time goes on the city will grow more and more to be a place, not to live in, but to work in. And we may well imagine that before our opening century draws to a close the problem of rapid transit will have been so solved that it will be an easy matter for a man to live here in Old Deerfield Street and go to his business in Boston every morning. That indeed will be an ideal adjustment and will help to give to a greater number the blessings of country life which we have received.

But the depth of the springs of affection cannot be measured by words. Our love for Old Deerfield is something too subtle to be so easily explained. We only know we have as children sat in her lap and felt her arms around us, and looked up into her face and seen her smiles and her tears, and we love her. And we come back to her from our wanderings and are glad. And our thoughts turn to her in our absence and we wish her well. In our greatest griefs we bring our dead and give them into her keeping. And when our time shall come we too shall be brought and laid to rest within her protecting care. All because we love her.

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## MR. BARNARD ON THE INDIANS.

Charles Barnard of Boston was the next speaker. After one of Prof. Barber's felicitous introductions he spoke on the evolution of modern transportation from the old Indian trails. The Indian, he said, occupied too much land. It was necessary to economy that he should go. But the Indian influence still survives, and the teachers in our schools should impress this fact upon their scholars. Matthew Arnold made fun of the names of American cities and towns. The earliest explorers gave names to their discoveries in their own language. Lake George was discovered by a Frenchman who gave it the name of the "Lake of the Holy Spirit" and the speaker regretted that this name had not been retained. French names are found in the north and west, Dutch names in New York and Spanish in the south. Those classical names in the Mo-



hawk valley—Utica, Troy, Syracuse, Ilion and others—were given by the surveyors, who were graduates of Harvard College. Teachers should learn the meaning of the old Indian names and teach them. Many of them have beautiful meanings.

The Indians were great traders. They built the first roads. One of their trails extended from Montreal to New Haven and another from Massachusetts Bay to the headwaters of the Hudson. These lines of travel avoided the mountains and ran direct to the water courses, for the Indians took advantage of every opportunity to use their canoes. The white man followed the Indian trails. They became bridle paths, then followed the cart, then came roads, highways and turnpikes, and the railroad of to-day follows the old Indian trail.

Rev. George W. Solley of Deerfield was then introduced as one who had been faithful to the best ideals of New England life. He spoke briefly of the old Puritan parish. The meetinghouse was the center of all that was holiest, the home of all, from poorest to richest. The old Puritan parish, until we came into the habit of thinking that because there were differences of opinion there must be division, meant the inclusion of the whole community. Every man felt an obligation to the parish, and the parish felt an obligation to every one that needed help. Why should there not be room for people who think differently in the same parish? There used to be 100 years ago. The old spirit is coming again, when the limits of the town and the parish will be the same.

If anyone wants to believe Mohammedanism or any other 'ism, why should he not have a place in the pews. We have wrongly come to think that the church will never be filled again. But there is more brain and muscle in these old towns than there ever was. It is not an impossibility to fill these old hill town meetinghouses, and they will be filled some day again, when this broader conception of the parish is realized.

The exercises closed with the benediction pronounced by Rev. Mr. Solley.





## DEERFIELD'S HISTORICAL RIDE.

The historic ride at Deerfield, Tuesday, was the most novel feature of the Home Week, and in many ways the most picturesque and interesting. Old Deerfield Street presented at 2 o'clock, the hour for the starting, a most unusual sight, the Street being filled with carriages for a long distance. The turnout was much larger than any one had expected, and about seventy teams were counted, besides a number of bicyclists. A barge from Nims's stable brought a party from Greenfield, and a score of young women and girls from Deerfield made a pretty picture in a cart partly filled with hay. A general air of festivity pervaded the scene, children waved their little flags, and at 2:15 the party started out ably marshaled by Spencer Fuller, who was assisted by William P. Saxton, both on horseback.

The long procession took up its winding way to the Bars, and it may be asserted as probable that Deerfield never saw another such line of carriages. It reminded one who had lived near the sea shore of the almost endless line of teams that go to make up what is called a "beach party," when all the inhabitants of a town turn out to visit the ocean. Others compared it to a cattle show crowd, but whatever one likened it to, it is safe to say that no procession of Barnum's, Forepaugh's and Ringling's circuses combined could attract so much interest among the dwellers along the line of the afternoon's travel. They gazed long and earnestly at each carriage and wondered what had gotten into the sober minded Franklin county people, for the party, from the fun and jollity that prevailed was certainly not a funeral procession. The horses from that love of comradeship which appeals to dumb animals as well as to humans, seemed to enter into the spirit of the afternoon, and made the trip in what seemed a remarkably short time, considering the distance traveled and the exercises that were carried out. George Sheldon was in the van of the procession, and the cavalcade followed on his trail in Indian file most of the time, better than ever the Israelites followed their Moses.

As a party passed the Barnard Monument, Spencer Fuller



took up his stand by the side of the road, and pointed out to every carriage load how the Indians hid in the bushes overgrowing the banks of a brook, thus securing a very effective ambush. A halt was made on the lawn in front of the late George Fuller's studio, the carriages gathered in a compact mass. Mrs. Champney read her poem, and William Lambert Barnard of Boston, grandnephew of James M. Barnard, the giver of the Barnard Monument, made an able address on the Barnard massacre and its lessons. Mr. Barnard is quite a young man, but he made a most creditable appearance.

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### ADDRESS BY WILLIAM LAMBERT BARNARD.

AT THE DEDICATION OF A MEMORIAL STONE TO JOSEPH BARNARD  
AT DEERFIELD, MASS., JULY 30, 1901.

I am fortunate indeed in being able to be with you to-day and to assist in these exercises commemorative of Deerfield's past. But my good fortune is your loss, for Mr. James M. Barnard, of Boston, the donor of this stone, which we have come to dedicate, is unable to be here himself and to express to you in person his interest in this occasion. I come, therefore, as his representative,—as his substitute, I may say. The situation is very much akin to that in which an old lady, on being asked by a neighbor to "lend" a half-pound of well-seasoned and valuable herbs, regretted her inability to do so, and proffered as a substitute "a small parcel of greens."

Joseph Barnard, to honor whose memory we are gathered together, was born in the year 1641, and moved to Deerfield with his parents when but a mere lad. Deerfield was then in the first days of its infancy.

Young Barnard grew up in the midst of its hard, character-building life and became one of the foremost in the permanent settlement of the town. He was, by turns, a tailor, a surveyor, and a farmer. In those strenuous days one must needs be something of a jack-of-all-trades or else fall by the wayside. We are forced to assume that he was a man of some popularity, and one to be trusted by his superiors, for he held at various times the positions of Recorder for the Proprietors, Clerk of



the Writs, and Town Clerk. He was elected to this last office soon after the beginning of what we know as "King William's War."

The French, jealous of the successes of William of Orange, were fighting tooth and nail to retain their supremacy in Europe and to extend their dominion in America. In pursuit of the latter, they strove to harass the English Colonies. As a means toward this end, they did not hesitate to incite the Canadian Indians against our sturdy forefathers, and thus turned upon their devoted heads a terrible and relentless weapon.

Deerfield and the regions hereabout were peculiarly susceptible to these Indian attacks, owing to the almost unbroken chain of waterways to the north of us, which made easy communication with Quebec and Montreal.

Beginning with the massacre at Schenectady in 1690, the inhabitants of Deerfield, about sixty families in all, were constantly exposed to calamity at the hands of the red men. Attacks were made in 1693 and 1694.

On a bright August morning in 1695, five Deerfield men started together for mutual protection, to go to the mill, three miles away, at Mill River. They were all mounted on horses, each with his gun on his saddle-bow and his bag of grain beneath or behind him.

By some mysterious and subtle influence, Capt. Wells, at that time the Commander of the town, had the night previous felt a premonition of impending disaster from the Indians, passing in consequence a sleepless and watchful night. On seeing the little cavalcade the next morning, he went out and stopped the men to forbid their trip. But he could give no reason for doing so. Perhaps the cheering summer sun had weakened his nocturnal impression, and seeing Mr. Barnard, whom he deemed a careful and prudent man, let the party proceed.

With Joseph Barnard were Henry White, Philip Mattoon, Godfrey Nims and another whose name has not come down to us. They rode on soberly enough until they reached the spot where we now stand. Here their horses began to snuff and became frightened. At this moment one of the party gave the alarm—"Indians! Indians!" and at the same moment eight Indians, who were ambushed in the underbrush on both sides of the road, fired a volley.

Joseph Barnard was shot through the hand and his wrist





broken to bits. He was also dislodged from his horse. While the others hastily returned the fire of their unseen foe, Nims assisted Barnard to remount, all the time shouting lustily as if calling up expected reinforcements. It may be that this ruse deceived the Indians,—in any event they providentially refrained from rushing in on the little party.

The five men, however, had hardly begun a well-ordered retreat before a second volley was fired upon them. Again Joseph Barnard was the only one injured. He was shot through the body and his horse was killed under him. But Nims helped him to a seat on his own horse and all got back to Deerfield without further misadventure.

Once back in the little town the usual precautions were taken against an attack. Barnard, however, never recovered and died from the effects of his wounds on the sixth of the following month,—September, 1695.

The times in which he lived were hard and exacting. They were days of strife, warfare, and mortal combat. No man could safely till his fields unarmed, and he might rise any night to see his neighbor's cabin in flames and to hear the dreaded war-whoop at his own door. Not even five men, as we have seen, could safely ride forth on that ordinarily most peaceful of missions,—to go to mill to have one's corn ground. From sunrise to sunset a gun was as much a part of a man's self as his very hand, while from sunset to sunrise every door and window was double barred and locked,—the settlers almost took their weapons to bed with them.

Think then of the change wrought by three centuries! We live in a country that basks in the smile of peace. Over the whole vast extent of these United States quiet and kindness reign omnipotent.

What may not the next three centuries bring forth? Is it not reasonable to hope,—to believe,—that another such period of time may see universal peace an actual fact? I feel assured of it. I believe that future generations will reap, from the seed now being sown, a harvest of peace; that nations will no longer consider war a means by which to settle their disputes, but that international law will have so grown, and the principles of arbitration become so extended, that the clash of arms will have vanished forever from the face of the earth.

And the donor of this little monument has erected it not only



as a memorial of Joseph Barnard's life, but also as a lesson to us and our successors, that war is giving way to peace, and that it may point out the path to a state of supreme and universal brotherhood among all men.

The party then rode out on the edge of the bluff overlooking the scene of the Bars Fight. Here Caleb Allen Starr of Illinois spoke of the death of his great-grandfather Allen in the fight, and he told how the bloody catastrophe occurred, how the farmers had gone off haying, and were set upon by the savages, how some of them escaped to secure the safety of the women and children, and the rest, including Mr. Allen, stayed to engage the savages.

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ADDRESS OF CALEB ALLEN STARR,  
OF DURAND, ILL.

*Friends:* You may think it strange that I should be called upon to tell the story of any part of the early history of Deerfield when the name of Starr does not appear in any of its early annals. But my mother was an Allen and the Allens were among the early settlers. Samuel Allen, son of Edward—the founder of the Allen family of Deerfield—built the house you see and in front of which you listened to the eloquent paper by Mr. Barnard—and which has sheltered five generations of Allens. It was transformed into a studio by my dear friend and early schoolmate, George Fuller, and is now occupied by his artist sons.

The scene of the fight which is the subject of this halt, is just northwest of us on the flat below this bluff, on what in my boyhood days was called The Island, but I note is now referred to as Stebbins Meadow. The Allen family with some of their Amsden neighbors were haying and were necessarily scattered over the field, apart from their arms. The Indians were in ambush in the forest to the southwest waiting for a favorable opportunity to spring upon the workers. Eleizer Hawks, a brother of Mrs. Allen, not feeling well enough to work had taken his gun to hunt for game near the lair of the Indians; the discharge of his gun at a partridge was taken by the In-



dians to be an alarm; he was shot down, and they at once charged upon the defenseless people, who fled in dismay, some fighting as they retreated; but Samuel Allen stood his ground to hold the savages in check, while his children fled. He was killed, scalped, and otherwise mutilated.\* One daughter, Eunice, a child of thirteen, was overtaken by an Indian who split her head with his hatchet and left her for dead, but did not scalp her. She recovered, and lived to be 85 years old. The later part of her life she was a living encyclopedia of Indian lore. She was found just southwest of the place now owned by Mr. Charles H. Stebbins, and west of the canal. The site of the old road from the Meadow where it was cut through the bluff was plain in my boyhood days. Towards this gap Eunice was running; and you must remember that instead of a canal with its abrupt bank, it was only a brook which drained the Boggy Meadow swamp south of the Stebbins' house. One son, Caleb, nine years old and small for his age, taking refuge in an adjacent cornfield, was not discovered by the Indians. One son of eight, Samuel, Jr., was taken prisoner and carried to Canada. He was afterward redeemed by his uncle, Colonel, then Sergeant John Hawks. And thereby hangs a very interesting tale. Just north of the Allen home which we see, on the edge of the bluff lived in her wigwam, an Indian woman with her son who was slowly fading away with consumption, and many were the kindnesses bestowed upon the sick boy by the Allen family. The son died, and was buried near the mother's wigwam. In the spring of 1746 the children of the Allen family reported that the Indian mother had dug up the bones of her son and was cleansing them, and drying them in the sun. One morning soon after, she was missing without giving any warning or leaving any sign, and whither she went no one could guess. While Col. John Hawks was in Canada, negotiating for

\* Since that notable "Historical Ride," July 30, 1901, a Boulder Monument with suitable inscription has been placed by his descendants to mark the site of the tragic death of Samuel Allen. [C. A. S.]

Others slain on the same occasion, were Adonijah Gillet, Oliver Amsden, and his brother Simeon. The assailants were a small detachment from the army of De Vaudreuil, who had captured Fort Massachusetts and its heroic garrison five days before, and taken the commander, Sergt. John Hawks, the "Hero of Fort Massachusetts," and his men to Canada. Here his poor sister, Mrs. Allen, lost her husband and a nephew killed, had a brother and a son captured, and a daughter apparently wounded unto death. [Editor.]



the exchange or redemption of prisoners in 1748, he was unable to get any trace of little Sam Allen, and had almost despaired of finding him. One morning an old squaw attracted his attention by her singular behavior—peering into his door and quickly disappearing; this she repeated several times, and he finally addressed her, inquiring what she wanted. She said, “You find Sammy Allen?” “No,” said he, “I can’t find him.”—She answered, “Indian know.” She finally gave him all the information he needed. The colonel procured his release and returned him to his mother. A curious question arises here. Did this old Indian woman know that this attack was contemplated? And if so would not all the kindness she had received from the Allen family have prompted her to warn them? But as has often been said, “blood is thicker than water,” and she must be true to her tribe. But when the opportunity came to do something directly for the family, she was true to the Indian code, viz., reciprocity of favors.

The wife of Samuel Allen was the sister of Col. John Hawks, who was an intrepid soldier and pioneer and a natural diplomat. The attraction of the Allens and Hawkses did not end here, for I find that six times have the scions of the two families been united in marriage.

The party made a picturesque sight as they gathered under the magnificent maples that dignify the scene.

Mrs. Elizabeth W. Champney’s poem :

Do you ask, Why this stone by the brookside,  
Since with heroes your fame-roll is filled,  
Why honor this plain Joseph Barnard  
Who simply went out and was killed?

He was warned by the guard at the stockade,  
He was certainly rash or self-willed,  
It was worse than a crime, ’twas a blunder,  
To go out, and to get himself killed.

Stout Jonathan Wells had a vision,  
That leader unused to affright,  
“The Indians skulk by the highway:  
I saw them in dreams of the night.”

Brave Barnard smiled at the warning,  
“In danger our meadows were tilled,  
Our loved ones would surely go hungry  
If their bread-winners feared to be killed.





"They are worth every risk, our good women,  
 And our children's mouths we must fill,  
 So in spite of all possible danger  
 There is one grist will go to the mill."

The hand of the leader saluted,  
 The man was so cheerful and calm,  
 And as Barnard rode through the meadows  
 His heart was repeating a psalm:

"Thou ledest me by the still waters,  
 My home in green pastures is blest,  
 'Tis a man's part to dare for his dearest,  
 And humbly trust God for the rest."

So we grave the brave name on this tablet,  
 For our hearts by the story are thrilled—  
 Of the hero who flinched not in danger,  
 But who loved, and who dared, and was killed.

After a brief stop during which the beautiful view into the meadows was fully enjoyed, the party got into line again and proceeded over the hill, enjoying as they went the lovely prospect of Mt. Tom and the other hills to the southward. Arrived at South Deerfield a halt was made at the Bloody Brook monument. The carriages lined up two or three deep about the little park, and Prof. Barber of Meadville introduced Dexter F. Hager to tell the story of the famous fight. Mr. Hager recited the facts of the heroic struggle made by the whites with a band of Indians greatly outnumbering them. Prof. Barber then referred to the number of historic speeches that had been made at this place, and said it was not generally known that about fifteen years ago, Edward Everett Hale when in Deerfield had written a poem on the subject. This poem was then read by Rev. Frank W. Pratt.

## THE LAMENTABLE BALLAD OF BLOODY BROOK.\*

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

Come listen to the Story of brave Lathrop and his Men,  
 How they fought—how they died,  
 When they marched against the Redskins, in the Autumn Days, and then,  
 How they fell,—in their Pride,  
 By Pocumtuck Side.

\* This ballad was written by Mr. Hale for the bi-centennial of the founding of the First Church of Deerfield, October 17, 1688.



"Who will go to Deerfield Meadows and bring the ripened Grain?"  
Said old Mofely to his men in array.  
"Take the Wagons and the Horses and bring it back again,  
Be sure that no Man stray  
All the Day,—on the way."

Then the Flower of Essex started, with Lathrop at their head,  
Wife and brave, bold and true.  
He had fought the Pequots long ago, and now to Mofely said,  
"Be there many, be there few,  
I will bring the Grain to you."

They gathered all the Harvest, and they marched on the Way  
Through the Woods which blazed like Fire.  
No Soldier left the Line of march to wander or to stray,  
Till the Wagons were stalled in the Mire,  
And the Men began to tire.

The Wagons have all forded the Brook as it flows,  
And then the Rear-Guard stays  
To pick the purple Grapes that are hanging from the Boughs,  
When crack!—to their Amaze—  
A hundred Firelocks blaze!

Brave Lathrop he lay dying, but as he fell he cried,  
"Each Man to his Tree," said he,  
"Let no one yield an Inch," and so the Soldier died: —  
And not a Man of all can see  
Where the Foe can be.

And Philip and his Devils pour in their Shot so fast,  
From behind and before,  
That Man after Man is shot down and breathes his last:  
Every Man lies dead in his Gore  
To fight no more,—no more.

Oh, weep, ye Maids of Essex, for the Lads who have died,—  
The Flower of Essex they!  
The Bloody Brook still ripples by the black Mountain-side,  
But never shall they come again to see the Ocean-tide,  
And never shall the Bridegroom return to his Bride  
From that dark and cruel Day—cruel Day!

The party then took the old road to East Whately, that runs  
alongside the Boston & Maine tracks for some distance, and  
then strikes off into the woods. This road runs for nearly a  
half mile through sand so deep that one would imagine one's  
self on some of the sand dunes near the seashore.

Great was the astonishment of a carriage load of people going



in the opposite direction, to have to turn out for a cavalcade of people down in that apparently little used road. This road is still a public highway, and the Whately people say it used to be called the Great Road, because it was one of the old stage routes. On the procession went, brushing up against bushes and low growing trees, until they struck off to the left through an old cart path by the side of a field of tall corn. Over a sand bank they proceeded and off into a kind of clearing in pretty rough ground, where the primroses came up above the wagon shafts.

Here a stop was made at the scene of the first hostile encounter between the whites and Indians in the valley. This has been hitherto a little known spot and it is only recently that the precise place has been definitely located. It lies just over the line in Whately, and is on the old Indian path from Deerfield to Hatfield. Here, on a bluff, in 1675, Capt. Lothrop and 100 men were ambushed by Indians, losing six men on the field and three dying later from their wounds. James M. Crafts of Orange, formerly of Whately, whose age almost takes him back to the time of the fight, was in charge of the trip from Bloody Brook to this place. The Indians concealed themselves in the swamp that borders on this bluff, now an almost impenetrable thicket.

A large part of the excursionists alighted from their carriages and penetrated the thicket, clambered down the edge of the bluff to an old spring of delightfully cool water, where the thirst of the multitude was assuaged by means of a tin pail borrowed from some member of the party. Afterward Hubbard S. Allis of Whately spoke briefly upon the clearing as follows:

"It gives me great pleasure, as a lineal descendant of Col. Wm. Allis, one of the first 25 settlers and Proprietors of Hadley Plantation, to welcome the officers and members of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, in their visit to the ground in Whately where our ancestors fought their first battle with the Indians in this valley. Their descendants owe much to the indefatigable efforts of your society, and especially to Mr. George Sheldon, your venerable president, for locating and recording the trials of our fathers when this valley was a wilderness 240 years ago, and now clothed with a landscape beauty from Greenfield to Springfield, far exceeding any view I have seen during a long life of 82 years.





"History shows that our ancestors, who settled Hadley Plantation in 1659, had resided there in peace with all the world for 15 years (and the Indians too) until 1675. The settlers in Hadley had erected no fortification and lived in peace with the Indians surrounding them, who came and went as they pleased. It was upon this spot where the settlers of the Connecticut valley had their first fight, which lasted three hours, with the Indians in 1675, fighting them from tree to tree, Indian fashion, resulting in the defeat of the Indians, the settlers losing six men killed, and three died of their wounds afterward. Blessed is our lot in life that we do not exist in daily fear of the scalping knife and tomahawk, but dwell here in peace and safety, surrounded by all the comforts of life in this beautiful valley of the Connecticut River, where from the surrounding hills you can view Mt. Holyoke, Mt. Toby, Sugar Loaf, and the towns of Amherst, Shutesbury, Hadley, North Hadley, Hatfield, Northampton, Sunderland, South Deerfield, Deerfield and Greenfield. These all can be seen from Whately Street where I now reside.

"It would give me great pleasure if on your route home, you would visit my residence and partake of my hospitality, and have a view of the valley, from Greenfield to Mt. Holyoke, 20 miles, which is very grand to behold and appreciated by lovers of rural scenery."

James M. Crafts was then introduced and spoke of the work of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association. He hoped that in the near future the Association would erect a suitable marker for this spot. This was the "seed-planting" for a monument, referred to in the programme. This met with general approval, and it is rather to be expected that this task will be one of the duties to be assumed by the Association in coming years.

The party then resumed their carriages, went out to the old road, and continued between fields of corn and tobacco closely bordering the highway, then turning eastward near the Maplewood house on the River Road they proceeded homeward, getting a beautiful view of Sugar Loaf, much finer than that which one has from any other point. A delightful afternoon had passed, and the ride could not fail to make clearer to every one the historical events which were commemorated.



## REPORT.

The culmination of the Old Home Week at Deerfield came to-day with the annual field meeting of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association. Ten memorial stones, marking places of interest in the village, were dedicated. The exercises through the week, beginning with Sunday, when a service was held in the meetinghouse and continuing Tuesday with the historic ride, have been of exceptional interest and value. Many of the sons and daughters of the town have come back to help make the week a success. Altogether it has been a great week for the old town, one that will be long remembered and one that will leave its impress.

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## HISTORIC SPOTS.

### MARKED WITH PLACARDS—200 FLAGS FOR OLD SOLDIERS.

A striking feature of the week's observances is the use of placards to indicate the historical events connected with the old houses, and to mark other historic spots. Houses in which a soldier or soldiers of the colonial wars lived, are marked also by flags. Black flags indicate houses burned by Indians; white flags, soldiers in King Philip's war; orange flags, soldiers in King William's war; red flags, soldiers in Queen Anne's war; yellow flags, soldiers in Father Rasle's war; blue flags, soldiers in the French and Indian war; United States flags, soldiers in the Revolutionary war. These planted on the grassy lawns and grouped in various colors gave to the Old Street a peculiarly attractive appearance.

The following houses and other historic places are marked by placards indicating historic events; the dates after names indicating, unless otherwise specified, the year of the first occupation of the spot by the settler:

Beginning at the north end of the Old Street, on the west side:

Amidon place—Thomas Weller killed at Bloody Brook, 1675.



Thomas Broughton, wife and four children killed here by Indians, June 6, 1693.

Ashley place—Thomas Wells, commander of the fort, died 1690; widow and three children killed or wounded by Indians, 1693; home of the second minister, Mr. Ashley; house fortified in old French war.

Sheldon place—Sheldon homestead, 1708; longest holding in one family of any estate in the county.

Henry Stebbins place—Ebenezer and Nathaniel Brooks; house burned 1704; David Dickinson, major in Revolutionary War.

John Stebbins place—Gov. Belcher's treaty with Indians, 1735; Jonathan Hoyt captured 1704, commander of the garrison in the old French war.

Charles Jones place—Joseph Barnard, first town clerk, 1685; brother John killed at Bloody Brook; Thomas Wells, soldier in Philip's war; Thomas Wells, captain in Father Rasle's war; Thomas Dickinson, captain in Revolutionary War.

Billings place—Barnabas Hinsdale, killed at Bloody Brook, 1675; Samuel Hinsdale, killed at Bloody Brook, 1675; Thomas Williams, 1746; lieutenant colonel and surgeon in the last French war.

Joseph Stebbins place—Daniel Belden, 1686; self, wife and seven children killed, wounded or captured, 1696; Joseph Stebbins, captain at Bunker Hill, 1775.

Site of the third meetinghouse, 1696—(on the common).

Site of the fourth meetinghouse, 1729—(near soldiers' monument).

Site of the fifth meetinghouse, 1824; weather vane, old rooster, 1729.

Old Fort well, 1689; on the common.

Old Street laid out, 1671.

Laura Wells place—ensign John Sheldon, 1687; Old Indian House, torn down, 1848.

Lincoln Wells place—Benoni Stebbins, 1677; house defended by seven men and a few women against the French and Indians, February 29, 1703-4.

Home lot Rev. John Williams, 1686.

Old corner store, military headquarters for Northern Hampshire county in French wars (on academy lot).

Old Hitchcock place—Birthplace of Edward Hitchcock, born 1793; died 1864, a leading scientist of America.



Whiting place—Mehuman Hinsdale, born 1673; first white man born in Deerfield; Samuel Hinsdale killed with Lothrop, 1675.

Champney place—Timothy Childs, 1718, soldier in Queen Anne's war, captain in Father Rasle's war; his son, Timothy, captain in French war.

Fogg place—Jonathan Wells, 1686; boy hero of the Connecticut valley, 1676; commander of garrison, 1704; house fortified and not captured, February 29, 1704.

Horatio Hoyt sen., place—Sergt. John Hawks, the hero of Fort Massachusetts, 1746; lieutenant colonel in the last French war.

Abercrombie place—Dedham church lot, 1671.

Arms corner—William Arms, 1698, head of Arms family in America.

Barnard place—John Arms, 1712; house fortified, 1744.

Elizabeth Wells place—John Catlin, served in Father Rasle's war; captain in French wars; died in the service, 1758.

Cyrus Brown place—John Plympton, 1672, captured and burned at the stake, 1677; son Jonathan killed with Lothrop, 1675.

Site of the old Smead place—William Smead, 1671, head of the Smead family in America; son William killed with Lothrop, 1675.

Miller place—Godfrey Nims, 1692; founder of Nims family in America. House burned 1694.

C. Alice Baker place—Samson Frary, 1685, killed, 1704; north part of house standing, 1698; oldest house in Franklin county.

Site of Old Pocumtuck tavern opposite the common—William Williams, 1743; lieutenant colonel at Louisburg, 1745; commissary store for northern Hampshire, 1748.

Orthodox parsonage—Quintin Stockwell, 1673, house fortified, 1675; he was captured and carried to Canada, 1677.

Yale place—two original lots—Robert Hinsdale, 1671; head of Hinsdale family in America; killed with three sons at Bloody Brook, 1675; Joseph Gillett, 1672, killed with Lothrop, 1675; son Joseph captured, 1696; Ethan Allen's father born here, 1708; Samuel Barnard, 1711, captain in Father Rasle's War.

Samuel Childs place—John Allen killed at Bloody Brook, 1675; David Field, colonel in the Revolutionary War; liberty pole and headquarters of the Sons of Liberty, 1774.





William Sheldon place—Joshua Carter, killed at Bloody Brook, 1675; Daniel Severance killed here, 1694; Martin and Joseph Kellogg, captains in Father Rasle's war, and Province interpreters to the Indians.

Allen place—Hannah Beaman, 1687; first known school dame; pupils attacked by Indians under Baron St. Castine, 1694; left estate by will to public schools.

Fort Hill, east of Unitarian parsonage—Bluff where stood the stronghold of the Pocumtucks, which was stormed and taken by the Mohawks, 1665.

Unitarian parsonage—Joseph Clesson, served in King William's and Queen Anne's wars; lieutenant in Father Rasle's war; captain in French war; died in service, 1753; son Matthew served in Father Rasle's war; lieutenant in last French war; died in service, 1756.

Cowles place—Ebenezer Hinsdale, 1738; chaplain and colonel in French wars; builder of Fort Hinsdale, and founder of the town of Hinsdale N. H.

Lydia Stebbins place—Nathaniel Sutcliffe, 1672; killed at Turners Falls, 1676.

This is Deerfield's day, one of the great days in the history of the most historic of western Massachusetts towns, and great because it is devoted to the fitting establishment of permanent memorials of the days of her trial and heroism. The work of her venerable historian is rounded out in the placing of the stones which shall indicate for time to come the exact sites of her most notable places and events, which he has largely devoted his life to making familiar to the present generation. Should the Pocumtuck Association carry no further its work of arousing an interest in the heroic deeds of the fathers, should it end to-day its attempt to place these events and the brave actors in them rightly and familiarly before the world, it would have grandly served the purpose of its founder, and richly justified all that has been expended of effort and money in its undertakings. Fortunately, it is not to-day reaching its completion. As town after town has felt the impulse of its memorializing and preserving spirit, there has developed a widening field for such endeavor. There are still memorials to be raised, and every stone erected offers suggestions of the good yet to be wrought.

Of the significance of the memorials dedicated to-day in the mother town of our region, there could be no better statement



than is contained in the report of the monument committee, in which a devoted daughter of the old families has set forth in remarkable comprehensiveness the signal facts of the tragic and romantic story of the town. It is not Deerfield's fortune alone, but that of every person everywhere, who has any care for the preservation of the old New England character, that these memorials are so fittingly presented. The sacrifices and the personal quality of the pioneers could not be forgotten without a positive loss to the present and the future. So it is that this is to be reckoned among the great days in the annals of the town and of New England.

The exercises began in the morning with fife and drum music by Hiram Willard and Albert M. Thompson of Greenfield. Prayer was offered by Rev. G. W. Solley, the chaplain of the day. George Sheldon, the venerable president of the Association, whose idea it was to have an Old Home Week, made a brief address of welcome, and turned the meeting over to Judge Francis M. Thompson, vice-president.

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#### ADDRESS BY JUDGE THOMPSON.

The commander-in-chief has bid you all welcome to the festivities of this "Old Home Week," in old Deerfield. I know that the welcome is sincere, and that "it is good to be here." I shall speak as a stranger, and not as an officer of this Association. We, of Greenfield, know what a welcome to old Deerfield means. It is a welcome to beautiful scenery, to happy homes, to good society, highly appreciative of art and literature, and to all the creature comforts which are good for man. Deerfield has been welcoming some one to the enjoyment of her garnered stores for many years. Before even the child was named, she welcomed the agents of Pynchon, in 1637, when they visited her to purchase succor for the starving settlers in Connecticut, and the Pocumtuck chiefs sent fifty canoe loads of corn to their relief. In 1666 she welcomed Lieutenant Fisher and the land hunters of Dedham, who coveted her rich lands. In 1707 she welcomed back Rev. John Williams, "The Redeemed Captive" upon "his return to Zion." In 1735 she welcomed Governor Belcher, the Colonial council, the committee



of the Legislature, many other fine gentlemen, and several hundred Indians of the Caughnawaga, St. Francis, Moheag, Scatacook and Housatonic tribes while they held a seven days' conference and negotiated a treaty of peace. From 1744 to 1760 when the strife was ended by the victory of Amherst at Montreal, she welcomed to this, the headquarters of the frontier, the officers and men who risked their lives in the struggle against Canada. In 1746 she welcomed Dr. Thomas Williams and his band of thirteen men who were sent out by John Hawks from Fort Massachusetts, to bring relief to his brave little garrison. Little they dreamed that they had marched unmolested within a few feet of the muzzles of the guns of seven hundred ambushed French and Indians. In 1755, she welcomed and entertained Col. Ephraim Williams, while he formed his regiment which was decimated at Lake George on the morning of "the bloody scout." In 1767 she met and welcomed her trespassing children from Greenfield, with pitchforks, rakes and cudgels, as they attempted to remove the hay from the disputed sequestered lands. But one hundred and fifty years later, Greenfield had her revenge, and perhaps Deerfield is not disconsolate. In 1775 she welcomed Benedict Arnold and entertained him at Frary house as he sped on his way hoping to surprise "Old Ti."

For thirty years the good people of the town have been welcoming the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, and freely providing entertainment fit for the gods; and now she bids all her children, uncles and aunts, welcome to the festivities of this happy occasion.

Let me take up a few minutes more of the precious hours of this day, as I bear, by their special request, a message from the women of Deerfield.

When I read the story of the many deeds of valor performed by the sturdy men of this Pocumtuck Valley, in their struggle for the possession of this beautiful land, I sometimes wonder if there were any women in those days; so little has been written concerning them, and of their lives, and so little credit has been given them for the important share they bore in laying broad and deep the foundations of our beloved Commonwealth. The writers in those early days seem not to have had the experience of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, who, being asked upon her return from a voyage around the world, "what kind of people she had seen" replied, "I met two kinds, Men and Women." I





think it better, on an occasion like this, that the old Roman maxim, "say nothing but good of the dead," should be paraphrased to, "speak nothing but good of woman, or keep silence."

But happily, in this case silence is not needed, for had one the eloquence of a Beecher, not half the due credit could be given to those mothers of old, who, perhaps when the mind and conscience were yet tender, moulded the thoughts of their sons to high ideals, and implanted therein the seeds of upright life which in after years made them strong to do a brave man's work in the world, and be of service to their day and generation.

The constant guard, the ranging of the forest trails, done by our fathers in summer's heat and winter's cold, the surprise and the fight with the ambushed foe, were not the only battles fought in this now happy valley, in those old days. By the ancient hearthstones, in the humble home, went on a struggle more fierce, more bitter, more heartrending than that known upon the battlefield, from day to day and in the silent watches of the night; where women bereft of their protectors, bravely did their work without complaint, even when loved ones were brought home the bleeding victims of some ambushed foe.

The bravest battle that was ever fought,  
Shall I tell you where and when?  
On the maps of the world you will find it not,  
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

The spirit of the generation in which they lived, is well expressed in Cromwell's declaration in regard to his army: "They had the fear of God before them, and made conscience of what they did." So with our New England mothers; they drilled and instilled into the minds of their sons and daughters the principles of piety, industry and frugality, the result of which has caused an able writer to say: "History has given us no record of a people so eminently intelligent, thrifty, energetic and frugal, who have submitted these qualities so absolutely to the control of a strong religious faith, and allowed the distinction between right and wrong, as they saw and felt it, to dominate every interest in life."

It is said that the lot of the woman in the olden time was hard, that "the woman's heart constantly longed for a kindlier and tenderer civilization, and, turning away from the stern days in which she lived, prayed that her children, in the years



to come, might find a better life and a gentler lot ;” and a Boston woman has been cruel enough to say that the women of those days “not only had to endure the same trials and hardships which the fathers did, but they also had to endure the fathers to boot.”

If those old mothers were anything, they were religious; they believed the Bible; they had full faith that what was written there meant what it said. They believed in the providences of God, and their faith gave them enduring courage.

One of the fathers departing one day on a journey to a distant field, took his long rifle from the rack, and starting for the door, his wife said, “My dear, why do you take that gun when you go out; don’t you know that the time and manner of your taking off was fixed from the beginning of the world, and that the rifle can’t vary the decree one hair’s breadth?” “That is true, my dear wife; I don’t take my rifle to *vary*, but to *execute* the decree. What if I should meet an Indian whose time had come, according to the decree, and I didn’t have my rifle with me?” The pious woman acknowledged her shortsightedness.

Since my active connection with our beloved society, I have had occasion to study the wonderful resources of the women of Deerfield. The shelves of our libraries, the pages of our periodicals and magazines, and our library tables, all attest the merit of the daughters of the old town in art and literature. The extensive and beautiful collection of handiwork now on exhibition at the Pratt Memorial, is a most wonderful confirmation of the recognized merit of the “Arts and Crafts” of the town, while the building itself is not only a deserved monument to a noble and beloved woman, but it is as well an enduring token of the loyalty of the women of Deerfield, who caused its erection. Neither can I forget the steady devotion of these women to the interests of our Association. I can well say, that the women of this generation are the worthy daughters of noble mothers.

Long before Samuel Hinsdale had turned the first sod in these fertile meadows, this had been the home of the Pocumtucks. Here their wily Sachems planned the subjugation of the Pequots, which they would have accomplished but for the intervention of the English. Near by stood their fort; they were swelled by their prowess and importance, and murdered



the embassy sent to them by the Mohawks. The Mohawks planned revenge. Secreting a large body of warriors upon Pine Hill, they made a furious attack upon the Pocumtuck fort. Routed, they withdrew across the meadow toward their ambushed friends, closely followed by the eager Pocumtucks, who fell into the trap set for them and suffered a crushing defeat. Comparatively few were left at the time of the coming of the English settlers.\*

The story of the tragic events which took place on this ground February 29, 1703-4 has often been told by abler pens than mine. I have to do with one actor in that scene, John Sheldon, a member of the first board of selectmen of Deerfield, and a principal man of the town.

On that fearful night, his house stood within the palisaded walls, and was one of the few so standing which was not destroyed. This, "The Old Indian House," being the largest in town, together with the meetinghouse was used as a depot for the collection of the captives, and their preparation for the march to Canada. Three of John Sheldon's children and his son's wife were captured, and his wife, Hannah, and one child killed.

On the 20th of December, 1704, Capt. John Livingston of Albany, John Sheldon and John Wells of Deerfield were commissioned by Governor Dudley to proceed to Canada and secure, if possible, the release of the captives. Hannah Belding, the mother of John Wells, was taken captive, but, unknown to her son, she had been killed upon the march.

Armed with conciliatory letters to Vaudreuil, the Governor of Canada, these brave men set forth in the middle of winter, in their journey by unknown paths, over Hoosac mountain and by the lakes, for Canada. Miss Baker has depicted in chaste and glowing words, in a paper upon the life of this John Sheldon, read before our society, the terrible hardships endured by these daring men. Three times did this noble man make this terrible journey to the frozen north for the rescue of his fellow townsmen, and he was instrumental in the return of Rev. John Williams and one hundred and twelve others from their savage bondage.

Through the blood of this old hero, mixed with the blood of

\* The story of the final catastrophe as read by some, differs slightly from the above. [EDITOR.]





Stebbins, Chapin, Arms and Hoyt, comes our honored president, George Sheldon, and it is in his honor that I am invited to speak. Like begets like. Deerfield owes great honor to the memory of old Ensign John Sheldon, and his virtues have been most charmingly inscribed upon the roll of fame. The people of the Connecticut valley owe to George Sheldon a debt of gratitude as deep as everlasting, for the great work he has accomplished in rescuing from oblivion so much of the story of the olden times. As the years roll on those who come after us will more and more appreciate the work of his hands. Practically his life has been spent in this labor of love. He has builded to himself a more enduring monument than granite, and more worthy the praises of men. By his enthusiasm Mr. Sheldon created a sentiment which demanded the publication of a reliable history of the old mother town of Deerfield. He instituted a systematic search for the necessary information; family traditions were sifted and compared, the records of the town, the courts, the churches, and the voluminous archives of the state were examined and transcribed with wonderful fidelity. The attics of old homesteads were searched, and old newspapers, old diaries, family letters, account books of business men and miscellaneous papers of all kinds sought out and examined; dates and statistics compared, and data from every conceivable source which bore upon the early history of the town, were made use of to complete the story of the upbuilding of Deerfield. His history of Deerfield is a most wonderful work.

Having had occasion recently to examine the records and files in the Massachusetts Archives, I was struck with the knowledge of the faithful manner in which Mr. Sheldon had covered the whole ground, leaving little for his successors to tell. None but a master hand could do the work, and no master hand has done better work in local history than George Sheldon. The work of all these years has been a labor of love, for it has been wholly without pecuniary reward, all the profits of the publication having been donated to the treasury of our Association.

The antiquarian collection in Memorial Hall is to a large extent the result of Mr. Sheldon's personal efforts.

When aided by others, it was work done under his inspiration. The financial interests of our Association have been admirably managed, and although almost without endowment, it is on solid ground, and well equipped for the work it is intended





to do. Mr. Sheldon has written many papers of great historic value, and some, which have been published in the three volumes of the Proceedings of our Association, have attracted the attention of celebrated antiquarians.

His work, and the success of his work, has added much to the celebrity of the old town, and the unique antiquarian collection at Memorial Hall, attracts the attention of many people from afar, who are surprised at its extent and value.

With a vivid conception of the high honor conferred upon me by the women of Deerfield, I take great pleasure in tendering to you, Mr. President, in their name, their deepest and most sincere thanks for the noble work which you have performed for the enduring good of the people of this grand old town, and to express for them, their love and devotion and the hope that your years may yet be many, and that you may fully realize that your labors have not been in vain, and that your work is fully appreciated by your fellow townsmen.

At the conclusion of Judge Thompson's remarks, there was singing by a choir under Charles H. Ashley. The report of the committee on memorial stones was then presented.

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## REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON MONUMENTS.

BY J. M. ARMS SHELDON.

It is fitting that this opening year of the twentieth century should set an indelible seal upon the worthy deeds of our fathers. We, as a people, are waking to the truth that it is our imperative duty to preserve the history of early New England life. And why is this duty imperative? Because the history of our forefathers, rightly interpreted is an inspiration to both young and old; because the present can be read clearly and intelligibly only by the light of the past; and, more than this, because it is only by preserving all that is pure and heroic in the past and the present that the future will be able to realize its largest and best possibilities. Therefore, it is not a matter of sentiment only, but it is the highest wisdom, in accordance with the most far-reaching utilitarian policy that leads us to engrave on enduring stone the annals of an earlier time.



For these reasons, we, to-day, pledge ourselves anew to guard well these ancient hearthstones, to protect these grand old trees, and to treasure the homely implements of husbandry and the household, the time-stained manuscripts, the relics of every kind that tell us of Pocumtuck and the Deerfield of old.

When we contemplate the events occurring in this town during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, a few pictures stand out in bold relief. Let us look at these in the order of their chronology that we may thus preserve the sequence of events from 1676 to 1788.

The first picture is of a lad of 16 years who in Philip's War was a soldier under Captain Turner at the Falls of Peskeompskut. Strong and clear-headed in battle, full of resources in extremest peril, Jonathan Wells may truly be called a "Boy Hero." No one can read his story without noting his "bravery and coolness when attacked; his knightly courtesy in stopping in his flight to rescue Belding; his thoughtfulness for those behind, and judgment in pleading with Captain Turner to keep his command in a body; his humanity in releasing his horse; his resignation when lying down to die; his forethought in putting out of the reach of the foe his powder horn and bullets; his courage in preparing for one more shot; his expedient for lighting a fire to keep off the insects; his self-possession in building a fire to lie down by after his narrow escape from being burned to death . . . his persistent care for his gun and ammunition; his ingenuity in saving himself when in the very jaws of the enemy; his fortitude under the discouragements by the way, and his expedients for overcoming them; his reverence and care for the dead at Bloody Brook. Here stand clearly revealed traits of the noblest character in a lad ripened to self-reliance by the exigencies of frontier life." As we shall learn later, the sequel of the boy's story was written in fire, February 29, 1703-4.

In 1695, nineteen years after the Falls Fight, Joseph Barnard, a public-spirited citizen, was serving Deerfield as town clerk. This was his eighth year in office. He had also been elected townsman in 1689, and a representative to the General Court in 1692 and 1693. Nineteen times he had acted as moderator in town meeting. Other important duties had devolved upon him. With Joshua Pomroy he had been sent to Ipswich in search of a minister for the "plantation," and his name appears on a pe-



tition to the General Court, "In y<sup>e</sup> name & behalf of y<sup>e</sup> Inhabitants of Dearfd."

On a summer morning in 1695, Barnard, with three companions, rode down the Street on horseback, sitting astride the bags of corn which was to be ground at Mill River, three miles away. At the house of Captain Jonathan Wells, whom as a boy we already know, they halted, for the captain was already out to greet them. "By some subtle and mysterious influence," says our historian, "Captain Wells, the commander of the town, had the night before been warned of impending danger from the Indians, and had passed a sleepless and watchful night in consequence. On seeing the mill party riding down the Street, he went out to stop them. He could give no substantial reason for his order. The bright morning sunshine may have weakened his nocturnal impressions, and seeing Mr. Barnard, whom he thought to be a prudent man, he let them go on. The stone at Indian Bridge, which we dedicate to-day tells the story of the tragic event that followed :

Joseph Barnard,  
Godfrey Nims, Henry White  
and Philip Mattoon,  
going to mill on horseback,  
were here fired upon  
by Indians in ambush

Aug. 21, 1695.

Barnard was mortally wounded  
and died Sept. 6.

He was the first Town Clerk and  
"A very vseful & helpful man in y<sup>e</sup> place."

These words of appreciation are quoted from a letter of John Pynchon, written September 13, seven days after the death of Joseph Barnard.

It is in honor of good citizenship that this memorial stone is erected by a descendant of Joseph Barnard, James M. Barnard of Boston, a gentleman who takes keen delight in advancing good causes.

In 1698, three years after Joseph Barnard was killed, William Arms, the first by the name in this country, came to Deerfield and built a house on the east corner lot at the south end of the Street. Here were born five sons (three of whom grew to manhood) and four daughters. Excepting the years from 1828 to 1841 that part of this old homestead on which the house





stood has been in the hands of the descendants who hold it to-day as a precious heirloom. The memorial stone marking this home lot bears the inscription :

Homestead of William Arms

1698

Founder of the

Arms Family in America.

This stone is erected by Mrs. Ellen Arms Sheldon and Miss Avice S. Arms, direct descendants of William Arms through his son Daniel.

We now come to the blackest page in the history of our old town. We shudder at the horror of that awful night of February 29, 1703-4. The tragic tale is well known to you all. Those within our borders have heard it from childhood, and strangers have learned it from their school books. You know of the little settlement of about 300 souls ; of the stealthy approach of the barbarous French and Indians across the river and meadows on our west ; of the ladder of drifted snow against the palisades ; of the sleeping sentinel ; the fiendish carnage ; the slaughter of infants ; the capture of 111 men, women and children ; the burning houses and the 48 left dead.

Amidst this wreckage of human homes and human hearts the sturdy house of Ensign John Sheldon stood firm—it would not yield, neither would it burn. A wave of sorrow sweeps over us when we are forced to accept the unwelcome truth that this resolute old veteran was ruthlessly laid low in 1848. But to-day we do all that is left us to do—we honor its memory and place a memorial with this inscription :

SITE OF THE

OLD INDIAN HOUSE

Built by Ensign John Sheldon, 1698.

It stood for 144 years

testifying to the tragedy of

Feb. 29, 1703-4.

Its stout door which kept at bay  
the French and Indians

is now safe in Memorial Hall

where its hatchet-hewn face

still tells the tale of

that fateful night.



Contributions to this stone have been received from Ellen Chase, Margaret Marshall, Anna C. Kenyon, S. Willard Saxton, Ellen L. Sheldon, John Sheldon and others.

Close by the Old Indian House on that dread night the magnificent pluck of our forefathers and foremothers was proving itself equal to the appalling emergency. Proudly we dedicate the stone which will tell to future generations this marvelous tale of valor :

Feb. 29, 1703-4.

The unfortified house of Benoni Stebbins,  
standing on this lot, was held by

"7 men, besides women and children"

for three hours

against the assault of 200 soldiers

and the wives of 140 Indians

under a French officer of the line.

Stebbins was killed

Mary Hoyt and one man wounded.

When forced to draw off

The French had lost their lieutenant

and the Indians their chief.

How we exult in this gallant defense of a mere handful of men and women against a horde of savages! Less brave souls would have said, "It is useless, it is folly to oppose Fate." Not so with our fathers. They were made of a different mettle, and the ring of that mettle resounds through time, quickening us, their descendants, to ceaseless and courageous action, as necessary in times of peace as of war.

Already the home of Rev. John Williams, the beloved pastor, "guide, counselor and friend," had been pillaged, two of his little ones murdered, and he with his wife and five children captured. Through the heartrending agony of these scenes, and of his long captivity in Canada, it may truly be said of John Williams that "By faith he endured as seeing Him who is invisible." On his return to Deerfield his people built him another house which—let us rejoice with exceeding great joy—is still standing. The memorial on the Williams homestead gives this interesting history :



This lot with a house 42 by 20  
was given by the settlers in 1686 to

Rev. John Williams  
the first settled minister.

Family captured and house burned  
by De Rouville, 1704.

Present house built in 1707 for

"The Redeemed Captive."

Here he died, 1729.

Erected by the  
Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association  
July 31, 1901.

Although "The Great Fort" was in the hands of the French and Indians, the fortified house or fort of Captain Jonathan Wells towards the south end of the Street, was not taken, and this served as a refuge for the survivors. The memorial stone is erected by the children of Deerfield in honor of the "Boy Hero" of Philip's War, and also to mark the site of the fort. The inscription reads thus:

Here stood the palisaded house  
of  
Captain Jonathan Wells  
to which those  
escaping the fury of the savages  
fled for safety, Feb. 29, 1703-4.  
Jonathan was the  
"Boy Hero of the Connecticut Valley"  
1676 and  
Commanded in the Meadow Fight,  
1704.  
Erected by  
The Children of Deerfield.  
1901.

It is peculiarly fitting that the enthusiasm of the youth of this old town which, be it said, reaches out beyond our territorial limits, should find lasting expression in a memorial stone; and who can tell what inspirations shall be born this day that shall lead to strong, efficient action in future years.

Only the silence that is too profound for spoken word can ad-



equately portray the scene when the beloved dead of that cruel massacre were laid to rest in yonder burial ground. Well nigh 200 years have passed since then. To-day the grassy mound is reared, and on its summit is placed the monumental stone, hewn from the very foundation rock of our valley. On one of the faces of this memorial are engraved the simple, impressive words :

The Dead of 1704.

On the opposite face :

The Grave of  
48 Men Women and  
Children, victims  
of the French and  
Indian Raid on  
Deerfield  
February 29, 1704.

The list of the slain includes the names of families that were prominent in the early history of New England, whose descendants have filled places of trust and honor in the state and nation. These names are Alexander, Boltwood, Carter, Catlin, Field, Frary, French, Hawks, Hoyt, Hinsdale, Ingersol, Kellogg, Mattoon, Nims, Price, Root, Sheldon, Smead, Smith, Stebbins, Wells, Williams. This monument is erected by Miss C. Alice Baker of Deerfield and Cambridge, a descendant of Joseph Catlin, one of the seven brave defenders of the Benoni Stebbins house, who, pursuing the enemy, was killed in the Meadow Fight, and was buried with the 48 in the common grave.

Scenes of utter woe must change—Nature has so decreed. The dauntless settlers in time picked up the broken threads of their lives, and again they sowed and reaped. In 1708 Ensign John Sheldon bought a home lot near the north end of the Street for his son John. Before 1743 the house now standing was built. It is indeed rare when a homestead remains in the possession of a family for nearly 200 years, and such a homestead, wherever found, deserves to be appropriately marked.

It is with the strong conviction that this memorial will help on the good cause of the preservation of ancestral homes that it is erected and engraved with this inscription :





Sheldon Homestead.

Bought by John Sheldon, 1708.

Handed down from sire to son  
to the present owner.

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Longest holding of any estate in  
Franklin County.

---

Erected 1901.

The pilgrim seeking historic landmarks, who pauses to read this inscription, will feel a deeper love for the home of his fathers, and a stronger desire to preserve that home from the hands of the spoiler.

Of the pre-Revolutionary families who occupied homesteads on Old Deerfield Street six still hold their ancestral acres. Of the 21 pre-Revolutionary houses now standing on the Street two are owned and occupied by the descendants of the builders. These are the homesteads of John Sheldon and Joseph Stebbins. Stebbins was a young man of twenty-five when Samuel Adams breathed into this American people the breath of a new life. It was a time when the question for prompt decision lay between righteous war and unrighteous peace. Though more than a century has passed we have not yet reached a stage in the evolutionary history of the race when arbitration, the cherished ideal of individuals, has become a national realization. The men of the Revolution knew that it is only by granting the largest freedom that the fullest development is possible. Therefore they fought till freedom was won for themselves and for us, their descendants.

As we walk toward the north end of the Old Street we pass on the right a bowlder upon which we read :

Liberty Pole

Planted here by the Patriots

July 29, 1774.

This appropriate bowlder was found and drawn to its present position by Edward J. Everett.

Nearly opposite is the homestead of Joseph Stebbins, a leader of the Patriots. His grand old house still stands in all its primitive simplicity—a spacious and restful home. How the blood



quickens in my veins as I read this tribute to my great grandfather :

Home of Joseph Stebbins  
born 1749, died 1816.  
A lover of liberty  
and a servant of his country.

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Lieutenant of Minute Men  
who marched on the Lexington alarm.  
Captain at the battle of Bunker Hill.  
Fought at Stillwater and Bemis Heights.  
He led a force of volunteers  
across the Hudson  
near Fort Miller and captured an outpost  
in the rear of Burgoyne.

---

Commissioned Colonel of Militia, 1788.

---

His descendants honor his memory  
and cherish his old home.

Mr. President, it is with gladness I submit this report. It is indeed fortunate that you who have lived, as you say, 200 years in Deerfield, who have written its history, and kept its best interests close to your heart, should be able with the coöperation of friends, of townspeople and "the children" to erect these memorial stones which shall hand down to generations yet unborn the name and the fame of dear, historic Old Deerfield.

Prof. Henry H. Barber was introduced and said in part: The Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association holds its Field Meeting this year in this old town of its inception and central historic interest. For several years past its summer meetings have been held at points that mark the sites of Indian fights or massacres at Northfield, Charlemont, Colrain, Greenfield or Turners Falls, where suitable memorial stones have from time to time been erected and dedicated.

To-day, the wishes and labors of this Society, and of its founder are fulfilled in the erection of monuments at points of special interest in this vicinity. The descendants of those who had part in the tragic scenes of the early days have loyally and generously joined to make this notable and permanent record, on the spots made historic by the brave deeds and bitter sufferings



of their ancestors. Yesterday's beautiful ride took us to the outlying places of early Indian fight or massacre, where we dedicated memorial stones, or visited anew the spots already dedicated to the memory of those who fell by slaughter or surprise. Now, we give a day in the midst of the delightful intercourse and associations of Home Week to the memories and inspirations connected with the monuments that have just been erected in this Street and its neighborhood. Their story has been adequately and beautifully told in our hearing this morning. As we dedicate these stones, we are summoned to the fellowship of heroic worth, and strenuous deeds of courage and sacrifice, and high service of our country and our time. These memorial tablets stand here to speak to us of manful work and womanly endurance in this valley long generations before we came. They will stand to tell the story of old-time enterprise, character and religious purpose to other generations after we are gone. May the lessons they teach be well learned by us; and, joined with the later lessons the instructive centuries are bringing, of a larger justice, a more enlightened faith, a humaner social and civic order, help to inspire us, and our posterity, for a sweeter and purer home life, a nobler ideal of social and political duty and a higher and truly Christian civilization.

After singing by the choir, the following eloquent historical address was given by Dr. Albert E. Winship of Boston.

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## POCUMTUCK VALLEY IN THE WORLD'S ARENA.

BY DR. ALBERT E. WINSHIP.

Nearly seventy years ago Edward Everett delivered his most oft-recited oration on such an occasion as this under the inspiration of Sugar Loaf. Other historical addresses were delivered occasionally up to 1870, since which time one generation has annually assembled in midsummer to kindle anew historic pride and patriotic devotion at the embers which have been so tenderly cherished by George Sheldon in his exhaustive and interesting "History of Deerfield." Thirty men suspected of being specialists or experts have fanned these embers in the morning, and more than 100 more brilliant orators have swung their flaming after-dinner torches, kindled by the morning effort. Thus, before and after the lunch baskets, for 30 years





some 200 men have talked upon the same subject, using the same material, expecting the same audience to appear to wonder and admire. These addresses have all been published and more or less read by the same persons who heard them. It is no enviable task assigned one to start a new generation of speeches with the same old generation of listeners, thereby setting the pace for a new century of celebrations with only one advantage. I am not a native of the valley and have never before attended these historical festivities.

A supreme demand which the twentieth century makes upon those who were unfortunate enough to pass the meridian of life in the nineteenth is that we shall appreciate the fact that every important event is a part of the movement that is eternal as well as universal. It took the Pocumtuck valley more than a century to realize its citizens were being scalped, its houses burned, and its crops laid waste for the amusement of kings and queens, of weak men and bad women in European courts who never so much as inquired whether there was such a valley on the face of the globe. Then it took more than another century for the valley to understand that it had any responsibility for the starving of *reconcentrados* or for the massacres by the Boxers. How can the century be more fittingly initiated into Pocumtuck mysteries than by studying the eternal and universal sweep of all important and local actions? Where can such a study be more appropriately suggested than in this loveliest of valleys, where a larger percentage of the population was killed or captured, and the homes and crops oftener destroyed than in any equal area in the New World? What people could furnish as good an illustration as your fathers, who were merely pawns for kings and queens, knights and bishops of the Old World, being massacred or taken into captivity until that noble hour in 1759, when they realized that their history had not been written upon Sugar Loaf, but in the Pyrenees; that their battle ground was not in the Pocumtuck valley, but on the Heights of Abraham. The world's progress is by the majestic strides of great events, which are largely the result of the impulse, the imitative spirit, or the purpose of peoples. Nothing is more irresistible than the impulsiveness of a peerless nation. From the time when the first Palm Sunday was soon followed by the crucifixion, by the change of the impulse of an intense people, to the day when the American Congress forgot



all partisan prejudices and sectional strife in one wild unanimous vote for the Cuban war, impulse has been a prominent factor in human history.

The imitative tendency of human nature is as uncontrollable as impulse. At the Twentieth Century Club, recently, a scholarly gentleman argued, with exhaustless data, that the proposed charter for Greater New York was all wrong because it introduced features not provided for in the original charter of London, granted by William the Conqueror in 1067. And this is but the exaggeration of what one finds continually in history and in some who are not as yet historic characters.

Occasionally one discovers a people that has moved between the dangers of impulse and the humiliation of imitators of the fathers, and such we find in the history of the Pocumtuck valley. The story of this people in 1670 and 1759 is one of the noblest exemplifications of exalted purpose in distinction from impulsive and imitative tendencies. The settlement of this valley was one of the most interesting in the experiences of American pioneers. The Connecticut valley was America's first attempt at expansion. The motives which have always actuated people in their expanding tendencies are rivalry, hope of better material conditions, religious dissensions, or some noble purpose. All of these in time inspired the English of Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay to expand into the Connecticut valley. Rivalry was the first cause of activity. There was not the slightest desire to go from the bay to the valley until, in 1633, some one brought word that the Dutch of New York had erected a fort on the west bank of the river, and then William Holmes of Plymouth could not sleep peacefully until he had framed a building, loaded it upon a sloop and sailed defiantly above the fort and established a trading post near Windsor. Soon it was reported that the valley lands were in striking contrast with the sands of Cape Cod, and in 1635, there were 60 men, women and children, with cattle and household goods on the move to Windsor in search of better material conditions for a home. It was only about 100 miles, and yet it took them 14 days, three times as long as it now takes to go to the Golden Gate. Of course their ideals of better condition required navigation, and the charming, fertile valleys above Holyoke had no interest for them. The church dissensions came to the assistance of the valley. There was a popular pastor



at Wethersfield who aroused much opposition in his own church, and possibly some jealousy in neighboring churches, so that in 1659 he had to leave his church, but many loyal men and more loyal women went with him, and braved the non-commercial conditions above navigation, and the beautiful valley was settled as far as, and in Hadley. Even now the lovely Pocumtuck valley had no charms. One man who had come into possession of 450 acres offered to sell it for six pence an acre, and agreed to take two-fifths of his pay in corn, and three-fifths in cows, but even this was no temptation. It remained unimproved until through complications resulting from the philanthropic purpose of the apostle John Eliot, 8000 acres came into the possession of the town of Dedham.

The friends who rallied about Eliot felt keenly the limitations at Roxbury and moved to Nonantum (Newton), and even here the conditions were not satisfactory and the Indian colony was removed to Natick. After a time Dedham claimed this as a part of their town and were unwilling that they should remain. An appeal to state authorities was taken and the decision made that Dedham should have in exchange 8000 acres in the Pocumtuck valley; an "artiste" was employed to come here and make a plan of the town with streets and farms, after which Dedham men drew lots for farms in the Pocumtuck valley, and, by 1675, 25 families had erected houses and barns and put in their crops. Friendship for the Indians had dictated the home-making of this people at Newton and Natick by the English, and now the resultant events have brought the English to Deerfield. Two hundred and fifty years have come and gone since those noble men, women and children, and all their belongings settled at Pocumtuck, and time and again were the houses burned by the merciless red man, and season after season were their crops destroyed by this same foe just as they were ready for harvest, leaving them more than once without seed for the next sowing, and yet never in 230 years have these men, their children and their children's children failed to maintain the beauty of Old Deerfield Street or to have pride in the work of that "artiste" in 1670. Scarcely has one line laid out by him been changed through eight generations.

Why should a settlement under such conditions have suffered more at the hands of the Indians than any other in all this broad land? Why could not these noble men and women have lived





as peacefully with the Indians they sought to befriend on the banks of the Pocumtuck as did the followers of Penn on the banks of the Delaware? Unfortunately Pocumtuck was the skirmish line, was the point nearest the Mohawks on the west and the French of Canada. The English unfortunately were the only rivals of France's political power in Europe and the French were the only rivals of England's commercial power in the Old World and the New. France held the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi valleys and looked with envious eyes upon every English colonist that dwelt in any valley near by.

In 1604, before either Jamestown or Plymouth was settled, the French king had made a grant to one of his subjects from the Atlantic to the farthest west of all lands between the points now occupied by Montreal and Philadelphia, but failures to settle it lost most of this region to the French and every new English settlement towards the north was fresh cause for grievance. The 25 families from Natick had not been in their new homes five years before their intrusion was resented and nearly half the families, all who had drawn lots on Old Deerfield Street, and near the center, were either killed or captured, their houses burned and their crops destroyed.

Two of the most significant Indian massacres must suffice to illustrate the way Pocumtuck figured in the world's arena. February 28, 1703-4, was one of those days which Whittier has immortalized in "Snow Bound." Three feet of snow had fallen the past few days and had gathered in great drifts about the houses and the fort, for which they expected no further use as they were at peace with all the Indians. Time and again in 30 years they had been forced from this beautiful valley and each time peace had been made with the Indians, but this was a permanent peace they thought. After a quiet evening in their homes the families had retired leaving one of the citizens, as was their wont, to patrol the streets more from habit than necessity, and in the fort, as usual, a few men slept by their muskets in case of need, a custom that they hoped soon to abandon. The next morning the 17 houses in the heart of the town were in ashes, 48 men and women were cold in death and 111 men, women and children were being marched through the snows and forests to a long captivity in Canada. Look out upon this lovely valley to-day, walk through beautiful Old Deerfield Street, the "artiste" laid out 230 years ago, draw





a picture of those quiet firesides on the night of February 28, 1703-4, and then as your blood curdles at the view of the scene at the dawning of another day ask yourselves why it happened. For that answer we must go back a long way, but first we may ask, Who did it? In that murderous band were 200 French soldiers and 140 Canadian Indians who were unacquainted with these colonists and without interest in them. War between France and England was inevitable, and as usual the French sought the assistance of the Indians, who could send terror into the hearts of the English colonists as no army of French soldiers could. The Indians wearied of these wars and hesitated, giving as an excuse that the French never joined them or did aught for them, but always sought their aid in their own distress. As an evidence of the fallacy of this the French offered to furnish the larger part of an army for a march whose object should be the securing of captives in large numbers for the Canadian Indians. Hardship? Yes, beyond description when we consider what such captivity meant. The story of those 111 captives, or as many of them as were not killed outright in that 32 days' march, is too blood curdling for such an hour as this. It is enough to say that the pastor of the Deerfield church, who, with most of his family, was among the captives, not only had his pet daughter separated from the family in captivity to rear children for an Indian in Canada, but saw her so enamored with that savage life that she positively refused to come back to him or to civilization.

Another horror of that captivity was the determination of the Indians to get a money ransom for these captives. The English were inexorable. Not one cent would they pay or allow to be paid. Take an incident, Mr. Arms, a respected citizen, was permitted to come from his Canadian captivity to Deerfield to secure the money for his ransom on condition that he should return if he did not get it. He walked into Deerfield with messages from their loved ones with the privilege of freedom, home and family if he could send back to them the price of his ransom, but his neighbors and nearest friends said "No," the town and the state said "No," and Mr. Arms, true to his word, bade his friends a sad adieu and returned to captivity. What a picture for men and angels to look upon. "Pay one dollar ransom and no woman or child will be safe from that minute.



Kidnapping will be the chief employment of the Indians. Go back to your captivity." Fathers would not pay one dollar for the ransom of a child. This eventually ended the Indian craze for captives. England was easily the commercial mistress of the world as France was as easily the political and military master. Each denied the prestige of the other without sacrificing aught of its own. France commanded the valleys of the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi. This advantage promised much commercially that was displeasing to England, but all that she dared suggest in view of Louis XIV's military power and political sagacity was that the Maritime Provinces were not in the valley of the St. Lawrence, and that the Ohio valley was not a part of the Mississippi.

While these issues were undetermined Charles II, the weak and vicious ruler of Spain, was about to die childless. By a move that was more brilliant than creditable Louis XIV attached Spain to France with all the military and commercial advantage which it carried with it. William, Prince of Orange, as his dying bequest, provided for a war between the two nations which should not end until the alliance between France and Spain was broken. It took ten long years, and New England was made to bleed incessantly all that time with everything to lose and nothing to gain. When at length the death of the claimant to the Spanish throne transferred Spain's alliance to Austria, the treaty of Utrecht was signed and the citizens of Deerfield were allowed to come back to these pleasant farms, rebuild their homes and live at peace with the Indians because the Pyrenees were once more a wall between France and Spain. Incidentally it is interesting to note that apparently the term "John Bull" was born at this time. A humorist drew a dazzling picture of Lord Strutt (Spain) being prepared for burial by his ancient enemy, Lewis Baboon, France's tailor, while his servant, Nick Frog (Holland and big foeman, John Bull) took a lively interest in the proceedings.

After this, wars came and went until the treaty of Aix la Chapelle (1748) was supposed to give permanent peace to the world. Instead it merely gave England an opportunity to force upon Louis XV, who was as weak as Louis XIV was strong, a war which he did not desire and for which he was wholly unprepared. Without warning, without a pretext of cause, England in 1751 captured more than 300 French vessels on the high



seas, confiscated more than \$5,000,000 worth of cargoes and impressed more than 10,000 sailors into the British naval service. She was having everything her own way until the women mixed in the affair. Madame Pompadour, beautiful and vile, the evil genius of Louis XV, had long been enraged because Frederick of Prussia—afterward “the Great” had applied a vile epithet to her, and she enlisted the friendship of Maria Theresa and Elizabeth of Russia, which led to an alliance against Frederick, whose sympathies were with England.

It is 150 years, almost to a day, since Joseph Pynchon, Josiah Dwight and John Ashley took dinner in Old Deerfield. They were delegates from the General Court at Boston to the Mohawk Indians to whom they were sent to insure peace in case of war between England and France. They conferred with the leading citizens as to what they should carry with them as a peace offering and as a result of the conference decided to purchase in the country store of Deerfield about \$25 worth of calico and garlic. With these they went on their way. The Indians accepted calico and garlic and shed no blood until opportunity offered, which came all too soon.

In less than three years war was at their doors and Governor William Shirley issued orders that a depot for military stores for the Northwest frontier should be at Deerfield. Northwest frontier? Think of it, ye much travelled people! What would the men of Oregon and Washington and Alaska think should they hear us say, almost within sound of the waves of the Atlantic, that this had been officially designated as the headquarters for the Northwest frontier! The most cruel of wars was developed. England soon saw that she had gone too far. Montcalm had won a great victory at Fort William Henry, and France, Russia and Saxony had raised an army large enough to paralyze even Pitt and Frederick. England practically withdrew from her alliance with Prussia and Frederick sought peace with France in 1757, but Madame Pompadour was inexorable and Frederick was forced in very desperation to hurl an army of 20,000 against one of 50,000, but he did it with such fierceness that with a loss of less than 400 men he slew 3,000, captured 7,000, together with much ordnance, and the whole face of Europe was changed. Pitt exclaimed when he heard of it:—“Yesterday I would have been content to see France humbled, but now I will see her lying in the dust.”





Now the colonies suddenly awoke. Stung to the quick by Montcalm's action at Fort William Henry and seeing that this time the defeat of France must mean her expulsion from the New World they rose in their might. That was an hour for the gods to look upon when the men of Deerfield, as of all the settlements of New England, decided to leave their wives and children to the mercy of the Indians with the protection of the youth, the aged and the invalids, and go to the very walls of Quebec and deal a fatal blow to Montcalm and to the French cause in America. Forty thousand strong they traversed the forests of Northern New England, and you know the story of that battle in 1759. It was the end.

America has made three moves on the chessboard of the ages. The first was in 1620, the second in 1759, the third in 1898.

Beautiful indeed for situation is Old Deerfield Street with its interlacing elms. The purple dawn has no cheerier welcome for Cape Ann or Cape Norm than the sweet caress of Deerfield waters. The angel of peace has no more tempting resting place than at the foot of Sugar Loaf, and yet for almost one hundred years she left the primeval forests and rich intervale to the god of war and to unholy devastation. For about one hundred years no man built a house or barn with assurance that it would not be a bonfire for the Indians, none sowed in the spring time without a suspicion that the red men would harvest it; none even went out of one door without a lurking dread that the foe might enter the other with a scalping knife. It was a lovely July morning that five men took sickle in one hand and musket in the other and went out into yonder meadows to harvest flax. They leaned their muskets against a stack of flax and went on with their reaping. On yonder hillside some alert savages were walking. They saw the situation, sped down to the meadow, crept along until they were between the men and their muskets, sprang out upon them, shot and scalped one and took the other four captives, but as one of these was lame and could not go fast enough to get beyond danger of recapture they shot and scalped him in the view of the other three whom they rushed off. All this at the general instigation of Montcalm, who in an official report to the French government, said with a glow of triumph, that he was making the Indians scatter the consternation and missives of war throughout the New England colonies.

What had the men who removed from Natick done to merit



all this? Nothing. Absolutely nothing. This settlement was merely a pawn upon the world's chessboard. The kings and queens, knights and bishops were in European courts, and the colonial pawns were moved forward for defense or surrender according to some man or woman in European court circles. Cromwell decided upon some policy and the tomahawk was the response. The Stuart dynasty was set aside and the scalping knife in the Pocumtuck valley was given a keener edge. Charles II was about to die childless, and hundreds of mothers in the colonies must live childless. Madame Pompadour was living a disreputable life at the French court and virtuous girls were taken into captivity by conscienceless savages. Even the little country grocery store up yonder sold \$25 worth of calico and garlic 150 years ago because Pitt was goading the British government to take advantage of the voluptuousness and weakness of the French court.

All this changed in 1759, when literally every able bodied man, who was not of the Catholic faith, left all for one great effort against the French at Quebec. From that hour the colonists prepared to say to England and to all the rest of Europe, "Henceforth we make our own moves." Until that hour America had been dominated by Europe, from that hour she was practically independent, though it required the strenuous war of the Revolution to convince Europe of the fact. Incidentally it is interesting to note that France that had been her bane for a century became her ally, without whose timely assistance the issues of war might have been doubtful. Such is always the chance of war. From that day until 1898, America maintained her entire independence of European affairs.

Suddenly, as if by magic, borne on the wings of impulse, America entered the world's arena and there she will remain for good or ill, and henceforth there will be no political, financial, industrial or commercial crisis on the globe in which America will not be a prominent if not a controlling factor. Far be it from me, who am neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, to venture to foretell the consequences to the United States or to the world, of the new life upon which we have entered, nor is this the occasion to venture a Yankee guess, but it is interesting to trace the history of the Pocumtuck valley from the day when the friends of John Eliot, moved on at the pleasure of Dedham, hired an "artiste" to lay out the village



and draw lots for their houses, through the generation of massacre and captivity to the hour, when, with righteous indignation they ignored the Indians and struck a fatal blow at Montcalm and the French cause in America; interesting to follow the celebrations accompanying the placing of tablets and memorials to mark the cruel events for which Europe was responsible; fascinating to look out upon and contemplate the possibilities of the Pocumtuck valley in its relation to the industry and commerce, the civilization and Christianity from the farthest east to the farthest west.

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### JONATHAN WELLS MONUMENT DEDICATED.

A pleasing feature of the afternoon was the procession of about 100 children to the Jonathan Wells memorial, marching to the music of a drum and fife and led by the marshall of the day and his assistant on horseback. Hundreds of people followed the procession. On arriving at the monument, the children sang, to "America," the following ode by George Sheldon:

Hero of tender age  
High on historic page  
Thy name we write.  
Of old when through the land  
Ran dread of torch and brand,  
With Turner's valiant band  
Dared thou the fight.

Wisdom beyond thy years  
On storied page appears  
Attained by few.  
In manhood's prime thy fame  
Glow's like a brilliant flame  
And gilds a noble name  
With honors due.

As slowly furled life's sails  
Stood thou with balanced scales  
To justice wed.  
With civic honors crowned,  
Rest at four-score was found  
In our Old Burial Ground  
With kindred dead.



We come to mark the site  
Where on that fatal night  
The helpless fled;  
Home of a hero brave,  
Strong were thy gates to save,  
Thy name which here we grave  
For aye be read.

The exercises in connection with the dedication of the memorial stone erected to the memory of Jonathan Wells, were of special interest, from the fact that the children of the town raised the money for the stone, and one of their number, Jonathan P. Ashley, gave a report, telling how the money was provided. The monument cost \$60.33. The sum of \$55 was secured by an entertainment, and \$20.40 by subscription.

A ballad by Eleanor M. Arms was sung by Mary Field Fuller.

The following address was given by Mrs. Mary P. Wells Smith:—

IN MEMORIAM—JONATHAN WELLS.

As we stand here to-day, under Deerfield's grand old trees, some of which shone red in the glare of the burning homes of 1704, their young branches quivering to Indian war whoop and the screams of the terror-stricken settlers, whose brave remnant fled to this spot for refuge, we may well believe that the little company clustered around this stone stands not alone. The summer breeze whispering in the elms has a certain solemn significance as we feel about us the unseen presence of those who here so bravely lived and died, and who, even amid the joys that the heart of man has not imagined, cannot be wholly unmindful of the pious reverence of their descendants.

Why should the children of Deerfield erect a memorial stone to Jonathan Wells? What do we know of this man whose body so long ago returned to its native earth in Deerfield's old burying ground, and why do we call him a hero?

First, he unmistakably possessed in large measure that chief essential of a hero's character, bravery. A boy of only sixteen, lame from a partly healed wound, yet he volunteered with the forces under Capt. Turner, marching 20 miles in the night through an unknown, unbroken wilderness, to attack a superior number of the much dreaded savage foe. Another quality of





the genuine hero was his, a great and tender heart that could sacrifice itself for others. His impulses were noble. It is in great emergencies that a man's true nature is revealed. Wounded, fleeing, yet fighting as he fled, amid the panic-stricken crowd he drew rein, risking his own slender chance of escape, to take up on his wounded horse his boy friend, Stephen Belding. It is pleasant to note in genealogical records, often so rich in hints of romance, the marriage in after years of Stephen to his friend's younger sister, Mary Wells. Jonathan's tender thoughtfulness is shown when, despairing of regaining home himself, he released his horse, hoping thus to save the poor beast's life. We are glad to know that the wounded horse found its way safely back to Hadley. Again, when half fainting, suffering incredible torture, dragging himself painfully along by inches, Jonathan yet stopped to bury the head which some wild beast had dug out from the tragic mound under Wequamp's shadow.

Another of our hero's traits must have been an indomitable will and persistence; otherwise his body would have fallen somewhere in the wilderness, unknown and uncared for, a prey to ravages of wild beast and bird, and his name have been simply one more in the list of the dead, slain at Turners Falls, merely a name, with no savor of individuality or meaning, after all these 226 years with their many happenings that have passed since that battle day. Indeed, the almost incredible story of the brave struggle of the sorely wounded boy to reach home through an unknown region, still in all its primeval wildness save for the blackened cellar holes marking the vain attempt to settle this fertile Pocumtuck valley, is one of the most striking among the many "Tragedies of the Wilderness" marking the early history of our country. Familiar to me from earliest childhood, often recounted by my father, it is not strange that a drive through the pleasant Greenfield Meadows, when

I hie me away to the woodland scene,  
Where wanders the stream with waters green.

is quite prone to bring Jonathan Wells to mind.

That fairy music I never hear,  
Nor gaze on those waters, so green and clear,  
And mark them winding away from sight,



Darkened with shade or flashing with light,  
While o'er them the vine to its thicket clings,  
And the zephyr stoops to freshen his wings,

without seeing in fancy the pathetic figure of the wounded boy struggling alone along the river's bank. Our Green River is not Bryant's Green River, as I loved to think in childhood; but it will be forever associated with this early story of the heroic Puritan boy.

Especially as the road begins to descend the steep hillside towards the bridge near the Eunice Williams' monument, crossing the river where that pitiful band of captives forded the wintry stream in 1704, does Jonathan Wells come to mind, because this must have been the critical turning point in his wanderings, the scene of his remarkable dream, the spot where, as the quaint old narrative recounts, he, having "followd y<sup>e</sup> Green river up to y<sup>e</sup> place called y<sup>e</sup> Country Farms & passd over Green river & attemptd to go up y<sup>e</sup> mountain, as he assend'd the hill he fainted & fell from his horse."—"At length he grew so weak y<sup>t</sup> he c<sup>d</sup> not get upon his horse & concluded he must dye there himself & so pitying his horse he dismissd him." This is the first point where the western mountain bends in towards the river, becoming the river bank, and must have been the scene of the dream, one of those wonderful visions beyond human explanation, which makes us realize how close lies the surrounding spirit world to this visible world of flesh and blood. As the old narrative says—"when asleep, he dreamt y<sup>t</sup> his grandfather came to him & told him he was lost, but y<sup>t</sup> he must go down y<sup>t</sup> river till he came to the end of the mountain & then turn away upon y<sup>e</sup> plain & y<sup>t</sup> was the way home." Following the advice of this dream, he succeeded at last in reaching home.

Fancy brings before us the pathetic picture of the wounded, famished boy as he slowly limped through the desolate ruins of Pocumtuck settlement. The sun had sunk behind the Shelburne hills. In the gathering shadows of the silent evening the densely wooded steep of Mt. Pocumtuck loomed up above him grand and wild, in the dim light seeming not unlike some huge monster couched beside the way. Past blackened cellar holes, where the scorched skeletons of trees stretched out their bare, black arms threateningly above him, the pale, suffering boy hobbled on, alone in this deserted, gloomy spot, alone in the vast surrounding wilderness; the croaking of frogs in the



swamps, the snarl of wild beast or moan of pines borne by the evening wind from the mountain side only making more keen his sense of utter desolation and forlornness.

His arrival at Hadley was followed by years of acutest suffering, which only a strong inherited store of vitality enabled him to survive. The old narrative tells us, "He lay lame under Dr. Locke for some time, and was under Mrs. Allen and Mr. Buckley [in Connecticut] four years and two months in all; he lay at one time half a year in one spot on a bed, without being turned once, or once taken out; often dispaired of his life." Hadley had no resident physician. Dr. Locke, who had come with Capt. Lothrop and his troops, only remained one year. It was probably at his departure, that Jonathan was taken to Hartford, Connecticut for the medical care so greatly needed. Mrs. Allen was a forerunner of the women doctors of to-day. Judd says, "At the close of Philip's War, the Council of Conn. allowed Mrs. Allyn 20 lbs. for attending and curing sick and wounded soldiers." Hadley's old town records give us glimpses of Jonathan's history at this period. In March 1677, it was "voted that the Towne doe approve of what the Townsmen Ingaged for Jonathan Wells as to the cure of his wound. In case the Countrie do not paie the same." In January 1681, appears this record:

"Mr Jonathan Gilbert of Hartford claimed of this Town to the value of 11 pounds odd moneys or thereabouts expended upon maintaining of Jonathan Wells, a wounded man, in the time of his cure of his wounds, the which the Towne considering and concluding some care remains upon them about the said matter, notwithstanding what is allowed by our Honored General Court"—it was voted that "the accounts of said debt be viewed by Left. Smith or Sam'l Partrigg, one or both, and what they find legal and just to be paid said Gilbert." The town had previously voted that in case any person "goeing up to the fall fight against the enemie should come to real damage & expence in person & estate, he should, if the Countrie fail of paiment, be paid by the Towne." Jonathan's expenses in illness were a just due from the town in return for his valiant service.

Little did Jonathan dream, as, in despair, he hobbled down the grassy Indian trail where now runs Deerfield Street, that seven years later, restored once more to life and activity, he





was to return here with the permanent settlement, here to live an honored, useful and prominent citizen for fifty-seven years, serving the town in both civil and military affairs, notably as Captain of the militia. All through those troubled times, the name of Captain Jonathan Wells constantly appears on the town records, prominent in all the alarms so often befalling this beleaguered frontier settlement. In February, 1704, as military commander of the town, he led in pursuit the remnant of Deerfield men, and the thirty who had hurried up from Hadley and Hatfield when the smoke and blaze of burning buildings to the north gave notice of Deerfield's calamity. To his picketed house, standing on this spot marked by this stone to-day, fled the women and children escaped from Benoni Stebbins' house and other survivors, as out of the palisade's north gate marched the little band of 45 men led by Capt. Wells, to make one desperate effort in face of overwhelmingly superior numbers of the enemy, to rescue their wives, children, pastor and friends. They gave hot chase to the French and Indians, slaying many. When about a mile and a half above Deerfield, Capt. Wells, who had not forgotten the reverses following the battle of Turners Falls, knowing the vast superiority of the enemy's forces, ordered a retreat. The excited men did not heed the order, but pressed on, to be ambushed by a fresh body of Indians lying in wait for them on the river bank. The men, though spent and breathless from the ardor of their pursuit, showed that courage in face of superior numbers, which indicates a cool, brave leader, retreating in good order, facing about and firing as they went.

In spite of his early wound and prolonged suffering, his frequent exposure in later years in Indian battle and skirmish, his many journeys through the wilderness as representative to the General Court at Boston, Capt. Wells lived to the ripe age of eighty, his body resting peacefully at last in the old burying ground, his memory and story an abiding influence all up and down the Connecticut valley, but especially here in his old Deerfield home. To-day we have striking evidence of the reverence for his memory here, where he would especially love to be remembered, when the children of Deerfield proudly dedicate this stone erected by their own efforts, to the boy hero of long ago. To-day, children, you are not called upon like young Jonathan Wells to serve in the train band, to walk the



Street under the stars in the night-watch, to fight Indians, or risk your lives in battle. But there is still room and need to-day for all the qualities that adorned his character. You can still be, like him, "tender and trusty and true." If, like him, you cherish high ideals, if you are filled with a spirit of heroic courage, of helpfulness, of self-sacrifice and devotion, this twentieth century will furnish you ample opportunity for the exercise of all these high qualities. There are still giants and dragons to be slain,—“The cause that needs assistance, the wrongs that need resistance,” still cry aloud for the hero spirit. In erecting this stone, you have done a most fitting and beautiful act, giving us strong reason to hope that when those—shall I not rather say, when he, who has done so much to preserve the history of Deerfield and all this region, the priceless traditions, customs and memories, of the olden time, shall rest from his labors, others will arise from among the children of his loved Deerfield to continue those labors and preserve their fruits.

In this audience must be many descendants from the old Wells family, collateral relatives of Jonathan. His father, Thomas Wells, one of the engagers who settled Hadley, had thirteen children, of whom ten were sons. From him are descended most of the Wellses not only in our vicinity or in Massachusetts, but largely the Wellses scattered all over our land. Wellses have played an honourable part in the country's history, from the time of Jonathan down. The old Puritan stock was good stock, none better, and it has left a deep and lasting impress on our nation. Proud of our Puritan ancestors, let us, as in years to come we gaze upon the memorial stones here erected to-day in memory of their worthy deeds and lives, hope to be not unworthy of these brave, faithful forefathers and foremothers. Let these stones be perpetual reminders pointing to the upward path, the higher life.

Read, sweet, how others strove,  
Till we are stouter;  
What they renounced,  
Till we are less afraid;  
How many times they bore  
The faithful witness,  
Till we are helped,  
As if a kingdom cared!

Read then of faith  
That shone above the fagot;



Clear strains of hymn  
 The river could not drown;  
 Brave names of men  
 And celestial women,  
 Passed out of record  
 Into renown!

President Sheldon, in opening the afternoon exercises on the village green, said he had rashly promised in the morning to be here 25 years hence, and therefore he found it necessary to save himself and rely on the help of others. He then introduced H. C. Parsons as the presiding officer. Mr. Parsons, in taking the chair, said that the usual fortune in regard to the failure of speakers to be present had been experienced. Letters of regret at inability to be present were read by Prof. Barber from two men of national reputation, Senator George F. Hoar and Gen. Rufus Saxton.

"Committee on the Judiciary,  
 United States Senate,  
 Washington, D. C.

Mar. 15, 1901.

My dear Mr. Sheldon:

I cannot think of anything in this world more attractive than the thought of visiting Old Deerfield Street, and seeing the elms and the old houses, and more especially and above all of seeing the Deerfield people and hearing the old stories. I cannot now say what my engagements will be at the time. So I must ask you to permit me to postpone an answer until the time draws near.

I am faithfully yours,  
 Geo. F. Hoar."

"Worcester, Mass., July 17, 1901.

My dear Mr. Sheldon:

I am very sorry that it is unlikely that I can attend the field meeting of your Association. You may be quite sure that, if I can, I shall do so, without money and without price, and be abundantly compensated by the delight of seeing the people in the old town. I have made in my lifetime a good many pilgrimages there, simply for the pleasure of going through Deerfield Street, and generally taking in Hadley on the way.

But I have been laid up in bed for about a week, and am still under the doctor's care. He is quite peremptory in his orders that I keep absolutely quiet. There is not much the matter with me, but I have had no vacation since the autumn of 1899, and during that time I have been through a great deal of hard work and a great deal of anxiety, which for me is worse than hard work. So I have been obliged to refuse some very attractive invitations for the next two or three weeks, and have given up pretty much everything that can be called work.

If, when the time approaches, it should turn out that I can go up and



listen to what other people say, I should like very much to do it, but I cannot undertake to speak,

I am, with high regard, faithfully yours,  
Geo. F. Hoar."

"Intervale, N. H., July 16.

My dear Mr. Sheldon:

Thank you for your kind and thoughtful note which with its enclosures brings to mind countless memories of boyhood in the fair fields of Deerfield, where I toiled and grew to manhood, where mountains, hill, valley, woodland, meadow, brook and bird were photographed on my brain.

The lists of names too, contains those who were comrades, friends, and sweethearts. I was christened in the old brick church where Dr. Willard preached a pure and liberal gospel, and I was present when Edward Everett dedicated the monument at Bloody Brook to the "Flower of Essex," in an oration of matchless power, eloquence and beauty.

I regret extremely that circumstances prevent my wife and I from accepting the hospitalities of Mrs. Sheldon and yourself. If I could consult my own inclinations, nothing would give me more satisfaction than to make a pious pilgrimage to my old home, reviving there dear and hallowed memories. But especially would it bring an exaltation of the spirit to recall the heroic days of the early settlers—the sturdy men and the tender women, who not only braved the hardships and perils of the untrodden wilderness but also conquered in the conflicts of the soul with loneliness, homesickness, exile, disease, and death.

Yet from all this what grand results were achieved—fertile valley redeemed from stern nature, a community of settlers, self reliant, resourceful, courageous, who laid the foundations of a broad and intelligent civilization.

Fit themes, these men and women for song and story, and their deeds to be 'gathered into History's Sacred Urn.'

Cordially your friend,  
Rufus Saxton."

A letter from Joseph Stebbins, written from the constitutional convention of Virginia, expressed his wish that he might be present to meet the descendants of those who at great peril had planted the settlements. Dr. Henry D. Holton of Brattleboro was called upon for a short speech. Rev. Frank Pratt followed Dr. Holton. He obeyed the injunction of Mr. Parsons not to be dull or uninteresting. Prof. Barber responded briefly. Dr. Edward Hitchcock of Amherst made a rattling speech in the first part, and then paid a grateful tribute to the memory of Luther B. Lincoln, an old-time principal of Deerfield Academy. Dr. A. E. Winship was introduced as being at his best in after-dinner speeches. Rev. Dr. George E. Piper of Northfield was called upon as a representative of the historical enthusiasm of his town. Rev. E. P. Pressey of Montague contributed a few





words, and then called out Charles Barnard of New York, a descendant of Joseph Barnard of colonial days, who said that the motto of the Barnards is "The truth without fear," and he said he would proceed to illustrate it by reporting some things he had heard that morning of great historical importance. He was at the Memorial Hall, looking at the old door of the Indian house, when a young man and young woman came in, and the fellow told the girl that he was in the old house when the Indians made their attack on it. Mr. Barnard questioned the young man, who said that he was upstairs when the attack began, that he rushed downstairs with a kodak, and saw an Indian's gun muzzle coming through the door. He pulled on the muzzle, and the Indian came in, all but his moccasins. He went out and saw the captain of the French forces, who was about to kill him. The young man took a snap shot of the Frenchman, with the consequence that the latter fell dead. He telephoned the *Springfield Republican* to send up a reporter to write up a story, but instead the *New York Journal* was called up by mistake, which sent up a full force of writers and artists and had the thing in print before it had happened. He picked up a frog out of a bog, and put it on the head of a wounded man, who immediately got well on being treated with Pond's Extract. The Indians rode off in their automobiles for Montreal. But the Frenchmen stayed to bury the man killed by the snap shot. They talked French with the *Journal* reporter, who talked back so rank that they all fell dead in ranks. Thereupon the brass cockerel crowed three times, and has been crowing for Deerfield ever since. This valuable bit of history, overlooked by Mr. Sheldon in the mass of historical material which he has had to sift, was received with great applause.

Rev. Lyndon A. Crawford spoke first in a jovial vein, and then urged the gathering together of the splendid spirit of the fathers, and that it be poured into the coming years. Let us believe that Deerfield has a future as well as a past. He had been very much pleased to see a baby in Deerfield, for he had been afraid there were not going to be any more, and he was still afraid it might prove by accident to have been born in New York or Chicago. We want to see more energetic life here, he said. These monuments will mean a great deal in the instruction of the rising generation.

Prof. Grosvenor of Amherst College made one of the best



speeches of the afternoon. He claimed some relationship with Deerfield, for his first ancestor in this country had been tomahawked, and one of his daughters married one of the sons of Deerfield. He paid a fine tribute to Mr. Sheldon for his work as an historian. He said it had been his privilege to study many histories of New England towns, all instinct with battle and struggle of the early years. But he did not know one that showed the broad, comprehensive research that characterized the work of Mr. Sheldon. If I was a member of the school committee here I would make it my study to see that the young people of Deerfield knew about this history. There was something grand about the way the settlers came into this wilderness. They heard the voice of long ago saying, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord," and they did prepare the way of civilization, of a broader religion at a time when men were bound by iron creeds; they prepared the way of modern knowledge and freedom. I wonder what some of these great men of old would say could they come back and look down on us. I believe that the splendid vine of years ago has brought forth good fruit. As I reverence the past I reverence the present. The men of to-day are true to their lineage.

Rev. George W. Solley of Deerfield was the last speaker. He spoke in an optimistic vein of the future of Deerfield. The work is going on, and will go on in Deerfield for the next 25 centuries. Babies? Yes, there will be thousands of them. We have got the best possible sort of young people here to-day. These commemorations are having their impression on our children. My little boy was disappointed down in the thicket yesterday because the Indians did not come out. I am glad I came to Deerfield. It has been a delightful place to live in. I shall be glad to be near our historian, Mr. Sheldon, and thus have the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association with me for six months in the year. What Deerfield sets out to do she always accomplishes.

The meeting closed by three cheers for Mr. Sheldon, led by Mr. Saxton.



## THE EXHIBITIONS OF PAINTINGS.

One who knows Deerfield is quite used to the habit of the place of doing original and attractive things socially, and the success of Home Week has been no sort of surprise. It has been a picturesque occasion all the way; with its processions of the historic ride and of the children, with its speaking on the village green beneath the elms and buttonwoods; with its rambling people, women without hats and in gay, light summer gowns, making lively the wide, shaded streets, the green, the yards and the fields. The treasures of Memorial Hall have been visited and there have been sundry social features.

The special art exhibit at the studio of Augustus Vincent Tack on the Whiting place, is of much interest and value because of several of Mr. Tack's recent portraits, and landscapes by George Spencer Fuller, son of the great artist George Fuller, and some others. Mr. Tack, whose two portraits of George Sheldon the historian, have made his power in portraiture known, this year exhibits his painting of Cardinal Gibbons, one of Col. Thomas W. Higginson, one of Elizabeth, the little daughter of Spencer Fuller, a sketch of a young girl, Betty, some drawings and his remarkable portrait of his wife, George Fuller's daughter, besides a "Moonrise" and another landscape. The portrait of Mrs. Tack is one of extraordinary charm, the unusual and poetic beauty of the countenance being rendered not merely with skill of technic, which Mr. Tack possesses in high degree, but with an imaginative thought which gives the canvas a place with that work which lasts—with the work of Reynolds and Lawrence and Romney. The whole treatment of the accessories, the tone of the gown, the lace, the background, these make a simple and serious harmony which satisfies the eye. The portraits of Col. Higginson and Cardinal Gibbons have each their own interest, but the delightful picture of little Elizabeth is one that the visitor dwells on longest. It is a really ideal picture of childhood, "moving about in worlds not realized," as Wordsworth says in his great ideal poem of the child.

Spencer Fuller, like his father, is both farmer and painter, and also like him, he is working out in his own way his own mode of expression. It was on the farm at The Bars that George Fuller found himself. The schools had failed him, and





yet he had a restless genius which demanded expression. Here he found it by communion with Nature, and developed those marvelous veiled idealizations which have placed him at the head of American art as our greatest painter. No one can possibly imitate or copy his unique work. It would have been impossible to gather here for Deerfield's Home Week even a few of the great paintings which have placed him among the immortals. The "Nydia," "The Romany Girl," "Lorette," "Winifred Dysart," "And She Was a Witch!" "The Herb Gatherer," "The Turkey Pasture," "The Girl With a Calf"—these and others are treasures of public or private galleries. But in the studio at The Bars are grouped some family portraits which were opened to the public to-day, and which include a lovely portrait of his wife—who to-day retains the beauty which distinguished her when she was Agnes Higginson; and other family portraits. Besides, there were to be seen photographic reproductions of several of his paintings. The old house whose north side he transformed into a lofty studio is in itself of much interest, and his palettes hanging on the walls, the ancient clock and the great fireplace, the easels, and all those appurtenances of the artist's occupation, give to this room a fascination which belongs to the home of a great genius.

To return to the exhibit at Mr. Tack's studio, and to Spencer Fuller's beautiful winter landscape, which would undoubtedly make a serious impression if shown in New York or in Boston. The son's work in no respect recalls his father's, and he can stand upon his own merits in this fine rendering of the winter day, as one looks upon a winding country road in a young forest,—surveying from a higher plain the long, sinuous trail, seen in the tender roseate-golden light of the sun. The scene is infused with delicate and subtle magic, and the sky lifts from the woodland in that gentle beauty which belongs to the moment. This landscape, showing him in his character as lover of and familiar with Nature, as well as painter, warrants Mr. Fuller's calling of artist. Besides, one should notice in this exhibit the excellent pastels of J. Wells Champney. His copy of Giovanni Bellini's portrait of a young Venetian noble is one of the most competent interpretations that have been made of the very spirit of the renaissance artist. The treatment of the high patrician features and the curiously dressed hair could not



be excelled in technical excellence. His copy of the "Daughter of Louis XIV" is very genial and clever. Besides these, there are still life pictures by Miss Lane, a landscape by Miss Eleanor M. Arms and some others. There should also be mentioned an agreeable example of the skill as miniaturist of Mrs. Marie Champney Humphreys, in the portrait of her father in the village room, with the arts and crafts exhibit.

The picture of the meetinghouse in Deerfield, built in the early days, is from a photograph by the Misses Allen of a painting by Mrs. Eels, elaborated from the sketch of some unknown artist. The old meetinghouse stood on the village green, and behind it may be seen the so-called "Indian House," which, built about 1698, was torn down in 1848, the town then losing an inestimable historic monument. There are now but few who remember the house, but its door, with the marks of the Indian tomahawks which cut the hole through which the shot was fired that killed the wife of Ensign John Sheldon in the destructive assault of 1704, is in the museum of Memorial Hall, and as Josiah D. Canning wrote in his poem other towns may boast of various treasures, but as for Deerfield:

She has the Door of History,—here's the One.

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## EXHIBITION OF THE ARTS AND CRAFTS IN THE MARTHA PRATT MEMORIAL.

Deerfield once again exemplified her claim as an art center to be a serious one by the brilliant show of local handicrafts in the Village Room. Here are gathered a display of objects of decorative art that a much larger community might feel a pride in showing; all products of the village people, and all made in the year that has passed since the last exhibit of work. In standard of merit it ranks favorably with the large shows of city Arts and Crafts societies, which draw upon large areas for contributions, and in variety, also, it is equally noteworthy. To bring together such excellent examples of the use of wood, iron, metals, enamels and semi-precious stones, of basketry, of embroidery and kindred materials, is an achievement that marks the movement toward a wider artistic appreciation and



capacity that has lately become evident in America. It is not too much to say that Deerfield has become a considerable factor in the progress of art in this country. The spirit of fellowship in aim, which only makes such results possible, is shown in the fact that these yearly exhibitions in the town are under no formal management. Deerfield has no organized "society of arts and crafts" to control and encumber the individuality of the craftsmen, but with mutual helpfulness the producers unite to display their best, animated with a single desire to keep the standard high.

The work of Mrs. Madeline Yale Wynne and Miss Annie C. Putnam in metals is as different as possible from that shown by them last year, but since such is what they have taught the public to expect of their work, it occasions no surprise. Mrs. Wynne has taken to setting stones, —opals, moonstones and common pebbles,—with unique success. Here are brooches and clasps, made of silver, with pendants of milky opals and clear moonstones forming strange and unexpected designs; a buckle with blue and green enamels surrounding an opal which shows those iridescent hues; another of red-bronze copper, holding a pebble from Monterey beach; one of gray-toned copper and pink enamel that defines a charming design of single turquoises; a brooch of silver, with orange and ruby-colored opals from Mexico, hanging on little silver chains, and still another, whose pendant is formed of a single water-stone. There are but two bowls in Mrs. Wynne's collection this year, one of silver, of a very pleasing shape, and the other, made of copper, mottled and streaked with darker color, like a strange shell, is supported upon three legs. The most original example of Mrs. Wynne's work is a small box, dull blue and green and bronze in color, bearing on its lid an inset ornament of silver, the design being a rabbit, in the moon, surrounded by flowers, set with moonstones; the corner pieces of the box are oxidized metal, set with dull green pebbles. On the inside of the lid the legend which the device illustrates is carved. Miss Putnam's work, very different in style, light and fantastic in design often, is equally interesting. She shows a hairpin of silver enameled with delicate turquoise hues that run into ruby by a delicate gradation, fashioned in a flower form; a charming stock-fastener, with hanging pendants, ornamented with many-colored enamels; a large silver belt buckle bearing a design of





coyotes against a suggested landscape that is a beautiful harmony of blue and green enamels, and a belt and bag of wine-colored leather, ornamented by many devices of highly decorative fishes done in copper.

The bride's chest of oak and soft wood made by Edwin C. Thorn and Caleb Allen, and decorated in low relief by Dr. Thorn, with old iron hinges matched by the village blacksmith with iron draw-handles and key-plate, occupies the place of honor in front of the chimney. It is a beautiful specimen of true craft, made in the same spirit of honest thoroughness that belonged to the maker of the chest now in the Memorial Hall of Deerfield, in the style of which this chest is made; standing squarely on its strong supports, with a drawer that slides as though it were on oiled runners, with a heavy lid, and admirable ornamentation. It is one of the most successful specimens of work in the exhibit. Close beside it are a splint bottomed chair and small square stand, both made of cherry, the latter article showing how bits of several broken pieces of old furniture may be remodeled into pleasing shape, and these are also the work of Dr. Thorn. In the same class is a hanging smoker's cabinet of two drawers admirably made of cherry, which is sent by Caleb Allen. Over the chest, depending from the ceiling, is a wrought-iron lantern designed and made by the blacksmith, Cornelius Kelley. This is boldly simple in form, without ornament, but so well proportioned and excellently true in workmanship that it is satisfactory to the eye.

In quite another sort of material, but kindred in aim, is the work of the basket-makers, the associated group who work in palm leaf. With them perfection is not too high a goal, and the exquisite nicety of their plaiting is worth study, while the shapes they evolve in their little and big baskets, trays and cases, from the simple material, is testimony to their ingenuity. With them this year are shown for the first time some experiments in other basket materials; reed baskets in the old-fashioned shapes that are associated in our minds with mending stockings or doing patchwork; flat flower baskets copied from those peculiar to the Fayal islanders, made by Miss Sarah and Miss Catherine Wells, and raffia baskets, strong in color, daring in shape and altogether interesting, which are contributed by Mrs. Wynne, Miss Miller, Miss Whiting and Miss Brown.

The rugs this year are of considerable variety and show what





skill and a sense of color can make out of the ordinary rag-carpeting of our foremothers; it is a large exhibit. The display of the Blue and White Society is varied and fresh. A bedspread in blues is a careful reproduction of one worked by Keturah Baldwin of Dorset, Vt., about 1750, which was burned last year; the society possessed a drawing of it and as an act of pious duty has made this copy, lest so beautiful a design should cease to exist. A bold excursion into colors is shown in a three-fold screen loaned by its owner, Mrs. C. C. Furbush of Greenfield, which shows the tree of life springing on the central panel from a grassy field of flowers, which with its spreading floral branches forms the top and bottom decoration of the side panels; this is executed in blues and greens, so combined as often to produce a peacock hue, pink and orange colors with a great variety of textures produced by the different stitches employed. For the bookcase is shown a set of curtains on coarse gray crash, decorated with flower baskets in several colors. A table square with a blue design of bachelor's buttons according to the curious conventions of the colonial period, another of shells in colors, a "bleeding heart" design for a sofa pillow, a good variety of center-pieces and doilies, a number of quaint sampler designs in cross-stitch, complete a large show of this society. Each worker of the society is represented by a piece of embroidery bearing her name, to show how even is the excellence of the several craftswomen.

Closely allied to both art and craftsmanship, as photography now is, the work of Miss Frances Allen and Miss Mary Allen and of Miss Coleman would be equally at home in this room or next door to the small gallery of paintings which Mr. Tack has hung in his studio. The Misses Allen use their camera in the same spirit with which a painter uses his brush, and their sense of composition, of the dramatic moment, is as eminent a qualification for their art as for his. How greatly they improve in their craft is shown by their present exhibit of new work. Here are groups of portraits which are character studies, of figure compositions that are pictures, and of landscapes that are poetic. The extraordinary picture of a coming "Storm on the North Meadows," where the black sky throws a row of cornstacks into almost tragic relief; the fortunate flower studies, particularly of blooming laurel bushes in the fresh early sunlight of spring; the single figure of a little girl sewing in a porch corner,



which is full of old-fashioned sobriety ; the remarkable series of character pictures which they call "Miss Fidelia's Story," that is full of New England humor ; the portrait of a woman in her grandmother's wedding gown, and that head of a little dark-skinned boy in profile, are all brilliant examples of the variety of their artistic perceptions. Miss Emma L. Coleman, exhibits only a small number of her photographs, but these are of high quality. The subjects are chosen in the South, except for two views of the Niagara Rapids, which are remarkable pictures and beautiful studies of light and shade ; the negro pictures are also full of character, particularly that of an old woman in a turban walking over plowed ground ; another is of a single figure of a woman hoeing ; there are two groups of pickaninnies that are delightfully conceived. One seldom sees photographs of negroes that are so dignified, one may even say respectful, in treatment ; this trait, so conspicuous in Miss Coleman's pictures, forms a very component part of the merit of her work as art. Best of all her contribution is the magnificent portrait of a turkey gobbler, with every feather spread to the sun ; it is full of color and life.

Clarence Hoyt, the Boston architect, has sent in as a contribution from a son of Deerfield, three drawings of buildings he has lately designed, the most important being a handsome high school for Georgetown, Mass., recently finished. This exhibit is particularly appropriate to the village room, which Mr. Hoyt designed, and which was built by his father, Horatio Hoyt, a lifelong resident of the Street.

In one of the showcases is placed a miniature by Mrs. Marie Champney Humphreys—an admirable portrait of her artist father, J. Wells Champney. It is the one which has attracted much favorable comment in larger exhibitions, and would have been put in Mr. Tack's studio if the delicate nature of the painting had not made protection necessary.

By way of these interesting pictures the distance between handiwork and literature is deftly bridged. Thus we find a reason beyond that of commendable pride in two books by Deerfield authors which have been printed since the exhibit two years ago, when a dozen volumes were shown. These books are Mrs. Elizabeth W. Champney's beautifully illustrated "Romance of the Feudal Châteaux," which was recently published by the Putnams ; and the monograph on "Claystones," which Mrs. Jennie Arms Sheldon brought out



last winter. In connection with the latter volume a showcase displays a small collection of Mrs. Sheldon's concretions to show what Deerfield itself, unaided by the arts or crafts of man, can produce.

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## REPORT OF THREE DEERFIELD EVENINGS.

One evening Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Ashley opened their pleasant home for a musical. They were assisted by Mrs. Rogers, Miss Orr and Miss Cowles. The following programme was rendered :

BOLERO, . . . . . Moszkowski  
Mrs. Ashley, Miss Orr.

SONG,  
Mrs. Rogers.

Duo, Andante from C major Concerto, . . . Beethoven  
Miss Orr, Mrs. Ashley.

SONG,  
Mrs. Rogers.

"TANNHAEUSER" overture, . . . . . Wagner  
Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. Ashley, Miss Orr, Miss Cowles.

Among the pleasant occasions of the most delightful week that ever has come to Old Deerfield was the reception given by Mrs. Elizabeth Williams Champney to all Deerfield and its many guests. The avenues to this charming home, where Judge Williams lived, were lighted by many Chinese lanterns. The gracious hostess received her guests at the door, while the daughter of artistic fame, Mrs. Marie Humphreys, had a kindly greeting for all within.

The charm of the evening was when Mrs. Madeline Yale Wynne was asked by Mrs. Champney to say a few words. With great grace of manner and wonderful clearness of voice and enunciation she said :

"Nature is very subtle and clever at the Crafts, but when she made the laurel leaf she herself was surprised at its beauty. Never before had such a satisfactory green come from her dye-pot,—a color that would not fade in summer's heat or winter's





snow. And the texture of the leaf was to her liking. She said: 'This bush must be dedicated to the highest of purposes. It shall not grow tall enough to yield mast for ship, or beam for house, or frame for church; neither shall the limbs so spread as to become a shade for the street; nor shall the verdure serve as food for cattle. The blossoms shall be of exquisite shape, and in their abundance shall be as a torrent of pink down the mountain side, and its leaves shall be woven into wreaths for the hero.' In Deerfield, Nature waited long for a hero to her mind. She was not willing to crown the Red man, for she liked not his ways, nor would she give the crown to our ancestors, whose praises we have sung to-day, for their ways were not the ways of Peace. She waited for one to come who was to be a link between the Past and the Future, who should select all that was admirable from out the Past, that it might become an inspiration to the Future. And so it is that I stand here to-night with this laurel wreath in my hand, with which to crown the hero of this day—the Hon. George Sheldon. In his absence I give it to Mrs. Sheldon, who not only represents him here to-night, but who in all his honorable work is his most able and loving coadjutor." The receptions in Deerfield are charming in their novelty, and this was no exception.

The hum of many voices, like the waves of a singing sea, ceased when Mrs. Champney announced that her guest, Mr. Charles Barnard of New York, would repeat a story he told her once, and it was the funniest she ever heard. With a very severe manner Mr. Barnard, who called everybody cousin that spent that week in Deerfield, told the story of a man, retired from business with a fortune, who promised his wife that she should have anything she wished. The model husband heard her request, made with great simplicity, for she asked a seeming impossibility. She wished a house with the sun in every room, morning and afternoon. Architects of renown were sought, but all failed to satisfy this grasping woman. The amiable husband at last evolved a plan for her gratification. He saw a house near a railroad which had failed and was no longer used. He took his wife to see the prize, and he told her he had evolved a solar system so novel but unique that at last she could have the sun in every room. With the trust of woman, she simply believed her lord and master, and the house was bought. Time fails to tell how this man accomplished the



impossible, but Mr. Barnard told us how this genius of a man gratified his wife. It is a conundrum which the reader may guess. If this man had only been born in Deerfield, a stone would have been erected to his memory by the aspiring wives of to-day, who would worship his character.

The festivities of Deerfield's "Home Week" culminated with the "Barn Party" of Hon. and Mrs. George Sheldon on Thursday evening. Everybody between the ages of 17 and 97 was invited to "come promptly without frills or trains," and everybody came. The long barn floor was swept, and garnished with forest greens; the long scaffold and hay terraced bay were transformed into balconies, locomotive headlights and Japanese lanterns lit up the scene; and Deerfield's old and young, with multitudes of her returned children and visitors, crowded this new Sheldonian theatre, or overflowed the lawn where music and moonlight lent enchantment to the perfect night.

Various old-time songs were announced during the evening, "The Old Oaken Bucket" and "Auld Lang Syne" were well rendered by a quartette under the charge of Mr. Ashley. Then came a charming Scotch ballad, sung by Mrs. George Spencer Fuller, so sweet in word and tone it was entrancing.

The singing of "The Sword of Bunker Hill" by the sympathetic voice of Mr. Hough roused the whole audience and made the hero blood tingle as the notes rolled up through the loft to heaven.

Soon after eight o'clock the familiar strains of Si Ball's violin were heard. The floor was soon cleared for dancing, and Mrs. Sheldon led off in the Virginia reel. Hull's Victory, Money Musk, Speed the Plow, etc., followed, and in contra dances, inspired by the music of the violins, the merry feet flew:

The pastor, the deacon, the proud one, the meek one,  
All merrily joined in the brisk promenade,—

Then the big barn doors at the back opened, and martial music was heard; down the long aisle, thickly fringed with evergreen and vine, swept a column in scarlet and gold, marched out under the lanterns and the moon to the illuminated orchard. Our minds were filled with wonder, what surprise could come next! Then came surprise number two, in the shape of a most grateful entertainment of refreshing nature, and young men and maidens brought it to the elders seated in the loft, who were served first,—a relic of ancient day custom.



The music on the lawn, and the full moon above the noble trees, joined with the many delightful associations of the week to make the occasion one to be long remembered. Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon were happy with their guests in the unbroken success of the social and historical function they so largely planned, and have been unwearied in carrying out; and when at eleven o'clock, "Home, Sweet Home" was sung, all present joined in it with a deep sense that something very beautiful and inspiring had come into their lives.

But pleasures must end, and with the singing of "Home, Sweet Home," adieus were said to the host and hostess. We walked down the shaded streets by the light of the glorious moon, and entered into dreamland with visions and memories that time can never efface. Who will not say after this week of weeks, that Old Deerfield is a paradise!



## ANNUAL MEETING—1902.

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### REPORT.

The annual meeting of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association was held at Deerfield yesterday afternoon and evening. The business meeting was held in the old kitchen in Memorial Hall. Vice-president F. M. Thompson presided in the absence of the president, George Sheldon. After the business meeting there were short papers read on Rev. P. V. Finch and Solon L. Newton by Rev. J. D. Reid and S. O. Lamb of Greenfield. The exercises of the evening were held in the town hall. Rev. R. E. Birks offered the invocation and the old fashioned choir, under the lead of Charles H. Ashley, sang old-time tunes and songs. Miss C. Alice Baker of Boston read the first paper on "The Story of Joseph Fry, a Kittery captive, carried to Canada in 1694-5." These officers were elected at the business meeting :

President, George Sheldon of Deerfield.

Vice-presidents, Francis M. Thompson of Greenfield ; C. Alice Baker of Boston.

Recording secretary, Margaret Miller of Deerfield.

Corresponding secretary, Mary Elizabeth Stebbins of Deerfield.

Treasurer, John Sheldon of Greenfield.

Councilors, Charles Jones, Robert Childs, Edward A. Hawks, Samuel Childs, Laura B. Wells, Madeline Yale Wynne, Spencer Fuller, all of Deerfield ; Emma L. Coleman, and Herbert C. Watson, of Boston ; Rev. G. W. Solley of Dorchester ; Samuel O. Lamb, H. C. Parsons, Caroline C. Furbush, E. A. Newcomb and Mrs. Ellen L. Sheldon, all of Greenfield.

The report of the curator, George Sheldon, showed receipts from admission to the hall, sale of books and pictures, \$273. The register shows that 2365 persons visited the hall during the year, coming from all over the United States, from the British Isles, most of the European countries, and even from China.





"It is not supposed," says the report, "that *all* the visitors left home with the purpose of visiting the collections in the museum." There have been added during the year 150 titles to the library, among them being valuable town and family histories. The library shelves are overcrowded, and it is recommended that provision be made for securing additional quarters. The report pays a tribute to Solon L. Newton of Greenfield, who, although not a member of the Association, had taken an interest in its work and left a large share of his collection to the Association. It speaks feelingly of the death of Rev. P. V. Finch, who was "one of us from the start," and on the list of the first five councilors. Appreciative mention is made of a set of broom-making machinery given to the Association by the late Albert Smith of Riverside. In closing, Mr. Sheldon alludes to the crowded condition of the hall and expresses the hope that something will be done to relieve the congested condition.

The report of John Sheldon, treasurer, showed that the total receipts had been \$544 for the year and expenses \$228. The balance on hand is \$2103.

A committee was appointed to make provision for the extension of the collections, and to provide quarters for the caretaker, who has always occupied a part of the building. It is likely that a house will be built east of the Hall for the caretaker. Then the northwest wing of the present building can be devoted to displaying the collections. One room will probably be set apart for the collection given to the Association by Solon L. Newton of Greenfield. The committee consists of the president, vice-presidents, secretary, treasurer, and S. O. Lamb.

A committee consisting of Judge Thompson, E. A. Newcomb, Spencer Fuller, and W. L. Harris with power to enlarge their number, was chosen to plan for a field day. No arrangements have yet been made as to where the field meeting shall be held.

S. O. Lamb read the following tribute to the late S. L. Newton:

#### SKETCH OF SOLON L. NEWTON.

Solon L. Newton was born in Greenfield, March 9, 1841. With the exception of several years in the city of Holyoke, in the service of his brother as bookkeeper, he lived all his life in Greenfield. He died June 27, 1901. In his last will and testa-



ment he remembered the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association in a manner which deserves something more than a mere passing acknowledgment.

He was the youngest of seven sons of the late James Newton, a man of estimable character and sterling worth. His brothers, except one who died at the age of 16, have occupied various positions, all responsible and many of more than ordinary importance and responsibility in social, economic and business circles. I do not propose to speak further of them on this occasion.

My acquaintance with Solon L. Newton began in the days of his boyhood and continued to the day of his death. His character as a youth was marked by that regard for precision, accuracy and dignity which distinguished it in later years. When asked his age, he invariably with the same accent and emphasis gave his full name with a statement of his age. He retained this habit of full, accurate and dignified expression in all the social relations and business transactions of life.

It was my fortune to take part with him at different times in matters, some of them of much importance, including the management and settlement of the estate of his father and mother, in all of which he displayed the most careful attention to details, regard for method and fullness and accuracy of statement, with entire dignity of deportment.

He was not an ambitious man, he was not an enterprising man, he never sought position or preferment. He was a quiet, self-possessed, conscientious man, seeking for no great thing to do, but aiming to do faithfully and well such work as came to his hands.

Two prominent features in the character of Mr. Newton, both arising from the same source, deserve particular mention. One was his passion, I think it may be properly styled passion, for and his industry in the collection of old fashioned furniture and domestic utensils of every description. In this respect his zeal and enthusiasm show a feeling near akin to devotion in the best sense of the term. And his taste, judgment and success are well attested by the generous bequest above mentioned, to the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association.

Another, and perhaps the most distinguishing feature of the character of Mr. Newton was his intense and undeviating devotion to the Second Congregational Church and Society of Green-



field. This sprang partly no doubt from his early training, but mainly from his own deep and strong religious convictions. He devoutly believed in the doctrines of the church and gave freely of his time, labor and substance to promote its interest and extend its influence. The bequest in his will shows that his care for the church did not cease with this mortal life. For some years he served the church as its clerk, and his name will ever retain its place in the list of its most faithful, competent and worthy members.

The legacies given by Mr. Newton to the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions, the Home Missionary Society and the Seaman's Friend Society, show that his interest in and sympathy with Christian work were not confined within narrow limits, but extended to all the world.

Rev. J. D. Reid of Greenfield than gave a study of the life of the late P. V. Finch.

### THE REV. P. VOORHEES FINCH.

In the death of the Rev. Peter Voorhees Finch which took place the 3d of May, 1901, the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association lost one of its first members, whose name has been associated with its history since the earliest days of its organization.

Mr. Finch was born the 19th of March, 1835, at Shrewsbury, New Jersey. He graduated from Burlington College, New Jersey, in 1854, when he had the honor of making the Greek oration. From the same institution, in 1858, he received his master's degree. In 1860, he was further honored by Trinity College. In the years 1855, 1856, he was a clerk in the Metropolitan Bank of New York City. He then entered the General Theological Seminary, from which he was graduated in 1859. On the 4th of July of that year, he took the order of deacon, being ordained to that office in Trinity Church, New York, by the Right Rev. Horatio Potter, then Bishop of New York. He received ordination to the priesthood at the hands of Bishop Williams of Connecticut, on the 3d of July, 1860. His residence for the following three years and a half was in Connecticut, but for part of that time he was chaplain of the 16th Connecticut Volunteers, and saw much real service in the field and under fire. He was present at the battles of Antietam and





Fredericksburg. He came to Greenfield in late December, 1863, and supplied the pulpit of St. James Church from Christmas until Easter of the following spring, when he became rector of the parish. Here he stayed until October, 1871. He then went to Pittsburg to become rector of St. John's Church in that city. In 1873 he made another remove, this time to Denver, and for the next six years he was rector of St. John's Church there. The year 1879 saw him back in Greenfield, once more installed as rector of St. James, and here he stayed until the end. The renewal of an old pastorate is an experiment seldom made; and still more seldom does it prove successful when made. But in this case the unexpected happened. That the result was so entirely fortunate is highly creditable to both rector and parish.

By this record it appears that for a period of over forty years, including an absence of eight years, Mr. Finch made his home in New England. As we have seen, he was not a New Englander by birth. But there can be no doubt that he became one by adoption and affinity. That is a very good plan to follow. Better late than never. I have seen a young man of unimpeachable New England antecedents, who himself had been educated in Boston and was thoroughly imbued with the New England spirit, refused membership in the New England Society of a far western state, because he happened to have been born in Ohio. To his huge disgust he had to stand by and see the coveted privilege to which he had thus been declared ineligible, bestowed on a youth of French-Canadian parentage, who knew no more of New England traditions than he did of the Elgin Marbles, for the very sufficient reason that his parents had migrated to New Hampshire shortly before his birth, so that he had first opened his eyes among the hills of that indubitably New England state.

By long years of endearing association Mr. Finch made this beautiful region of the Connecticut and Deerfield valleys his home. Here the most enthusiastic and vigorous years of his still youthful manhood were passed. And hither he returned to garner the full sheaf of his matured wisdom and experience.

Mr. Finch married Miss Harriet Bronson of Hartford, in that city, the 28th of April, 1864. Mrs. Finch is now living in Greenfield. Of the three children born of this marriage, one survives: Dr. Edward Bronson Finch of New York city.



To his activities as rector of St. James, Mr. Finch added those of a public spirited citizen and of a nature that included a wide range of interests. In 1865 he was chosen as one of the school committee, and for twelve consecutive years, beginning in 1880, he held the same position. He was a Mason and in the circles of that order he held honorable and influential posts.

He was P. M. E. High Priest of Franklin R. A. Chapter; Past Thrice Illustrious Master of Titus Strong Council, R. & S. Masters; Past Eminent Commander of the Connecticut Valley Commandery; Grand Prelate of the Grand Commandery of Knights Templars of Massachusetts and Rhode Island; and at the time of his death he was Worshipful Master in Republican Lodge, A. F. and A. M., Greenfield.

He was an interested member of the Fortnightly Club of Greenfield, and in the last year of his life he was the president of that society.

His bent for historical matters appears in his connection with the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association. He was one of its first councilors, an office to which he was elected many times. At different times he served as vice-president. At field meetings he occasionally acted as president of the day. On various occasions he read papers and gave addresses before the Association. These contributions were always welcome, and always interesting.

Like the poet, the after-dinner speaker is born, not made. Mr. Finch had this gift, and his good nature in accepting the invitations that frequently came to him to exercise it, made it a source of great pleasure to those who had the good fortune to hear him. He was exceedingly happy and entertaining as a public speaker, and on occasions when speaking was the order of the day he was sure to be in demand.

Looked on as a whole this life that we are considering was a very even life, and a very transparent one. Such a life, I take it, is worth more than the generality of those that present more striking contrasts and conspicuous traits. It means so much as a quiet, unobtrusive influence for good; an influence imperceptibly diffused, as it were, throughout the circle of its acquaintance. It is not a slight achievement just to live for over a generation in one village and win and hold the respect and affection of the community. Another country parson who had lived in and near Greenfield a matter of forty years, was



driving along one of our beautiful roads one day with a friend from another place, who was visiting him. A party of picnickers at a little distance to one side of the road, recognized the minister as he passed, and hats were raised and handkerchiefs waved in salute. The greeting was returned, and as they left the party behind, this minister turned to his guest and said: "I can't tell who those people were, but it seems they all know me. I tell you it's a dreadful thing to live forty years in one place. You can't be wicked, if you want to."

Now in the guise of a jest, that expresses a bit of shrewd and profound wisdom. The test of the years is a test of character, and it is the most searching test to which one can be put. He who stands it is as gold tried by the fire. And how revealing of the true measure of human and spiritual values is such a test. It shows as clear as noonday how infinitely worth more than anything that a man does or can do is the man himself. In himself, and not in any performance of his, is summed up both his inherent worth and his worth as an influence on the lives he has touched.

It was Mr. Finch's distinction that he met this supreme test and that it set upon him the ineffaceable stamp of a worth and genuineness which cannot be counterfeited.

In all the relations of his life and of his calling he bore himself with credit. He was the good shepherd of his flock, and the good friend of all who came in contact with him. To be good and do good was as natural for him as it is for the grass to grow. He knew how to rejoice with them that rejoice, and to weep with them that weep. He was a man of large public spirit, sterling common sense and broadly tolerant vision and attitude. He believed thoroughly that his way was for him the right way, but he never sought to impose his way on others against their will and judgment. He was a man of moderate and sensible views, absolutely devoid of fanaticism. He had an ample flow of good spirits, and an unfailing sense of humor which, properly balanced, as it was in him, is a sure mark of mental and moral soundness. His exhaustless fund of anecdotes and pleasantry made him at all times an entertaining converser and a congenial companion.

It was in his personal bearing that the true quality of the man was revealed. In his case surely the style was the man. It has been said of him that he was "a gentleman of the old





school." As that expression is usually meant, it fitted him very well. But to speak precisely, it was not an apt characterization. A gentleman of the old school, and especially a clergyman of the old school, was a personage to be dreaded. He did not bring joy with him, but rather clouds of darkness. His bearing and conversation were such as to cause an immediate drop of the barometer in the atmosphere surcharged with his portentous presence. Were a clergyman strictly of the old school to appear among us to-day, doubtless we should hail him as an object of curious interest. But as far as the ordinary intercourse of life is concerned, we should presently find it expedient to avoid him as much as possible. Quite the reverse of this awe-inspiring type was Mr. Finch. He had none of that stiffness, that preternatural gravity, that demeanor as of a peripatetic judgment-day. He met all alike with quiet dignity, a tact that disarmed suspicion, and unaffected sincerity that put one at one's ease, a gentleness that had nothing of the effeminate in it, a kindliness that was not forced, and a grace of self-possession at the farthest remove from assurance, that would instantly have made him at home in any circle, from the humblest to the most exalted.

Equally was he removed from all the various sorts of attitudinizing, mannerisms, and professional airs that characterize certain modern types of clergymen. He was not flippant. He did not belittle himself or his office. He indulged in none of the kinds of familiarity that breed contempt. The ingratiating manner was utterly foreign to his nature. He did not stoop to make bids for a cheap popularity. As Kipling says of Lord Roberts, "He did not advertise." His greeting had in it no taint of artificiality, no pompousness, no supernal gush. You did not have to be on your guard with him against that abominable mixture of condescending amiability and pious palaver which comes from, I know not where, and serves, I know not what purpose, save to make the now happily diminishing number of those who affect it, the shiny objects of a kind of regard that no right-minded person in his senses would for a moment tolerate.

He kept always the golden mean. He neither protested too much, nor was he of the churlish manner of those who are so fearful lest their dignity be called in question, that, watch-dog fashion, they mount perpetual guard over it. He was natural,





easy, cordial. He met you in frank, human fashion, and on a worthy level of humanity. In a word, his bearing was always that of a man and a gentleman; and this did not belie his inmost nature.

"The place thereof shall know it no more," is not a true word concerning any human life that has had real meaning, that has been a real life. There are men, it may be, who come and go like shadows. They have no substance, no presence, no personality, no vital human touch. They are apparitions, phenomena, not warm living personalities. No mere brilliance of achievement can save them from their fate.

But of such as these was not our friend. Rather was he of the company of those who, whether they be widely known or not, yet wherever they are known are known. We feel the presence while it is in our midst. We miss the presence withdrawn. And then again we do not miss it; for in a finer, truer sense it cannot be withdrawn.

No one, susceptible to a great personal influence, can visit Mt. Vernon and not feel that somehow the mighty dead still inhabits there. A great spirit broods over the place and hallows it. You go there and you speak with hushed voice and walk as in a waking dream. Thus potent is a real human presence to perpetuate itself. And lesser lives, so they too be real, do in their measure share this potentiality. And so every community becomes in a sense a shrine of the departed. We speak of the burying-ground as the "city of the dead." But the true earthly city of those we call dead is the place where they lived and wrought and loved and suffered and achieved. I went to Concord and visited the tomb of Emerson. But he was not there. He never had been there. Then I was permitted to visit his home, his library; and there I found him. They who have wrought themselves into the life of a community, live on in that life.

There are those whose forms grow to seem as truly landmarks as the rocks and hills. To call to mind the scenes amid which they lived is to call them to mind. They are as much a part of the landscape, as really help to make it, as the elms that gave them shade. Those out of whom virtue went while they walked the village streets do not, cannot so pass away, but that they still walk those streets with us who remain.

To the many who knew and loved him our friend is not dead; he is not even away. Being dead, he yet speaketh.



And for our own speaking, we may best end it so :

His life was gentle, and the elements  
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up  
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

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## JOSEPH FRY OF KITTERY, MAINE.

BY C. ALICE BAKER.

That this story may have its proper setting, we must go back for a moment, to Devonshire in old England. There, on the records of Dartmouth\* Mr. Alexander Shapleigh appears, as a merchant of Kingsweare, a town on the river Dart, directly opposite Dartmouth.

In that part of Kingsweare known as Kittery Point, there still stands, as it stood in 1620, the manor house of the Shapleigh family. At that period, Alexander Shapleigh was profitably dispatching ships with merchandise to Lisbon, to Newfoundland and a little later to New England.

In 1635, James Treworgy, as agent for his father-in-law, Alexander Shapleigh, bought a large tract of land in the Province of Maine extending half way from Piscataqua† to Agamenticus river.‡

In 1642, this whole estate was conveyed to Treworgy, who before 1650 made it over to his brother-in-law, Nicholas Shapleigh, the third son of Alexander.

This tract of land the Shapleighs named Kittery Point, in memory of their home in Kingsweare; and a deposition is extant, to the effect that Alexander himself came over "and did peaceably enjoy his domain at Kittery Point, except the farthest point of all, which as long as his father lived, (and after his death), was possessed by his son Major Nicholas Shapleigh, who built the warehouse at the point, and sold several lots of land." §

Nicholas Shapleigh held many offices of trust and honor in

\* N. E. Gen. Reg., Vol. 50, p. 219.

† Portsmouth, N. H.

‡ York, Me.

§ Gen. Reg., Vol. 50, p. 219.



Kittery. The glimpses of him that we get through the old records, warrant our belief that he was a man of strong character and liberal opinions. A rare old volume concerning the early Quakers in N. E. entitled "New England Judged," gives us the following :

"In the year 1662, Mary Tomkins and Alice Ambrose, who came from Old England with George Preston, and Edward Wharton of Salem, came to Piscataqua River and landed at the town of Dover, whither to go, it was with them from the Lord, —where they had a good opportunity in the Inn with the People that resorted to them, who reasoned with them concerning their Faith and Hope which to the People being made manifest, some to the Truth thereof Confessed, and others not able to gainsay the Truth, ran to Rayner their Priest, and told him that such a People were come to town, and that they had much Discourse with them about their Religion, and were not able to contradict what they said, and therefore desired him to come forth and help them, 'or else' said they 'we are like to be run on ground.'"

At this the Priest chafed and fretted, and asked his people why they went among them. To which they answered, "Sir it is so, we have been amongst them, and if you come not forth to help us we are on ground." And said the Priest's wife, "Which do you like best, my Husband, or the Quakers?"

Said one of them, "We shall tell you that after your Husband hath been with them." Whereupon in a fretting and forward manner, Rayner came among them, saying "What came ye here for? seeing the Laws of the Country are against such as you are?"

"What hast thou against us?" replied Mary Tomkins. "You deny Majesties and Ministers and Churches of Christ." "Thou sayst so," said Mary. "And you deny the three Persons in the Trinity," said the Priest. To which Mary answered, —"Take notice People, this man falsely accuses us,—for godly Magistrates, and the Ministers of Christ we own, and the churches of Christ we own, and there are three that bear Record in Heaven, which three are the Father, Word and Spirit, —that we own, but for the Three Persons in the Trinity that's for thee to prove." "I will prove it" said Rayner. "Thou sayst so," said George Preston, "but prove it by the Scripture."





"I will prove it," said Rayner, "where it is said he is the express Image of his Father's Person." "That is falsely translated" said one.

"Yes" replied the learned man in the audience, "for in the Greek it is not Person, but substance." "But" said the Priest "It is a Person."

"Thou sayst so," said George, "but prove the other two if thou canst." "There are three Somethings," cried the Priest, and in a rage flung away, calling to his people at the window to go from amongst them; but Mary soon got after him, and spake to him to come back and not leave his people, amongst them he called wolves. But away packt the Priest, whereupon she said unto the people, "Is not this the Hireling that flees and leaves the Flock? No truth came over them all . . . and many were convinc'd that Day."

We may imagine that it was long before Parson Rayner heard the last of his "three Somethings." "When they had had this good meeting at Dover for the Lord, they passed into the Province of Maine, being invited to Major Shapleigh's who was magistrate for that part of the country, who kept a Priest in his house, and allowed him and the people a room in his house to do their worship; and being an inquiring man after the truth, desired the Priest that he and the Quakers might have some Dispute together, unto which the Priest seemed willing, but soon after that he got away by which his Deceit was manifest."

Shapleigh turned the Priest and his meetings out of his house. . . . "He and his wife were convinced of the Truth," says the chronicler, "*and in great measure of obedience gave up to it.*" The sympathy of Nicholas Shapleigh with the Quakers at this time cannot be gainsaid. The Massachusetts authorities believed him to be a Quaker; he was accused of harboring them, and the constable of Kittery was ordered to go to his house on successive Sundays to prevent their meeting there.

In 1669, on the charge of being a Quaker, he was deposed from his office as selectman; but in 1677 his Quakerism did not prevent his fellow citizens from giving him the command of the militia in time of danger from the Indians,—nor did it overrule his common sense in accepting the commission. With the name of Nicholas Shapleigh that of Adrian Fry, appears often on Kittery records. He also was a Quaker. His mark often with



that of his wife Sarah, (both in rude initials) is affixed to many legal papers from 1664 to 1692 inclusive.

In 1664, Adrian witnesses a receipt given by one Ellingham to his father, for "a Negro Boy named Mingoe, and a Sorrell Horse." July 15, 1690, "At a Court of Sessions held at York, Adrian Fry and family were p'sented for not Comeing to Mitting." During this period he appears as grantor and grantee of various tracts of land in old Kittery. In one of these deeds, he is called Adrian Fry Planter.\*

About 1680, Nicholas Shapleigh and Adrian Fry with 116 others whose names are well known to students of early New England history, signed a petition† to Charles II for protection against the intrusion of the Massachusetts government upon the Province of Maine. It is a dignified statement of facts. They say that "Upon the invitations and incouradgements, granted to Sir Ferdinando Gorges, the petitioners had settled in the said Province, and had increased to several townships . . . having general courts of judicature . . . and were for several yeares, governed by laws made by the Commissioners of Sir Ferdinando . . . but the Bostoners, under pretence of an imaginary patent had invaded their rights and privileges, and later, Walderne and Major Leverett . . . with force of arms entered upon the Province and disturbed the Inhabitants then at a Court holden at Yorke . . . in His Majesty's Province of Maine, commanding all Proceedings for the future to be managed by their own authority . . . since which time" they say "notwithstanding the greate loss sustained by the late Indian war, we are still oppressed with heavy rates and taxes." They beg his Majesty to reestablish them under His Royal authority.

On the 12th of October, 1692, Adrian Fry executed the following paper.‡ "Know all men by these presents, that I, Adrian ffry of Kittery in y<sup>e</sup> County of York and Province of y<sup>e</sup> Massachusetts bay in New England, planter, for many good Causes and Considerations me moving here unto, Especially for the Naturall love and affection I bear unto my loving son William ffry, as also for y<sup>e</sup> Comfortable provision for my self and my wife Sarah during our Naturall lives, have granted, Demised and do farm letten unto

\* The word Planter so used, means a first settler.

† Coll. Me. Hist. Soc., Vol. I, p. 400.

‡ Book VI, Folio 87, York Deeds.



my foresaid loving son William ffry a certain tract of land lying in Kittery aforsd joyning to Creek's mouth on y<sup>e</sup> south side of s<sup>d</sup> Creek, containing about nine acres . . . with y<sup>e</sup> Orchard upon it And twenty-seven acres more of land lying on or near horsidown hill." . . . This land William Fry and his heirs are to have and hold during the lives of his father and mother, on certain conditions, and after their death, William is to have absolute ownership of the said property.

As rent for the same during the life of his parents, William is to keep up good fences, and well improve the land, and to give to Adrian, half of the grain grown thereon and "one halfe of the Cyder and Perry that the orchard shall yield." Adrian is also to have the use of an acre of "land lying next the great river," and in case Sarah outlives Adrian, son William is to pay her the same rent. Adrian and Sarah or the "longest liver," is to have "the free use of the now Dwelling house, and a quarter of an acre of land for a garden, with libertie to cutt and carry off, such firewood or building timber as they shall have occation for . . . and when their abilities shall fail, and need be, William shall help his father and mother, or either of them, in cutting and carrying s<sup>d</sup> timber and firewood and shall pay both or either  $\frac{1}{4}$  of whatsoever grain the land shall yield."

William shall have two cows from his father, and keep them till they with their increase amount to six, when he shall divide with his father or mother, always allowing them all the milk of two cows, and after this division William shall "carefully keep 4 neate Cattle . . . with sufficient winter meat for his father and mother . . . and if they shall procure any sheep, William shall always keep ten, summer and winter for half y<sup>e</sup> increase of y<sup>e</sup> lambs and wool. . . . If any controversie arises between William and his parents as to these conditions, it shall be determined by Indifferent men, mutually chosen." The old couple set their hands and Seals to this paper, and a little less than three years later, Robert Allen made oath before Justice Frost that he saw Adrian sign and seal the above said Instrument.

From this paper it would seem that Adrian Fry, though still strong in mind and body, was yet so far advanced in years, as to feel the need of making due provision for himself and wife, when the weakness of age should overtake them. At this point Adrian Fry planter and wife Sarah, disappear from Kittery records.





June 8, 1705, an Adrian Fry married Mercy Chapman. From that date to 1714 their names appear on various legal papers. In these records this Adrian is called "weaver" and "glazer." He is not mentioned as Adrian Fry, junior. In 1724 he is spoken of as "late of Kittery." If this Adrian were the son of Adrian the "planter," the latter must have died before 1705. In the paper quoted above, he mentions no child but William. He made no will.

It does not seem probable that Adrian the "planter" would after 1692 become Adrian the "weaver" and "glazer,"—marry a second wife and live thirty-two years after he had made over his property to his son William. Nevertheless stranger things have happened. Suppose Adrian the planter to have been at least twenty-one in 1664, when he first appears on the records a witness to a deed,—then in 1724 when an Adrian is spoken of as "late of Kittery," he would have been about eighty-one. His wife Sarah may have died before 1705. His son William's wife may not have been kind to her father-in-law, and he may have yielded to the charms of Mercy Chapman. Some facts point this way, but I leave this for future study.\*

William Fry was also a Quaker.

From 1688 to the peace of Ryswick, our frontier suffered terribly from frequent and unprovoked attacks by the Indians.

Kittery, then including Eliot, Berwick, Spruce Creek and Sturgeon Creek, was more than once attacked, buildings burned, cattle killed and the frightened people, unable to cultivate their fields, fled to the garrison houses. In 1694-1695 many in this vicinity were killed or captured. April 3, 1697, the selectmen of Kittery petitioned for abatement of taxes, saying that they "are overcome and discouraged by the tediousness of the war."

The strait to which the Kittery people had been reduced appears in a later petition† from their selectmen.‡ They say . . . . "We have tried to raise it by all lawful means, but the People are utterly unable to pay it in money . . . . we have

\* Rev. E. S. Stackpole of Bradford, who is writing the history of Kittery, and has been very helpful to me in my search for the Fry family, sends me the names of Adrian's children as follows:—William, Elizabeth, Sarah, Joanna and perhaps Thomas.

† Mass. Archives, Dec. 28, 1704.

‡ William Pepperell, John Shapleigh, John Leighton, John Hill and Charles Frost.





offered their Goods and Chattels at an outcry\* according to directions in the Treasurer's warrant, but find none of abilitie to buy . . . . Considering the seat of Warr is with us, and y<sup>e</sup> Burden exceeding heavy as we are a poor Scattering People Nessesitated to watch, ward Scout build Garrisons and fortifications, and one halfe of us to be furnished with Snowshoes and Mogginsons and all at our own Charge . . . . and at every alarm Driven from our Employment."

This appeal signed by the foremost men of Kittery, was heeded by the Government at Boston.† "June 30, 1705. The following Resolve passed in the House upon the Petition of the Representatives of Kittery for abatement of the Arrearages of their Taxes, and was sent up for Concurrence." "Resolved, that the Sum of Thirty eight pounds be abated to the poor of the town of Kittery, according to the Disposition of y<sup>e</sup> Selectmen and Representatives of s<sup>d</sup> Town—they being most capable to relieve such as they Know have met with most sufferings by the Heathen. Provided that the names of P'sons, and Sums respectively abated to them, be by the Selectmen and Representatives laid before this Court at their next Session."

Among the names is that of William Fry, whose abatement was 8s.

In 1711, on a list of freeholders of Kittery, the value of the year's income of William Fry's estate is 7£

The youngest child of William Fry and his wife Hannah Hill was Joseph, born March 12, 1704. Whatever he may have been to his parents, this Joseph Fry, has made me no end of trouble.

Just fourteen years ago, shortly after the publication in the *Gazette and Courier*, of my paper called "My Hunt for the Captives," a pleasant notice of it appeared in the *Montreal Gazette* written, as I learned, by an Irish Roman Catholic gentleman of Montreal. Soon after this I received a letter from a Catholic lady of high position in Canada, demanding rather imperiously, why in my account of the Deerfield captives, I had omitted the name of André, son of Deacon Thomas French, who had remained and married in Canada and whose descendants could still be easily found there.

The facts which I had stated concerning Deacon French and his family, being well authenticated, both by Deerfield and Ca-

\* Public Auction.

† Mass. Archives, Vol. 3, p. 415.



nadian records, I felt perfectly secure in my position,—but what of that? Was I to follow my impulse and reiterate my statements with proof of their correctness, thereby to incur the indignation of my correspondent? I remember to have reflected that it was a pretty serious business to cut off the parent stock of six generations, and to have felt that I should hardly endure to have anyone make a similar attempt upon my family tree. So I wrote politely to my correspondent, asking for proof of her statement, giving her Deacon French's connection with my own family, and assuring her of my wish to make honorable amends if I had erred. My letter was as politely answered by another, my reply, by still another, and after some months of the most interesting experience on my part, a direct correspondence was opened with this supposed descendant of André French. She told me that French was her family name, and that her direct ancestor was the youngest son of Deacon Thomas French of Deerfield, named André, carried captive in 1704 and remaining in Canada.

From January 1882 to 1894 my new relative, a born antiquary and historian, left no stone unturned to prove her kinship to me, whom she affectionately called cousin. We wrote frequently to each other, she in French and in the most beautiful handwriting,—I in bald English. During those years I went often to Canada to see her.

My first visit was in the autumn of 1889. Early in the afternoon of a beautiful September day, we presented ourselves at the door of the convent, a massive pile of granite, crowning the summit of a lofty hill about two miles out of the city. It was evident from the air and manner of the nun who admitted us, and of those who were passing hither and thither about the halls, that there was a flutter of excitement in the community, relative to the visit of these Boston heretics. We were ushered into the "parloir," simply a "speaking place" as the name implies, an enormous room chilly but well lighted, a row of wooden chairs against the wall, bare floors as scrupulously white as penitent nuns on their hands and knees could scrub them,—and scantily adorned with rag rugs made by the sisters.

After some delay, in which we spoke in awed whispers,—my correspondent entered, walking with difficulty, and supported by two nuns. After mutual introductions she courteously dismissed her attendants, and taking our hands, welcomed us with



a grace possible only to a French woman, but scarcely to be expected from a recluse. She was a well proportioned woman of more than medium height, erect in carriage. A face of ineffable sadness, whose deathly pallor was enhanced by the stiff white cornet enveloping the forehead, cheeks, and throat;—surmounted by the long black veil. Large, dark eyes, a beautiful smile, the whole face quickly responsive in expression from grave to gay, according to the subject of conversation. She talked in French, which I could understand, my friend translating my English into French for her. As we all became more at our ease, many were her arch side glances, many her hearty laughs and witty sallies, as quickly followed by tears, when our conversation turned on serious themes. Once when she dropped an expression in English, having declared that she could not speak our language, my companion laughingly called her a "humbug." Turning to me she asked deprecatingly "what is a humbug?" Now and then when we talked English together, the nun's expressive eyes glanced from one to the other, with a half-suspicious intensity, quickly relieved by our translation. So the afternoon glided too quickly away. My new cousin insisted on accompanying us to the outer door where, repeatedly kissing us "*au revoir*," she turned with the air of a queen, summoning the lay sister in waiting to take her back in her wheeled chair to her room. With mingled emotions of pity and admiration, we turned away, smiling through tears, and walked briskly back to our hotel. All these years I had been trying my best to find among our unredeemed captives an ancestor for her, in place of that André French she held so dear, but who never had a real existence.

Just before we met, she had sent me some "*Notes sur la famille French*," given her many years before, by an ecclesiastic then and now justly regarded as a historical authority. According to these notes André was married in 1713, at Pointe Claire, on the Island of Montreal, as André Laframboise of Boston, son of André Laframboise and Marie Frain, both of Boston. My common sense showed me that here was a muddle of names at the start. I found by these notes that in due time there were born to André Laframboise and his wife, Marie Louise Bigras, twelve children. In the records of these births, the father is mentioned successively as André Laframboise, André Piret dit Laframboise, André Fray dit Laframboise,





André Fraye, André Frem French dit Laframboise, and finally seven times in succession as André Fraye.

In the marriages of these children, and the births of grandchildren they are designated as Frinche dit Laframboise, Frem dit Laframboise, Frée dite Laframboise, Frange, Franche, Laframboise, Frey——dit Laframboise, making in all ten variations. My absolute knowledge that my nun was not descended from a Deerfield French; these ten variations in André's surname, and the fact that of all the variations André Fray or Fraye was the most constant, led me to believe that André Fray, anglicized Andrew Fry, was the captive ancestor, of her who had become my friend and helper.

Together we worked: she in her seclusion miles away, and I nearly twenty years younger than I am to-day, poring over Archives in the State House at Boston, faring in queer conveyances up and down the St. Lawrence river, in winter cold and summer heat, studying the records of many a hamlet, until bit by bit we had collected the disjointed fragments I bring you to-night.

A family tradition confirming their belief in their Deerfield descent is still cherished by my nun's relatives. It runs as follows:—André French, a young son of Deacon Thomas French was playing on the sandy shore by the river near his father's house, when he was seized and carried off by savages. They treated him with great cruelty cutting ten strips of flesh from the fattest part of his body. A squaw of the tribe, moved by compassion on hearing his cries under torture, offered his captors a sheep in exchange for the boy. They gave her the child. She fed him on wild raspberries, and thanks to her care, he recovered from his terrible wounds. When full grown, he married and settled at Pointe Claire. A year after his marriage two of his uncles visited him, urging him to return with them to New England. At last he consented on condition that he might return to Canada after seeing his relatives, and receiving his inheritance.

Embarking with his uncles in a sloop, they were not out of hailing distance, when André's young wife standing on the shore, and holding their baby aloft in her arms cried "André, André, you are abandoning your wife, but can you desert your own child." Unable to withstand this appeal, the poor fellow threw himself into the water and swam quickly to shore. His uncles,



convinced that further attempts to induce him to return would be useless, continued their homeward voyage.

The incongruity of this tradition with the theory of André's descent from Deacon Thomas French is evident. It, however, gives us the clew to the name *La Framboise* under which André so often appears. Whether this name which means "*the raspberry*" was given him because of the tradition, or the tradition was made to fit the name, I cannot say. I do know that up to recent times such nicknames have been so common in Canada, as often to supplant the original name, and sometimes to make the task of the genealogist hopeless.

A family still lives near Montreal named French-Laframboise, a strange mingling of fact and fancy, wrongly applied to the actual descendants of André Fry. Having decided that my friend's family name was Fry, the next thing to do was to find an unredeemed captive by that name!

In 1888, in hunting for the captive Samuel Gill, I had found the following petition: \*

"May 29, 1701.

To the right honorable the Leftenant Governor, with the Rest of His Majestie's Council of this Province of the Massajuciks by (bay) in New England the humble petition of Samuel Gill of Salsbery and of beniemman hutchins of the town of Citterie, sheweth that whereas it pleased the Honorable the great and generall assembly in May 1700, to grant that ther should be ussed to recover the captives from the French and Indins at Canida and left it with your honouers to be put in execution: we humbly entreat that it may be put in execution with all speed which will much oblidg your poor pettitioners

Samuel Gill

BENJEMIN HUCHINS

Here is an account of captives tacken from Salsbery newbery Amesbery Kittery yorck which are not returned.

Samuel gill taken from salsbry jun 10th, 1697 agged nine yeres. John or Joseph goodaridg taken from newbery about October in : 92 about eight yeares old.

ann white takene from amesbery at the same time.

Jonathan hutchins taken from Kettery May 9th 1698 agged about fifteen yeres.

Charles Traffton taken from york about 1695 agged about 15 yeres, and one Robert winchester about July in : 96 agged about 14 years and Joseph Frey of Kittery taken about 1695 agged about 15 or 16 yeres."

\* Mass. Archives, Vol. 70, p. 525.



All these captives except the last two I later traced and accounted for. Could not this Joseph Frey of Kittery be the André Fry I wanted,—the missing link in my friend's ancestry?

Clearly this Joseph was neither the Joseph, son of William Fry born as we have seen March 12, 1704; nor of Adrian and Mercy Chapman, married in 1705. As there was no other family named Fry in Kittery or in that region, nearer than Andover, Mass., except that of Adrian Fry the "*planter*," I assume that Joseph the Captive was Adrian's son, a younger brother of William.

During the period from 1705 to 1712, strenuous efforts were made by both the French and English governments, for an exchange of captives. Among others we had "*Baptiste*" and Beauvenire de Verchères, whom the French were most anxious to recover. They had Eunice Williams and John Arms of Deerfield, the Hills from Maine, Esther Wheelwright and many more from New England.

Samuel Hill, bringing the first news of the Wells captives was in Kittery May 10th, 1705, having been sent down on parole as Interpreter, with an embassy concerning exchange, returning to Canada with Courtemanche who had escorted Ensign Sheldon home.

In February 1709-10, Messieurs de la Perrière and Dupuis, with six men were sent to Albany with John Arms and Barent Staats.\*

To demand Beauvenire (or Boveney) as he is known in our archives, and Le Feore.† The name of Joseph Fry, is neither in a "List of captives brot home in the Province Galley," nor of "those yett in the Indians Hands y<sup>e</sup> 24 January 1698-9" ‡ though there are Kittery captives in both. Hutchings and Gill are in the latter list as already carried to Canada; also "an Eastard Boy, his name is Robart, cannot speak one word of English, is att the Fort cald Norrockeomegog." §

\* Lieut. Barent Staats married Peter Schuyler's niece and John Schuyler married B. S.'s aunt so "he is connected in 2 ways," captured Oct. 12, 1709, N. Y. Col. Doc, Vol IX, 1838.

† Beauvenire de Verchères, youngest brother of the heroine Madefleine de Verchères, captured at Haverhill, had been held in the hopes of getting Eunice Williams in exchange.

‡ Vol. 70, p. 398, Mass. Archives.

§ This is doubtless the Robert Winchester mentioned in Gill's petition. The fort is Noirridgewock.



From this I judge that Joseph Fry was beyond the ken of the French authorities, held by his savage captors, in some Indian village, in the hope of obtaining money for his release.

Meanwhile, in the early autumn of 1710, Port Royal was taken by the English fleet. Its captors were jubilant. Major Philip Livingston, who had served in the expedition, was sent at once with St. Castine the younger, who had been one of the garrison at Port Royal, to De Vaudreuil the news of the surrender, and the terms agreed upon by Nicholson and Subercase, the late Governor of Acadia. It was about the middle of October. They stopped at Biguyduce at the mouth of the Penobscot\* to see Castine's family, who treated Livingstone kindly. After resting there, they went as far as Indian Old Town. There, but for Castine, Livingston would have been killed by a native, maddened by the theft of his boat by some English captives.

After some delay, they started again, but their canoes were so broken by the ice, that they had to finish their journey on foot.

Six days, they travelled by compass, over hill and dale, through dense and almost impenetrable forests.

Before they reached a French settlement their provisions gave out, and they lived on such leaves, roots and berries as they could find.† Arriving at Quebec on the 16th of December, 1710, they delivered the following letter from Nicholson to De Vaudreuil.‡

“ANNAPOLIS, ROYALE, 11, Oct. 1710.

Sir:

It having pleased God to bless with success the just and royal enterprise of Her Majesty Anne, by the grace of God Queen of England, France and Ireland, \* \* \* \* by reducing to her obedience the Fort of Port Royal, and the adjacent country, as the articles of capitulation will inform you in detail, \* \* \* \* we deem it proper to inform you that as you have made many incursions on several of her majesty's frontiers \* \* \* \* your cruel and barbarous savages and French having inhumanly killed many poor people and children, we warn you, that in case the French, after this reaches you, continue these atrocities, on the first information we have, we will immediately retaliate upon your principal people of Acadia, now at our mercy. But, as we abhor the cruelty of your savages in war, we hope that you will give us no occasion to imitate it; and as we are correctly informed that you have under your command, a great number of prisoners, and especially a

\* Now Castine.

† N. Y. Col. Doc., Vol. VI., p. 60.

‡ 2 Doc. Rel. à la Nouvelle, France, Vol. II., p. 524.





young girl, daughter of the Reverend Mr. Williams, minister of Dearfield, we expect you to have all the said captives ready to be delivered to the first flag of truce which will be sent for that purpose next May. Otherwise you must expect the same number of the inhabitants of this country will be put in bondage among our savages, until there is complete restitution of Her Majesty's subjects under your domination, whether in the possession of the French or the Savages.

But if you agree to our just and reasonable demand, we assure you that your people will be treated with all the civility that the laws of war permit.

\* \* \* \*

(Signed.)

F. NICHOLSON,  
Samuel Vetch and 6 others."

Mr. Livingston on his return, escorted by Hertel de Rouville, and the Sieur Dupuis, arrived in Boston, Friday, Feb. 23, 1710-11,\* with De Vaudreuil's answer.†

They went to the Sun Tavern, kept by Samuel Mears, in Corn Court, near Dock Square. The next day, Governor Dudley sent Mr. Commissary General, and Mr. Sheriff Dyer, to help them settle there, to tell them that he "will take care that they be not imposed upon by excessive rates for their expences," and that he will receive them with their credentials, in Council the following Monday.

It would be worth one's while to stand to-day in the Council Chamber of the old State House at the head of State street in Boston, and picture the session of the Council on the day appointed, just 192 years ago to-morrow. The governor in his robes of state; the councillors on his left hand, Sewall jotting down his records, Colonel Vetch, Mr. Livingston, the French ambassadors, Mr. Secretary and Mr. Commissary General at his right. A somewhat stormy session, according to Sewall's private record of it.‡ Mr. Weaver, the interpreter, reads the Credentials of the Frenchmen; Antony Oliver is reprimanded for visiting them at Mears' and made to take the oaths and subscribe to the Declaration.§ The Governor "told the messengers that they should depart that day sennight, as he had told the Council with some spirit last Satterday."

\* Council Records, vol. 5, pp. 350 to 355.

† In his report to the French minister of this whole affair, De Vaudreuil says that he "sent these two officers in order that they might spy out the land, and obtain information of the movements of the enemy."

‡ Sewall's Diary, Vol. II., p. 301.

§ Oaths of Allegiance and Supremacy, Declaration against Transubstantiation.



There were, however, the usual delays, and it was the 17th of March, when they left Boston for New London on their homeward way, arriving at Chambly, the 15th of April.\* They carried a "Roll of English Prisoners in the Hands of the French and Indians at Canada." On the back of the list is the following letter to Colonel Schuyler:

"BOSTON, 5th March, 1710.†

Sir:

This comes to your hand by Messrs. D'Rouville and Dupuis, Messengers from Mr. D'Voudruille. I have to thank your kind Discretion in sending them the Round Way, that they might not Know our Albany Road, upon the Same Consideration I have Returned them the same way, and am Glad we have had no News from Europe dureing their stay here and hope to have them Dispatch before anything Arrive. They have shewed themselves good men here, have signed articles with me for the Rendition of all Prisoners in June next, I pray you to speed them away as soon as possible.

I am sir your very  
humble Serv't

J. DUDLEY."

A duplicate of the list carried by De Rouville and Dupuis is in our Archives.‡ It bears the names of 113 New England captives, with a few repetitions. Among them, the minister's daughter of Deerfield, Johnson Harmon of York, Maine, and Joseph Fry of Kittery. This is his last appearance in our Archives: indeed his last as Joseph anywhere. During this period of exchange between the two governments, an epidemic of baptism and naturalization was raging among the English captives in Canada.

I have formerly described my first encounter with a list of English captives in Canada,—a scrap of paper, (evidently the first draft) containing the names of a few English, Dutch, and Flemish boys and girls who "besought His Majesty Louis XIV., to be pleased to grant them naturalization in Canada, they being already established there."§

The tug of war came later, when I was seeking such lists in Canadian archives. Here and there, among scores of other

\* Letter from De Vaudreuil to the Minister, dated Quebec, 25th April, 1711.

† Evidently this should be 1710-11.

‡ Vol. 71, p. 765.

§ Among these names were André fray, Matthiew Claude Farnet, Pierre Augustin Letrefills, Louis Marie Strafton, which properly read would stand as follows: Joseph Fry, Matthew Farnsworth, Aaron Littlefield, Charles Trafton.



documents, with no sequence, written in old French, in grandiloquent phrase, and encumbered with formalities, I found them. Made by those who had no knowledge of English names or places, and no interest in the subject, they were Greek to me. I copied them mechanically from the huge volumes in which they were bound, written on paper yellowed by time, with no margins, no capitals and no punctuation. To-day there is hardly a captive on those lists whose story I do not know.

The name of Joseph Frye is not on these lists.

On that date, May, 1710, the period of the embassies, is André Fray, with no comment.

As no captive was naturalized without re-baptism in Canada, and as the original Christian name was often omitted in the new baptism, I believe that André Fray was our Joseph Fry of Kittery, and that sometime his baptism will be found on the records of some Indian mission far from Quebec or Montreal.

If this André were our Joseph, he would have been about thirty years old when naturalized. As baptism was the first step towards naturalization, so marriage soon followed naturalization among the captives.

One beautiful afternoon, about the middle of October, 1713, François Bigras and his wife, Marie Brunet, with their daughter, Marie Louise, all in holiday attire, wended their way to Montreal, where the betrothal of André Fray and Marie Louise Bigras was to take place. There at the house of Jacques La-Celle, master carpenter, they found André with another friend, Etienne Gibault, also a carpenter, and Michel Brunet, uncle of the bride's mother, waiting for them, with other friends of both parties. Soon came Le Pailleur the notary,

Bent like a laboring oar that toils in the surf of the ocean,—  
Bent, but not broken by age was the form of the Notary public;  
Shocks of yellow hair like the silken floss of the maize, hung  
Over his shoulders, his forehead was high, and glasses with horn bows  
Sat astride on his nose with a look of wisdom supernal.  
Father of twenty children was he, and more than a hundred  
Children's children rode on his knee and heard his great watch tick.

\* \* \* \* \*

Then from his pocket the notary drew his papers and inkhorn;  
Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of the parties:—

André, aged about thirty-six, Marie Louise about nineteen. The friends and relatives of the bride and groom agreeing for them,





and they reciprocally promising that they will take each other for husband and wife under the name and laws of marriage, hereafter as soon as possible; the said marriage "to be solemnized according to the rites of our Holy Mother Church." Mutually they promise, from their wedding day, to hold in common all the goods and chattels, all their property real and personal, of which they are now possessed, or which they shall hereafter acquire, "according to the Custom of Paris, followed in Canada," with this saving clause for Marie, "even though they may hereafter dwell and acquire property in a country where the customs are different." Neither can be held for the debts of the other contracted before marriage. The future husband endows the future wife with the customary marriage portion of 500 livres\* to be paid at her option without her being obliged to sue him for it. Upon the death of either, the survivor is to have 200 livres of their common property after an inventory and an estimate made of the whole.

They take each other with all the rights they now have, and which may fall to them or become due them either by gift or inheritance, and for the affection they bear to each other, they make, while yet living, this present reciprocal gift to each other, of all and several of their goods and chattels, both what they now have, and what they may acquire, to be enjoyed by the survivor in full ownership as his or her lawful possession, provided always that no children are born of this marriage. And if this marriage be dissolved by the death of said husband, it shall be lawful for the said wife to reject or accept the said community of goods herein agreed upon and to reclaim and take back freely without mortgage for the payment of debts, all that she may have brought as her said dowry,—such as her household goods, her wearing apparel, her jewels and ornaments, her bed and bedding, and in general all that may have fallen to her by gift or inheritance; without her being held for the debts of said community, even though she may have said that she was so bound. Thus it is agreed and stipulated; without which agreement the said marriage could not be consummated. Done in the city of Ville Marie at the house of Jacques La Celle, on the afternoon of the 12th of October, 1713, in the presence of Messrs. Jean Petit, royal bailiff, and Pierre

\*\$83.33.



Crespé as witnesses; who with Messrs. Bigras, La Celle and Gibault have signed: the said future bridegroom and bride, and her mother and uncle, declaring that they could not sign this contract.

Orderly all things proceeded and duly and well were completed;  
And the great seal of the law was set like a sun in the margin.

\* \* \* \* \*

And the notary rising and blessing the bride and the bridegroom,  
Lifted aloft a tankard of ale, and drank to their welfare,—  
Wiping the foam from his lips he solemnly bowed and departed.

Four days later on the 16th of October, 1713, at the parish church of St. Joachim, at Pointe Claire, André Fry and Marie Louise Bigras were married. Theirs is the first marriage on the register. On this record, the couple appear as André Laframboise of Boston, son of André Laframboise and Marie Fraim of the same town; and Marie Louise Bigras, daughter of François Bigras of La Rochelle, France, and Marie Brunet of Montreal, living in this parish. Elizabeth, their first child, was born August 28th, 1714. Others followed in rapid succession.

The epidemic of exchange having somewhat abated at this period, it was thought best to establish André Fry more firmly in Canada. Accordingly, Monsieur de Belmont, the Superior of the Seminary of Saint Sulpice, who were then the feudal lords of the island of Montreal, granted him land in the island. By this deed, dated April 14, 1716, under the usual conditions of the Canadian feudal system, André became the nominal owner of a strip of land three arpents front, by twenty arpents deep at *Grande Anse au haut de Cette île*.\*

The Seigneurs thus parcelled out their domain to their feudal tenants, in long narrow strips adjoining each other, with a frontage on the river, and sloping back for a mile or more to a high horizon line. This gave the tenant both tillage and woodland. Naturally, he built his house on the front of his lot, the river being then his only highway. This single row of dwellings not very far apart, formed what to this day is called a *côte*.

There is no more interesting study than that of the old régime in Canada. "Canadian feudalism," says Mr. Parkman, "was an offshoot of the feudalism of France, modified by the lapse

\* One arpent is 180 feet. Grande Anse is between Pointe Claire and La Chine.



of centuries and further modified by the royal will." . . . .  
 "It was Richelieu who first planted feudalism in Canada. The King would preserve it there, because with its teeth drawn, he was fond of it. He continued as Richelieu had begun, and moulded it to the form that pleased him. Nothing was left which could threaten his absolute and undivided authority over the colony. Thus retrenched, Canadian feudalism was made to serve a double end ; to produce a harmless reflection of French aristocracy, and to supply agencies for distributing the land among the settlers." Its distinctive feature was the condition imposed upon the Seigneur of clearing his land within a limited time on pain of forfeiture. The often penniless Seigneur could not afford to clear the whole of a tract "three or four feet wide and proportionably deep." His title forbade him to sell any uncleared portion. He was therefore compelled to grant it without price, "on condition of a small perpetual rent." This brings us to the *Censitaire* as he is called in the law.\*

Briefly summed up, Louis XIV gave the land directly and gratuitously to the Seigneur. He in turn granted it in smaller lots to his tenants. The *habitant Censitaire*, or tenant, held his land in perpetuity of the Seigneur *en censive*,—that is, he bound himself to pay annually a nominal rent in money, or produce, or both, besides other obligations. In the case we are considering, the Seminary Priests of Montreal were the Seigneurs of the island ; André Fray, one of their many *Censitaires* or perpetual tenants.

The deed of land at Grand Anse, given him in 1716, was cancelled by a later one, that of the 16th of November, 1718, from which I cannot forbear quoting, as it contains all the interesting features of Canadian feudalism.

"Monsieur François Vachon de Belmont, priest of the Seminary of Saint-Sulpice at Paris, acting Superior of the same order in Ville-Marie, who are the Seigneurs of the island of Montreal and of other places in Canada, hereby acknowledges that he has granted by a title à cens,† from now henceforth and for-

\* *Censitaire*: A tenant, holding under a Seigneur, by virtue of payment of *Cens*.

*Cens*: An annual payment by a tenant to the Seigneur in recognition of the latter's feudal superiority.

† *Titre à cens*: A legal title, on condition of certain annual payments by the tenant.





ever to André Freinch, English by nation now habitant, and accepting this title as lessee, for himself, his heirs and assigns, a domain, situated at the Cote St. Rémy, in this island, of four arpents front, by twenty-three arpents deep to be enjoyed, improved and laid out by the lessee, his heirs and assigns, on the following conditions, namely: He is to pay every year to my said Messieurs Seigneurs, at their Seigniorial mansion, or wherever they receive it in the said Ville Marie, ten sous, and a half minot \* of the finest, whitest wheat, clean, marketable and lawful weight, for every twenty arpents of the superficial contents of the said domain.

“The first year for payment shall expire on the 11th of November, 1719. The said *cens* † bearing the right of *lods et ventes, seizin*, etc.”

André's annual rent was therefore about fifty cents and two bushels and a half of wheat.

“He is to sow the said land, to build and have a house and home upon it within a year from to-day at the latest, to clear the adjacent wilderness as shall be necessary, to grind his grain at the mill of said Messieurs Seigneurs and nowhere else, on pain of confiscation of the said grain, an arbitrary fine, and of payment for the right to transport the grain which he has had ground elsewhere. He is to permit such roads as Messieurs les Seigneurs shall think necessary, and among others a cart road, which the said lessee, his heirs and assigns shall make and keep in good order.‡ Messieurs les Seigneurs shall have the right to take on the said land, all the timber which they may need for their buildings and fences; with an arpent of standing wood, the nearest, to the cultivated land, where the woods

\* Minot: An old measure varying according to the commodity. In grain a minot equals 39 litres. A litre is a little less than one quart. Therefore a half a minot equals a little less than 19 qts. or 2½ pks. or ½ bushel.

† The *cens*, or *title à cens*, reserved to the grantor many rights such as:

*Lods et ventes*, or mutations fines by which if the grantee sold any part of his grant, one twelfth of the purchase money must go to the Seigneur.

*Saisines* or *Seizin*, the right of the Seigneur to seize the land in case the tenant fails to comply with the conditions of the deed or grant.

*Deffauts et Amendes*: Fines to which the tenant was liable if he failed to comply with the conditions of his deed or grant.

*Quint*: A fifth.

*Requint*: A twenty-fifth of the purchase money mutation fines which the Seigneur had to pay to his feudal superior if he sold his Seignuissy.

‡ Neglect to do this rendered him liable to forfeiture.





shall not have been *conva*\* to all, which wood my said Seigneurs shall cut and carry off, whenever they shall see fit without paying anything for it. . . . ”

“And my said Sieur de Belmont reserves for my said Seigneurs the right to withdraw the said land from the purchaser by preference by reimbursing [indemnifying] the holder at the time of the withdrawal, with the sum paid for the same and legal costs, the said lessee, his heirs and assigns being precluded from selling, bartering, giving, or otherwise alienating the same to any *main morte*, or community † in so far as such bargaining may injure, or prejudice the rights of my said Seigneurs.

“To all which clauses and conditions, liabilities and reservations, the said lessee submits and is bound, for himself, his heirs and assigns, and has promised to observe and perform them all. In case of failure to keep his agreement, the said lands conceded by these presents, shall return of right to the Domain of the said Messieurs Seigneurs, to dispose of at their pleasure, without any legal formalities. Given at the said Ville Marie at the office of the said Notary, on the 15th of November, of the year 1718, in the presence of Messieurs Ignace Gamelin, and Jean Baptiste Hervieux, merchants; The lessee being duly called upon after the reading of this *enquête* declares that he cannot sign and Andre Friench as the deed names him, departs with it.”

A year passes.

It is Martinmas day, the 11th of November, 1719, the day named in the deed for André's first payment. A noisy crowd of *habitants* tenants, each laden with his annual tribute to the Seigneurs, is gathering in the great barnyard of the Gentlemen of the Seminary at Montreal, awaiting their turn for payment. Some with grain, some with eggs, and some with live poultry, ducks, fat capons, hens and chickens, tied together by the legs and slung over their shoulders. Geese quacking, turkeys gobbling, cocks crowing lustily ;—the *habitants* chattering volubly between theirs puffs of rank tobacco.

In his boots of untanned deerskin, his blue homespun belted with a scarlet sash, his long red woollen cap with its tasselled peak, his bag of the best wheat across his shoulder, and his big

\* *I. e.*, shall not have been tramped over or beaten for game.

† *Main morte*. No English equivalent. It means here a religious community whose hands are dead to give back whatever they have once acquired.



copper coins jingling in his hand ;—André is easily distinguished by his English face, and stolid manner.

In a few hours it is all over and the crowd disperses. One by one they drop in at the church door to say their evening prayer. Then André unties his boat at the river side, and slowly paddles homeward in the early twilight of St. Martin's day.

How far, far away he seems from his childhood's home among the staid Quakers of old Kittery. With a sense of relief from debt, and of real ownership, he draws near his thatched cottage where his wife and children are watching for his return. His little four-year-old Elizabeth, hearing the splash of the big stone that serves him for an anchor, runs down to the shore to meet him. He takes her by the hand, and with a pail of water in the other, enters his humble dwelling.

Does he then for a moment remember his father and mother, Adrian and Sarah Frye, and his boyhood among his brothers and sisters in New England? The door closes and we see him no more. We only know that he was living, when his little Elizabeth married in 1735, at the age of twenty-one,—and that he was dead, when his tenth child Jacques was married, in 1757. His great-great-granddaughter, third in descent from this Jacques, was my friend and co-worker, the dear nun, Marie Philomene Claire French.

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## MASSACHUSETTS COLONY AND PETER AND JOHN SCHUYLER.

BY FRANCIS M. THOMPSON.

Jamestown, the first English settlement in North America, had been in existence two years, when in 1609, Hendrick Hudson, in the little Dutch ship, Half Moon, had made his way up the great river which now bears his name, to the vicinity of the present city of Albany, in his vain search for a north-west passage. Almost at the same time, within twenty leagues of the Hudson, that illustrious Frenchman, Samuel de Champlain, at the solicitations of the Canadian Algonquins, was upon the shore of the beautiful lake which now bears *his* name, giving aid to



sixty red savages in their attack upon two hundred Iroquois, and giving these famous warriors their first lesson in the use of fire arms; the volleys from the French muskets causing them to flee in terror and dismay. But in after years the French paid dearly for this attack, as the haughty Iroquois never forgot their wrong, and held a Frenchman to be their natural enemy. Who knows but that the whole destiny of North America hinged upon the shots which echoed across the waters of the beautiful lake on that fall day of 1609?

The English settlement at Jamestown; the forlorn attempt to establish a colony near the mouth of the Kennebec; the building of the Dutch trading house, called Beverwyck, on the upper Hudson; and the permanent occupation of the St. Lawrence by the French, all took place at about the same time; and from this seed, planted by three distinct nations came about the fierce and bloody struggle which continued for one hundred and fifty years, for the control of the North American continent. In 1664 the English by the capture of New Netherlands, succeeded to the quarrel of the Dutch settlements. Year after year expeditions were sent out by the Dutch and their successors, the English, in aid of the Indians of the Six Nations, against their enemies in Canada; the object of the Dutch and English being the control of the trade of the Six Nations, and to prevent the interference of the French therein.

When Hendrick Hudson returned to Holland, the Dutch were not in condition to colonize the newly discovered territory, but the East India Company under whose auspices he made the voyage, immediately established three trading posts, and opened trade with the river Indians; taking possession of an old fort built by the French in 1540 [?] on an island just below the present site of Albany. Here they were flooded out in 1617, and moved down the river about four miles to "Tawasentha Grove," where they built Fort Nashua, where was held the great treaty between the Dutch and the Five Nations, which continued unbroken until the Revolutionary war, when the Mohawks, under the leadership of Brant, sided with the British, and at its close removed to Canada. In 1723 the Dutch moved up the river, and built Fort Orange, where Albany now stands. Great rivalry grew up between the French and the Dutch and their English successors, for the control of the fur trade of the Five Nations and their western allies. The Dutch, secure in their





alliance with the Five Nations, supplied them with fire arms and ammunition and every article necessary to enable them to maintain an unrelenting warfare against all tribes which were under French influence. The willing savages yearly poured forth their swarms upon the Hurons and Algonquins dwelling in the St. Lawrence and Ottawa valleys, nearly wiping out the great Huron nation, killing men, women and children, not even sparing the resident Jesuit priests. A small remnant of the Hurons escaped to an island lying in the great lake which memorizes their name, but their power was forever broken.

All those savages who would bring their barter to the Hudson, were to the Iroquois, friends and brothers ; all others were their enemies, and were made to feel the weight of their enmity.

The Dutch, and their successors the English, gave better prices for furs than the French, and furnished better goods in return, which together with the great fear with which the neighboring tribes held the domineering Iroquois, greatly injured the trade of the French ; and as a consequence their hatred of these heretics, and their allies, the Iroquois was very strong and deep. Long before the arrival of the French in New France, or the Dutch in New Netherlands, war had existed between the Five Nations and the Huron and Algonquin tribes inhabiting the valleys of the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa, and the rivers and the lakes lying between New York and Canada had been the scene of many bloody battles ere the muskets of Champlain and his two companions awoke the echoes in 1609.

Large numbers of Canadian captives taken by the Iroquois, and held by them as slaves, were converts of the Jesuit priests, who, seemingly denying themselves of all the comforts of civilized life, for the hope of a glorious martyrdom, daily put their lives in jeopardy in their efforts to save souls. The world's history contains no record to compare with the zeal, heroism and devotion of these Jesuit priests. The lives of several of these brave and devoted men were sacrificed in their persistent efforts to extend their religion among the people of the Five Nations, and by 1670 they had succeeded in establishing several missions among the Onondagas, and had converted a large portion of the Mohawks, as many as seven hundred catholic converts having taken up their residence in Canada. This increase of the French



influence was much feared by the Dutch at Schenectady and Fort Orange.

In 1664 the government of New Netherlands fell into the hands of the English, and their policy was to retain the trade of the great Iroquois nation, and constant effort was made to keep the chain of their friendship, bright and shining, so that the Five Nations might remain a solid bulwark between the English and the ever pushing and aggressive French. The policy of the French was to dominate the Five Nations, and by their commanding influence control the trade and barter of all the western tribes, so that they might safely erect forts and trading stations along the Ohio and Mississippi valleys, as they laid claim to all the country west of the Appalachian chain of mountains, including the great lakes and all the country east of the Kennebec.

As for the English,

The soil they demanded, or threatened the worst,  
Insisting that Cabot, had looked on it first.

The Indian policy was to receive all the presents offered by either party, their habit being to dally with the French when they seemed to be in the ascendancy, to call them their "fathers," and in turn pledge themselves to "Corlear" their "brother," as they called the English governors, if they were temporarily the more successful. But the French, notwithstanding the secret influence of the subtle Jesuit priests, never obtained more than a passive neutrality from the proud and crafty Iroquois, and the Five Nations were upon the whole fairly loyal to the English interests.

Such, at a glance, was the real situation of affairs between New France and New Netherland, at the commencement of my story.

In the family records of Philip Peterse Schuyler, of Rensselaerswyc, written in good black Dutch, will be found these entries :

Born ; September 17, 1657, Peter Von Schuyler ; and April 5, 1668, Johannes Von Schuyler ; and written after the name of each, these words : May the good Lord God let him grow up in virtues to his salvation ; Amen !

But little is known of the early life of these Schuylers, who, when they arrived to manhood's estate, each bore so conspicu-



ous a part in the management of the affairs of their native state, and gained prominence to the family name. But it so happened, in the providence of God, that for nearly sixty years these two brothers, or the survivor, were of the utmost service to the pioneers of the Connecticut valley, and the remainder of the Province of Massachusetts Bay. Deerfield, being for the greater period, the nearest frontier town to their home, was the recipient of many favors, and it is well that their services should not be forgotten.

At the time of Peter Schuyler's entrance in public life, Albany was but a frontier town. No other Dutch settlement existed to the west but Schenectady, where a few burghers had purchased lands in order to escape the serfdom of the Patroons, these being under the guidance of Aren Van Corlear, in whom the Indians had the utmost confidence, and because of their love for him, they called all the governors of New York "Corlear."

To the north of Albany stretched the great wilderness; the lakes, George and Champlain; and beyond, the wicked French. On the east the nearest settlements were Springfield and Deerfield, and no town but Kingston existed between Albany and New York. The Mohawks, a strong and warlike people inhabited the lower valley of the Mohawk river and the country about Albany.

Remnants of the scattered tribes who had been dispersed from the Connecticut valley when King Philip's war ended, were gathered about the mouth of the Hoosick river, and collectively called Schaghticookes. The Mohawks kept up constant communication with their relatives at Caughnawaga, where the Jesuit priests had gathered their converts. Peter Schuyler, by virtue of his office as Mayor of Albany, and commander of the fort, became chief commissioner of Indian affairs for the Colony. To him the Indians of the Five Nations had become greatly attached, and he was known and beloved by all the tribes who called him "Quidor," (Keedor, the Indians' friend,) that word being the nearest approach the Indians could make to pronouncing "Peter."

By means of his great influence with the savages, and their boundless love and respect for him, no act of the French government in Canada which became at all public; no secret movement of war parties against the English frontiers by instigation





of the French, or by ambitious chief, and no covert embassy could be sent out to the Iroquois, without some inkling or knowledge of these things soon reaching the "Quidor's" ears.

In the fall of 1689, it became known to the people of Albany, through these friends of "Quidor," that Frontenac was organizing an expedition to attack the town; so its garrison was strengthened and all available means used to make Fort Orange impregnable. Men and money were scarce, but an arrangement was made to keep upon the frontiers a scout of forty Mohawk warriors, who should carefully watch every avenue by which the French and Indians could approach, and give immediate alarm. But the red warriors having already drawn their allowances, found it much more comfortable and far less dangerous to hang around the outskirts of Schenectady, trusting to the great depth of snow and the severe winter weather, as preventive to the advance of the enemy.

As the French commander approached the English settlements, his Indian allies began to fear to attack so strong a place as Albany, and finally prevailed upon him to turn his attack upon Schenectady, which appeared to offer much more certain success.

Upon reaching the settlement, late upon a stormy night, they found it unguarded, with gates wide open; and setting fire to the houses, the inhabitants were murdered as they rushed from their beds. Peter Schuyler tells the horrid story in a letter addressed to the Massachusetts government.

"Albany the 15th. day of Feb. 1689-90. Honoured Gentlemen: To our Great Greefe and Sorrow, we must acquaint you with our deplorable condition, there having never the like massacre and murther been Committed in these parts of America, as hath been acted by the French and their Indians at Schenectady, 20 miles from Albanie, betwixt Saturday and Sunday last at 11 a clock at night. A companie of Two hundred French and Indians fell upon said village and murthured sixty men women and children most barbarously; burning the Place and carried 27 along with them Prisoners, among which leftenant of Capt. Bull; Enos Tallmadge: and 4 more of said companie were killed and 5 taken prisoners, the rest being Inhabitants; and above 25 persons their limbs frozen in the flight. The cruelties committed at said Place no Penn can write or tongue express."





His letter was long and enters into the fullest details of the horrible story, and with all his power he urges the Massachusetts government to aid in the invasion of Canada during the coming season, and concludes in these words: "We have writ to Col. Pynchon to warn the upper towns to be on their guard, fearing that some French and Indians might be out and Destroy them."

During the next season, Peter Schuyler received notice from his agents, that an embassy had arrived from Frontenac to the Onondagas, but that the Indians would not receive or hear them until a full council should be called. Schuyler, with some others named by the city council, taking with them two resident Frenchmen as interpreters, attended at the long house of the Onondagas, being full of indignation that these French spies should steal into English territory, and offer presents to their friends and allies. After long parleying, the French derived no satisfaction from this council.

The Indians remained firm in their friendship for "Quidor" and his people. As soon as the following spring opened another and larger delegation was sent from Quebec, and again runners summoned "Quidor" and his friends to an Onondaga council; the result being that the French emissaries were seized and distributed among the several sachems, some doubtless to suffer death, but the chief of the embassy, Chevalier D'Aux, was given to Schuyler, who took him to Albany and sent him home.

Schuyler immediately collected a force of Mohawk warriors, and marching them to Wood creek, at the head of Lake Champlain, set them at work building bark canoes, which he felt would be needed in a campaign against Canada during the coming season. The next season a campaign was organized to invade Canada, but General Winthrop and his army got no farther than the head of the lakes, his soldiers suffering from small-pox, and having no sufficient commissary organized, it proved fruitless. Sir William Phipps attacked Quebec with a fleet of thirty vessels, but without effect. Schuyler's Mohawks were much chagrined at the failure of the expedition, and a party of forty Dutch and English and one hundred Indians placed themselves under the command of Capt. Johannes Schuyler, (the young brother of Peter), then 22 years old, and set out down the lake, to show themselves to the enemy. The young captain



kept a diary during this expedition (which may be found in Vol. 2, page 285 of the Documentary History of York) which is interesting, but too long for this paper. They entered the Richelieu or "Chambly" river, and came near the fort La Prairie, within fifteen miles of Montreal. Captain Schuyler says "We christians resolved to fall upon the fort; but could not move the savages to give their consent to help us to attack the fort; the fort fired alarms when Montryal and Chamble answered, so we resolved to depart with the prisoners to Albany," where they arrived after an absence of seventeen days, bringing nineteen prisoners and six scalps.

The failure of the Winslow expedition was largely due to the anomalous condition of affairs, caused by the usurpation of the Colonial government of New York, by Jacob Leisler, to whom Albany would not submit. Leisler was the sworn enemy of Schuyler, and when he obtained control of the city, he removed him from office, and appointed more pliable men as agents.

Upon the arrival in New York of the Royal governor, Slough-ter, Leisler and his son-in-law, Jacob Milbourn his right hand man, were arrested and tried on a charge of treason, condemned, and were hanged. The hasty action of the new governor has always been heartily condemned by unprejudiced historians. Peter Schuyler was at once restored to his office of Mayor, made a member of the Colonial Council, and a justice of the Court of Common Pleas.

In 1692, a Great Council consisting of forty sachems, the governor of the Colony, his Council, the Mayor, alderman, and the chief military officers of the Province, was held at Albany, and an agreement entered into with the Five Nations to undertake another expedition against Canada. Governor Slough-ter wrote the other Colonies urging them to aid in this movement, using the sound argument, that, "all the Colonies would be endangered by the loss of Albany."

Major Peter Schuyler was given the command of the expedition, which was to consist of two hundred Dutch and English, and three hundred Mohawk and River Indians. The Seneca sachems agreed to send five hundred warriors to join and aid them, as they reached the St. Lawrence river.

June 22nd, 1691, Schuyler began his march, with only one hundred whites, eighty Mohawks and sixty River Indians. With this little army he made a spirited attack upon the French



fort, La Prairie, situate within fifteen miles of Montreal, and defended by four hundred and sixty men. During the attack he learned from some prisoners, that the French had placed three hundred French and forty Indians between his men and their canoes, which they had concealed upon the Chambly or Sorel river; so he drew off from the fort and marching eight miles, attacked this ambuscading party, which made a most desperate resistance, but were at last compelled to retire; and Schuyler laconically says in his report, "to say the truth, we were all glad to see them retreat." In his report to Gov. Sloughter, he says, "We lost in this expedition twenty one christians, sixteen Mohaues, six River Indians & the wounded, in all twenty-five," and afterwards adds; "Memorandum: since the first date of this journal, six christians and Indians, thought to be killed have returned." The historian, Colden, always an enemy of Schuyler, in his history of the Five Nations, says, "The French by their own account lost six lieutenants, five ensigns, and three hundred men; so that the slain were more in number than Major Schuyler had with him."

This expedition resulted in giving the Indians the greatest confidence in the English; it renewed their war spirit and they kept the French in constant alarm, killing, burning and capturing all along the St. Lawrence, between Montreal and Quebec; so that few French soldiers could be spared for attacking the Five Nations; but small parties under French officers raided the New England frontiers from Maine to New York.

In every emergency "Quidor" was called upon by the Indians, and long journeys had to be taken, without regard to weather or means of transportation, to aid the Indians in devising means to repel the invading hordes from Canada. Colden says that Schuyler told him that at one time he was invited by some Indians to eat broth with them, which they had already cooked, which he did with a relish, until dipping in the ladle to take out more, he fished out a Frenchman's hand, which put an end to his appetite.

Council after council was held, at which Schuyler was the chief agent of the Colony, endeavouring by all the means in his power to encourage and retain the wavering loyalty of the frightened Iroquois. February 14th, 1704, he writes to Governor Fletcher, "I have struggled with the sachems of the Five Nations for ten days; they are awed and weary of war and dis-





trust our ability to support them against the French. I would not for anything, I had gone to Onondaga to have been there at their meeting; that I should have quite despaired of ever effecting what I have done now; for I never found them speak with more hesitation; yet I have gained that point, to win time until your Excellency comes up, when they all engage to be here, and Dekanissora in person, who is the man the governor of Canada so much longs for."

But in spite of all the efforts of Schuyler, and the presents and blandishments of the governor, Dekanissora and his sachems went to Quebec, where Frontenac received him with the greatest honors, and a great exhibition of the power and strength of the Canadian forces. Dekanissora with great eloquence sued for a treaty of peace which should include the governor of New York, and Peter Schuyler, "Mayor and Commandant of Albany."

The ensuing May the council which the Indians had agreed to with Schuyler was held at Albany, and there Dekanissora reported that Frontenac would make peace with the Five Nations, but would not include the governor of New York, and he declared that the Indians must have peace at all events.

Governor Fletcher was at last compelled to permit the Five Nations to conclude a treaty of peace with Frontenac, always provided they kept their covenant with the English. Unfortunately for the French, before the treaty had been fully concluded, the Indians learned that Frontenac was making preparations to rebuild his fort at Cadaraquie, which the Indians refused to permit upon any terms, and they rejected all his propositions. One of the chiefs said to Frontenac, "You call us 'children' what father are you? You deal with us whom you call 'children' as with hogs, which are called home from the woods by Indian corn, and then put in prison until they are killed."

But the conclusion of the Five Nations was not final, and after much negotiation a peace was agreed upon with the French, in spite of all the influence which the English could bring to bear upon them, to keep up the fight.

In 1693 a large party of French and Indians came down and attacked the Mohawks, destroying their castles, killing many and taking some three hundred captives, with whom they started



on their return to Canada. Major Peter Schuyler hastily gathered three hundred whites and as many savages, and being joined by Major Ingoldsby from Albany with quite a force, they entrenched themselves near Mt. McGregor, on the "old trail" intending to rescue the prisoners. The French discovered their presence and made a furious attack upon their position in the night, but being beaten off three times, they retreated and continued their flight. The battle place is known as "the old Indian burying ground."

Queen Anne in 1709 issued letters to the governors of New York, Pennsylvania and the New England provinces, inviting them to unite with the home government in the invasion of Canada, with an overwhelming force. Fifteen hundred men were to march by way of Champlain, while five regiments of regulars and twelve hundred Massachusetts men were to sail in ships to attack Quebec. Col. Nicholson was placed in command of the forces which were to attack Montreal, with Col. Peter Schuyler as his chief officer, and he was to have command of the Indian allies.

As usual, preparations were delayed, but in June, Major Johannes Schuyler was pushed forward with 228 English and Indians, down the lake to Otter Creek, in order to intercept a war party of French and Indians who were known to have started for the Connecticut river. At the same time fifteen hundred men had been gathered by the French to surprise and capture the English forts and stores at Wood Creek, at the south end of Lake Champlain.

Major Schuyler discovered the enemy at Crown Point, and after a lively skirmish, the French retreated. Col. Nicholson returned to Albany leaving the army under the command of Col. Peter Schuyler, who waited for some report from the Quebec forces (which in fact never sailed) until the season was so far spent, that the expedition, much to Schuyler's disgust, had to be abandoned.

In order to keep the Mohawk chiefs from dwelling upon their disappointment, and to create an interest in the fate of the Five Nations in Europe, Major Schuyler selected five Mohawk chiefs, and with Captain Abram Schuyler, a relative, as interpreter, at his own expense, took the whole party to England, where they spent several months in impressing upon the minds of these untutored savages the great strength and power of the English



government. One chief died upon the voyage, but the others safely returned in December, 1710.

The Queen, in acknowledgment of the generosity and great services of Col. Schuyler, offered to confer knighthood upon him, but he modestly declined the distinction, and she then ordered his portrait painted and presented to him, which picture his descendants still possess.

Col. Schuyler was acting governor of New York from 1719 to 1720. Time and your patience will not permit the following of the personal history of Peter and John Schuyler, or further illustrate the honorable parts they performed in the building up of the Empire State, or to give any sketch of the life of General Philip Schuyler, a grandson of John, who was a trusted lieutenant of Washington.

During the raids of the French and Indians in King William's war, many prisoners had been taken by them and carried away to Canada. Among others were John Gillett, Martin Smith, and Daniel Belding and several of his children, from Deerfield. In 1697, Col. Peter Schuyler, taking with him the Dutch Dominio and others, went to Canada, and after much negotiation they succeeded in obtaining the release of these prisoners and about twenty others, whom they took to Albany, where they were treated with the greatest kindness, and later dispatched homeward by the way of New York city and the Sound. John Gillett returned by the way of France and England. From 1697 to 1702 there was an interval of peace, and then commenced Queen Anne's war, and once more the governor of Canada turned loose his savages to wage cruel warfare against the English borders. In 1703 Governor Vaudreuil writes to the French king that his armies had laid waste more than fifteen leagues of territory, and that they had taken or killed more than three hundred people.

This year Schuyler sent word that his Mohawk spies reported that a large expedition was setting out for Deerfield. Once when sending warning words, he wrote, "Do be on your guard, to prevent your people from falling into the hands of these bloody savages; but I cannot enlarge for I will have the messenger ride this night, and it is now ten o'clock." Thus faithful was he to forward the news of any movement of the common enemy.

The Council allowed Deerfield a guard of twenty men, two





of whom were quartered in the house of Rev. Mr. Williams; and those people who had settled in the more remote and exposed places were gathered into the palisades; but the garri-son grew weary of watching, the sentinel slept, and we, this night, meet in memory of their neglect.

During the season Zebediah Williams and John Nims, while in the meadows looking after cattle, were ambushed by Indians lying in the ditch just beyond Frary's bridge, captured and taken to Canada. Williams died in captivity, but Nims, Joseph Petty, Thomas Baker and Martin Kellogg escaped, and after great suffering reached Deerfield. Peter and John Schuyler were most earnest and active in warning the frontier settlers of approaching danger, and so far as possible aided in preventing surprises of the scattered settlers upon the Massachusetts frontiers. They were well known and honored and respected by the French governors, and their influence went very far in procuring the release of captives from their Indian masters, and they protested in strong language against every effort made by the French to induce the Five Nations to depart from the strict rule of neutrality which had been agreed upon, and without doubt prevented in several instances the invasion of the territory of the Five Nations by the Indians under French control. They aided in every possible way in the efforts of Ensign Sheldon and his companions in their endeavors to secure the return of the Deerfield captives. Major John wrote to Col. Partridge that he saw Deacon Sheldon at Montreal, "who had liberty to walk the streets, but was detained, and had not liberty to go home."

In all the efforts of Rev. John Williams for the recovery of his children the Schuylers were most energetic and deeply sympathetic in their aid. The father's discouraging and unsuccessful work for the recovery of little Eunice, was ably seconded by the Schuylers. Major John, in a letter to Governor Dudley, dated December 12th, 1712, says:

"As to what your Excellency mentions relating to Mr. Williams, his daughter and the squaw, she is not come here yet, nor have I heard anything of her coming, although I shall be very glad to see them and to advise your Excellency if they come together, or the squaw alone. I shall use all possible means to get the child exchanged, either as your Excellency or what other way the squaw will be most willing to comply with.

"Meanwhile I shall inform myself by all opportunities,





whether the said squaw and child be coming here, or if they be anywhere nearby. Your Excellency may depend that whatever I can do, for y<sup>e</sup> obtaining y<sup>e</sup> said child, shall at no time be wanting, and so I shall take leave to subscribe myself; Your Excellency's most humble servant; John Schuyler."

Under date of June 13th, 1713, John Schuyler wrote Gov. Dudley, of his journey to Montreal, and of his failure, after a personal interview with Eunice Williams, (then married to an Indian) to induce her to return to her Deerfield relatives. His story of his interview with the historic Eunice, the Jesuit priest and the Indian relatives, Miss Baker, in her story of Eunice Williams, declares the most touching state paper which she ever read. Rev. Mr. Williams was for a considerable time the guest of Col. Schuyler at Albany, and, during his stay, he caused his portrait to be painted.

In 1707, Col. Schuyler writes to Col. Partridge that he has rescued from the Indians, Ebenezer Carter, "and when his friends come to redeem him, shall be delivered up." Under date of August 11th, the same year, he writes to Col. Partridge that his spies report that twenty-seven French and Indians were at the mouth of Otter Creek on the 6th bound for the New England frontiers. In February, 1708, the Schuylers reported that a large war party had left Canada about the middle of January, and when the raiders reached the frontier they found the settlers on their guard, and the party broke up into small detachments, which hovered around the settlements all summer, surprising and killing two sons of Capt. John Parsons and some others, and capturing several prisoners at Chicopee.

The next August Schuyler informed Governor Dudley that eight hundred French and Indians had marched for New England. In order to conceal his movements as much as possible as to his destination, De Rouville, the French commander, divided his forces, marching one party by the St. Francis river, and sending the other by Lake Champlain. The latter party was made up from the Canadian Mohawks, over whom Schuyler had much influence; he caused his messengers to meet them on the lake, and under plea of danger from small-pox, induced the Indians to turn back, thus saving our frontiers from their depredations. The main body under De Rouville laid Haverhill in waste, and killed forty persons and took many prisoners.



July 13th, 1712, twenty Indians under Graylock, left Canada, intending to attack our settlements; Schuyler heard of it the 28th, and immediately sent an express to Col. Partridge; but he was too late; the Indians captured men belonging to Springfield, Deerfield, Sunderland and Hartford, escaping with their prisoners to Canada, this being the last raid during Queen Anne's war.

The Massachusetts government fully trusted the Schuylers, and relied upon their faithful services, as will appear by the following letter:

"Gentlemen: This encloses a vote of the General Assembly of this Province, desiring that one of you gentlemen, as will best suit your convenience, will please favor us with a visit, that we may confer with you upon the Present situation of our Capital affairs respecting the Maquois & the Eastern Indians; which will also oblige; Gentlemen, Yr. Most Humble Serv't Wm. Dummer. Boston, Aug. 13th. 1723. To the Hon. Coll. Peter & Coll. John Skiler."

In September of the same year the Schuylers sent word that fifty Indians were then on their way, at Otter Creek, to attack our settlements; and Governor Dummer writes the Schuylers under date of September 13th, "Gentlemen; I have received yr. advice in a Letter Directed to Coll. Partridge, of a party of fifty Indians come over the lake to attack our frontiers. I hope the seasonable arrival of this Intelligence will be the means to disappoint the Enemy. I do for myself & in Behalf and at the desire of his Majesties Council of this Province, give you thanks for your good offices to this Gov't. from Time to Time; especially in advising us so opportunely of the Motions of the Enemy & other matters that so nearly concern this Province, and pray the continuance of yo'r. care & Friendship to us in this respect; and we shall punctually pay y'r expenses."

Col. John attended the conference in Boston, and in a letter announcing his safe arrival at Albany, he says; "On the 2nd. day of this inst. I sent my son and two others towards Canada, with instructions y<sup>t</sup> if they met with any news of any parties of Ind's designed for New England, they would dispatch an express directly, and also to enquire respecting Captives & any other news which may be servicable."

The Schuylers were instrumental in enlisting several Mohawks and Schaghticooke Indians for service scouts for the



Colony, at Fort Dummer, but they only proved of use when drawing their pay and subsistence. The next August he sends word to Col. Stoddard, "There is now again fourty Indians Gone Against your Gov't.; but I know not where they will make their attempt."

Col. John Schuyler with commissioners sent from New Hampshire and Massachusetts arrived in Montreal, March 3d, 1725, charged with the endeavor to make peace with the Eastern Indians, but their efforts were without avail.

Col. John Schuyler was also charged by Governor Belcher to summon the New York Indians to hold the Great Council at Deerfield in 1735, but the official journal does not mention his presence at that celebrated Conference.

Peter Schuyler died February 19th, 1724, and John Schuyler died in February 1747, neither of them being spared to see the humbling of the French, against whom they both had spent their lives in contention.

At the decease of Col. John Schuyler the control of Indian affairs passed into the hands of Sir William Johnson, whose great tact and ability in this respect made him their acknowledged leader. He was the commanding officer at Lake George, upon the day when Col. Ephraim Williams led forth his little army to slaughter; an occasion long remembered in this valley, as the "Bloody Morning Scout." In the battle which followed the same day, Johnson was wounded and Col. Lyman of Massachusetts the second in command gained a victory, taking Baron Dieskau, the French commander, prisoner; but Johnson got all the glory and the honor of knighthood.

On the 25th of November, 1758, George Washington, a young lieutenant of Gen. Forbes, planted the British banners upon the Walls of Fort DuQuesne, and in honor of William Pitt, named it Pittsburg. Gen. Amherst, on the 26th of July, received the surrender of the great fortress of Louisbourg, and Isle Royal and St. John became British possessions. Lord Abercrombie swept up the lakes, with a flotilla of a thousand boats, but made an ill advised attack upon the walls of old Ticonderoga, losing two thousand men in front of the fortification. Massachusetts raised seven thousand men for the ensuing campaign, and the other colonies put forth their best efforts. By the 25th of July, 1759, Sir William Johnson had possession of all the French posts as far west as Erie; and upon the 1st of August, Gen.





Amherst had taken Crown Point and Ticonderoga, which had been abandoned by the French, who fled to the lower end of the lake. At the same time Gen. Wolfe was hammering at the gates of Quebec, and on the 13th of September, 1759, at the great battle upon the Plains of Abraham, the victor Wolfe, and the vanquished Montcalm, had proved "the path to glory a short one to the grave."

England and the Colonies were wild with delight.

Sept. 9, 1760, Lord Amherst received the surrender of Montreal, and with it went the submission of Canada, henceforward to be a British Province.



## ANNUAL MEETING—1903.

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### REPORT.

The annual meeting of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association was held in Memorial Hall at Deerfield yesterday afternoon and evening. Instead of the business meeting being held in the old kitchen, where it has been held for many years, the Association met in an adjoining room, formerly a part of the tenement occupied by the caretaker, and which will henceforth be used for exhibition purposes, since a handsome colonial cottage has been erected for the caretaker just east of the hall, within the past year. Judge F. M. Thompson of Greenfield, vice-president of the Association, presided, in the absence of Mr. Sheldon, who is wintering in Boston. By the report of the treasurer, John Sheldon of Greenfield, it appears that the number of paid admissions to the hall was largely increased over that of preceding years, the receipts from that source being \$332.80. Other items of income are: Sales of History of Deerfield, \$114; sales of photographs, pamphlets, etc., \$55.93; annual dues, \$21, and new members, \$9. In the expense account the heaviest item, \$414.88, is for repairs on the L formerly used as a dwelling. The balance on deposit is \$2072.

George Sheldon, the curator, in his report says that the chief event of the year, and indeed of our history since acquiring Memorial Hall, has been the erection of the beautiful cottage on the grounds, a structure in perfect harmony with the place where it is located, and the purpose for which it was built. The cottage was the gift of Mrs. Sheldon, although the report does not mention her by name. "On the very evening of the day on which we organized under our charter," says Curator Sheldon, "the great and wise Agassiz invited me to his room in the Pocumtuck house, where he was an invalid. He was greatly interested in the movement, and he impressed upon me the importance of distinguishing in our collections, between the relics, and the setting in which they are to be exhibited. He could



speak only in a whisper, but the whole matter was summed up in his last intensely emphasized words, 'Mr. Sheldon, put your money on the inside.' This advice has been the keynote from the first start. You all know that not a dollar of your slowly gathered money has been spent for mere show. Our horizontal cases were made from lumber picked up about the building; the library fixtures were mostly improvised in the same way, or obtained by gift, all old and second-hand. In utilizing our added quarters, great judgment will be required in the expansion, that the result be a harmonious whole. As Peter Sprague used to say, 'There's a thousand things to everything.' Mr. Sheldon refers to the repairs in the north wing. "It follows, of course, that a new catalogue for the library will be necessary. This means large expense. It will be at once seen that with any considerable change in the location of our relics our old catalogue will become useless. Probably a printed book, with blank leaves, or additions would be better than a card catalogue." Mr. Sheldon roughly estimates the cost at about \$900.

Mrs. M. E. Stebbins gave the assistant's report, which showed that the number of visitors for the year had been 3,432. There had been many requests for Sunday opening, but it had been thought best not to take this step. Visitors come from remote sections of the country and from foreign lands. One California man said he would like to spend the summer in Deerfield and visit the collection every day.

Brief sketches were read of Albert C. Parsons and Jarvis B. Bardwell, written by Herbert C. Parsons, and of Charles Jones and Luther Joshua Barker Lincoln, written by George Sheldon, all being members who have died within the year. Of Mr. Parsons it was said that he was closely identified with the affairs of the town of Northfield, that he was attached to the town and believed it to have been very specially favored. He was interested in the movement for the preservation of historical traditions, and gave the project of publishing the town history his cordial support. He was an early member and councillor of the P. V. M. A. He stoutly defended the old boundary line of Deerfield in the Legislature of '61, arguing against what he believed to be an injustice to the old town. He was an early free soiler, a Republican at the formation of the party, and after the nomination of Blaine a political dissenter. He showed moral fearlessness, unselfishness in every good cause.



The sketch of Jarvis B. Bardwell briefly reviewed the life of the centenarian, speaking of his life as one of activity, public spirit and unfailing good nature, and with a precious store of memories of the olden days.

The sketch of Charles Jones spoke of his response to all calls for services for the Association and the town. He was a hard worker in early life, beginning for the wages of \$15 a month. He steadily made his way, showing sturdy industry, and through this industry came to possess one of the finest old provincial homes in the Street. He was opposed to idleness, and a man for youth to pattern after.

Regarding Mr. Lincoln it was recalled that he was employed in 1886 in making a catalogue for the Association, a task for which he was admirably equipped. While engaged in this work he considered the feasibility of having a local history class in connection with the library. His fertile brain evolved the idea of a summer school of history and romance, which drew to Deerfield a brilliant galaxy of men and women of the front ranks of American literature. Mr. Lincoln was a brilliant after-dinner speaker and writer.

Samuel O. Lamb was then asked to speak concerning these men. He recalled some legal business in which he had been concerned with Mr. Parsons and remembered him well as a man of high character and public spirit. Regarding Mr. Bardwell, Mr. Lamb gave a reminiscence of the old log cabin and hard cider campaign. Democrats were scarce in Shelburne at that time, but the few there were enterprising. They had a public meeting which Mr. Lamb attended, addressed by two of that faith. A group of young men made considerable disturbance, and Mr. Bardwell rebuked them, speaking of the impropriety of interrupting a public meeting. He said that they could afford to hear these remarks, that they did them no harm, even if they did not believe them. Mr. Lamb did not remember Mr. Lincoln well, but knew him as being talented and possessing public spirit. He paid a high tribute to Mr. Jones. Mr. Lamb told of litigation with the old Cheapside bridge corporation. A judgment was secured after a good while, but it was then found that the corporation had quietly dissolved and disposed of its property. Mr. Jones consulted him to learn if they could not recover from the stockholders. Mr. Lamb said not. The selectmen of Deerfield decided to





pursue the matter further, but were finally beaten in the Supreme Court. Mr. Jones was a man of good, sound judgment, safe to follow. Mr. Lamb remarked that he was of the same class politically as himself, marching in the same troop and to the same music. A. L. Wing spoke of Mr. Jones' unquestioned honesty, and spoke of Mr. Bardwell's sociability. Judge Thompson recalled a controversy between Mr. Bardwell and D. O. Fisk of Shelburne.

The fascinating subject of the old Deerfield cannon was brought up by Spencer Fuller, who was recalling Mr. Jones' sympathy with young people. He said that in 1876 Mr. Jones had given the boys liberty to use the cannon, which had been hidden in his cellar. The South Deerfield boys made up their minds to steal it. The Deerfield boys got it up Fort hill, but were in consternation when they heard that the South Deerfield boys were after it. They called in Mr. Jones to help them. The latter started out heading a company of boys but when they came in sight of their opponents, many turned faint-hearted and fled. But Mr. Jones was not daunted, grabbed a fence stake, and scattered the South Deerfield invaders.

E. A. Newcomb then told of his experiences with the cannon. He remembered how the boys dug it up at the time of the fall of Richmond, and how they fired it all night. Lacking amusement one day, he had filled it up with earth, and the South Deerfield boys who afterward stole it had a hard job to clean it out.

Spencer Fuller told of the difficulty the boys had in handling the cannon and transporting it between the two villages. They got it on a car, but could not get it off the track. An express train was due at about that time, and he said that John Sheldon, who was left in charge, went to sleep in the bushes when he should have been watching for the train. This was denied by Mr. Sheldon. A. W. Root of Wapping told of the troubles over the draft in Greenfield, and said that fears were expressed lest some disorderly element get hold of the cannon and make trouble. It was then buried to keep it out of sight.

Mr. Sheldon recollected how at the time of a dinner at the Pocumtuck tavern the cannon was fired. The wadding fell short, and some one stole a bale of dried codfish from the grocery store for that purpose. The cannon was once taken up



to the cemetery, and it was decided to salute a coming train. It was decided to fire ahead of the train, but the gun held fire, and almost blew off the end of the rear car. The boys who were firing it scattered in all directions, two jumping into a new-made grave, and others dodging behind tombstones and one went to Shutesbury and staid eight months.

The talk then drifted back to Mr. Jones. His industry was spoken of, and it was recalled that he generally got to work at 3 o'clock. His acquaintance with Gov. Andrew was mentioned.

The chairman here called attention to the fact that the sesqui-centennial of Greenfield is to be celebrated June 9, and it was understood that the society would be invited to join in a celebration. Provision was made for the appointment of a committee to act with the town.

These officers were elected; Pres., George Sheldon of Deerfield; vice-pres., Francis M. Thompson of Greenfield, C. Alice Baker of Boston; rec. sec., Margaret Miller of Deerfield; cor. sec. Mary Elizabeth Stebbins of Deerfield; treasurer, John Sheldon of Greenfield; councilors Robert Childs, Frances S. Ball, Edward A. Hawks, Rev. Richard E. Birks, Laura B. Wells, Spencer Fuller, Edward J. Everett, all of Deerfield, Emma L. Coleman and Annie C. Putnam of Boston, Herbert C. Parsons, Charles R. Lowell, Samuel O. Lamb, Ellen L. Sheldon, Caroline C. Furbush, Eugene A. Newcomb, all of Greenfield.

The evening session was held in the town hall and was preceded by a supper served by the women of the village in aid of the lighting fund. The papers were of interest, especially the one on Rev. Jonathan Leavitt of Charlemont and Heath, which was prepared by his great-grandson, William H. Leavitt of Minneapolis, Minn. In this Mr. Leavitt takes up the cudgels in defense of the memory of his ancestor and challenges, if he does not wholly succeed in refuting, some of the stories concerning the doughty old minister that have been handed down to posterity. This was read by Rev. Richard E. Birks of Deerfield. The other papers were on the adventures of Baptiste, by Miss C. Alice Baker, and a review of the journal of Capt. Nathaniel Dwight, by George Sheldon, read by John Sheldon. The exercises began with prayer by Rev. Richard E. Birks. Music was furnished by a quartet consisting of A. J. Mealand, C. J. Day, W. S. Allen and Jacob H. Sauter of Greenfield.



The journal of Capt. Nathaniel Dwight of Belchertown during the Crown Point expedition, 1775, which was reviewed by Mr. Sheldon, was printed last year in New York, and through the courtesy of Rev. M. E. Dwight of New York the library of the Association at Deerfield was supplied with a copy.

Dr. Henry D. Holton and C. F. R. Jennie of Brattleboro attended the evening meeting.

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## PARSON LEAVITT VINDICATED.

SOME OLD CALUMNIES REFUTED BY A DESCENDANT,  
WILLIAM H. LEAVITT, OF MINNEAPOLIS.

Mr. Sheldon, our honored president, has said, "No human action is too trivial to be interesting." Who will say that the lives of our ancestors, the pioneers of our New England hills and valleys, who, in the performance of their duties unconsciously builded the foundations of a mighty nation, are not better worth our study than the bloody deeds of the profligate rulers of the old world.

The subject of this paper is the life and character of the first minister of Charlemont, his one daughter and eleven sons.

Jonathan Leavitt was born in Suffield, Ct., in 1731. Before he was two years old his father, a brother and a sister, all died within three consecutive days. The character of the family is best inferred from the fact that three of the sons were educated at Yale. Two of them became ministers and a daughter became the mother of Chief Justice Ellsworth of the United States Supreme Court. Jonathan was graduated from Yale and ordained at Walpole, N. H., in 1761, (his brother Freegrace, of Somers, Ct., preaching the ordination sermon, an appreciative and interesting discourse worthy the care with which it has been preserved).

The custom of the New England fathers, to plant first the home, then the schoolhouse, and later the church, was carried out by the people of Charlemont, but for the first 25 years their efforts to form a church were unavailing because of the continuous Indian warfare. In March, 1767, David White was chosen by the town to go to Walpole and invite Mr. Leavitt to





preach as a candidate. Negotiations were not completed until September first, when the town voted "to accept the proposals of Mr. Leavitt to become their minister," and a committee was appointed to prepare for the installation.

The installation, however, was postponed until October of the following year, (1768), probably for lack of a suitable place for the exercises.

Mr. Leavitt was living in Charlemont in November, 1767. Although no records of the organization of the church have been found it is probable, from the best evidence obtainable, that during the year the church was organized, the meeting-house constructed, and Mr. Leavitt's residence built for him by the town, as agreed upon the terms of the settlement. For 135 years this house has withstood the gales which swept over the top of Greylock and Hoosac mountains, and at the present time is connected with the outside world by that modern invention the telephone. The timbers of the frame are very large, and including the studs and braces, were hewn from the primeval forest. The clapboards are split and shaved and are less than six feet in length. The boards used in the floors are very wide, some of them measuring three feet across.

The amount of labor represented by the construction in the wilderness of two such substantial buildings in one season by a small handful of men well illustrates the intelligent industry and determination characteristic of the New England pioneer.

It is said of Mr. Leavitt that "he was endowed with good talents, a gentleman in his manner, hospitable and very social in his ample home, and a Christian in his deportment at home and abroad.

"He dressed in the costume of the day, wearing a powdered wig and cocked hat, and made a dignified appearance. The congregation were accustomed to rise and salute their minister upon his entrance to the meetinghouse for the Sabbath service.

"His sermons are sound in theology and manifest a mind able to work with profound subjects."

Since the death of Mr. Leavitt, a hundred years ago, a tradition has prevailed that he favored the mother country during the Revolutionary period, but the following incident would seem to disprove such a theory, and establish beyond question the fact that his sympathies were with the patriots in their struggle for independence.



On Thanksgiving day in 1777 Mr. Leavitt preached a sermon to his congregation in Charlemont which bears on the title page, in his own handwriting, the following inscription: "A Thanksgiving anniversary discourse in commemoration of the glorious victory of the American troops over a whole British army under General Burgoyne, resulting in the surrender of the whole army to the Americans under General Gates on October 17th, 1777." Eighty-eight years later Rev. William S. Leavitt, (then a pastor at Hudson, N. Y., a great-grandson of Rev. Jonathan Leavitt), preached a Thanksgiving sermon in commemoration of the close of the war of the Rebellion. At the beginning of his discourse he held up to the view of his audience this ancient manuscript, read to them the title page, and used the same text as the subject of his sermon.

In common with other ministers of the period, Mr. Leavitt found it difficult to collect his salary. The tradition that he personally took from two of his poorer parishioners (without their consent) their only cow in payment for taxes due the town for his salary, is doubtless another fabrication. It was no part of the duties of the minister to collect taxes. Mr. Leavitt was a man of more than common business sagacity, and certainly would not have been guilty of so gross a violation of the rights of an individual and the laws of the Commonwealth, nor is it reasonable to suppose that such an outrage would have been tolerated in a New England community.

Rev. Moses Miller, who was pastor of the church in Heath for 40 years closely following the death of Mr. Leavitt, has left the following references to these reports. "In Charlemont in former days there existed something of the spirit of mobocracy, especially in reference to their first minister, Rev. Mr. Leavitt. With this spirit very few of the inhabitants of Heath sympathized, though they had the same grounds of dissatisfaction.

"How much provocation there was to this state of feeling and action (for some of it was quite outrageous), I am not able to state, but whether more or less, it did not justify the course pursued."

A life-long resident of Heath and Charlemont, and a careful student of these times, gives it as his opinion that these calumnies originated with the patrons of the two rum taverns that wrecked the fortunes and character of a large class of otherwise useful citizens of Charlemont. Some of these men were



of more than usual intelligence and gained a reputation as narrators of marvelous stories. One acquainted with the localities and customs of the times will detect in these tales such elements of untruthfulness as lead to the conviction that they were originated for the entertainment of bar-room companions, with no expectation that they would be taken seriously. The theory is well illustrated by the story recently published in the *Greenfield Gazette* that Mr. Leavitt's farm was included in Heath because of the enmity of the people of Charlemont. Whatever may have been the reason, the north boundary line of Charlemont its entire length of 14 miles is perfectly natural, conforming to the topography of the country, with special reference to the convenience of people living north or south of the line in their attendance at school and meetings. Two reasons may be assigned for the two farms adjoining Mr. Leavitt's on the south remaining in Charlemont. First, the town at this point is only about one mile wide; with these farms in Heath the width would be reduced to half a mile. The second reason is probably the correct one, viz: These families were closely related to a number of other Charlemont families and for that reason doubtless preferred to remain in the old town.

The legend that Mr. Giles refused to assist Mr. Leavitt to rescue his horse, which had fallen through the ice in crossing the Deerfield river, and the conversation reported to have taken place as Mr. Giles stood at the door of his residence and Mr. Leavitt on the ice, is refuted by the fact that the river could not be seen from Mr. Giles' home, and the conversation as related could not have taken place at so great a distance.

Mr. Leavitt's pastorate in Charlemont covered a period of 18 years, and terminated with the organization of the new town of Heath (which included Mr. Leavitt's residence,) in 1785. At the same time a new church was formed in Heath, but for five years they had no settled pastor. A part of this time Mr. Leavitt officiated as their minister.

But few newspapers were taken in Heath at that time and consequently the voters were not well informed on political subjects. The following incident illustrates the confidence Mr. Leavitt's townsmen placed in his judgment.

At a town meeting in Heath the people voted for Samuel Adams for governor. Mr. Leavitt arrived at the meeting after the vote had been taken, and informed the voters that Mr.





Adams was a Democrat and that they should have voted for the Whig candidate. The people became excited at this information and decided to ballot a second time, with the result that the Whig candidate received the vote of the town.

That he possessed the confidence and esteem of his ministerial associates is illustrated in too many ways to mention in detail in this paper.

He was active in business affairs and acquired considerable property. His home from the time of his settlement in Charle-mont in 1768 until his death in 1802 was the house built for him at the time of his settlement.

Mr. Leavitt married in 1761 Sarah Hooker, a great-grand-daughter of Rev. Samuel Hooker, a noted New England divine. She died in 1791, and Rev. John Emerson of Conway in the funeral sermon says: "In addition to good natural talents Mrs. Leavitt possessed an unaffected and most engaging temper and deportment, which gave a luster to the beauty of her person far superior to what it could have derived from the most brilliant ornaments of art."

Mr. Leavitt has said of the oldest child: "My dear and only daughter Clarissa died in 1798. She was a professor of the faith and in the judgment of charity died in the Lord."

Jonathan, the oldest son, was graduated from Yale and became a successful lawyer at Greenfield. He was appointed judge of the Court of Common Pleas in 1812, and judge of Probate in 1814, which office he held until 1821.

The family home in Greenfield is now known as the Hovey residence and is still a prominent feature in Greenfield architecture. The west wing was used as a business office. His wife was a daughter of President Stiles of Yale, and his family of daughters were conspicuous in the social life of the period in Greenfield.

Hart, the second son, was also a resident of Greenfield. He kept an old-fashioned store of general merchandise located just west of the residence of his brother Jonathan. His home was on the same side of Main Street a little farther east. The following account of his marriage is taken from the "*Boston Gazette and Century Magazine*," dated Feb. 11, 1793. "Marriages at Deerfield, Mass., Capt. Joshua Clapp of Burlington, Vt., to Miss Abigail Barnard of Deerfield. Mr. Hart Leavitt of Greenfield to Miss Rachael Barnard. Dr. Stone of Greenfield to Miss





Sally Barnard." It is worthy of remark that the three brides were sisters and one matrimonial eve made wives of them all.

Joshua, the third son, left New England for the West Indies in 1791. The ship was wrecked on a desert island, where he lived for several years, subsisting principally upon crawfish. After his rescue he established a business in Charleston, S. C., but did not communicate with his New England friends.

In the summer of 1802 some bales of cotton were seen on a wharf in New York marked "Joshua Leavitt." In August Mr. Leavitt made a journey on horseback to New York to trace this clue. The fatigue and excitement of the journey resulted in his death soon after his return and before tidings had been received from the absent son. A few weeks later a letter was received from him dated at Charleston, S. C., expressing pleasure at hearing again from his relatives at home and his sorrow at the death of his parents and sister. His letters show a genial and loving character. The reason of his absence is not known, although tradition has it that it was a love affair. At his invitation four of his brothers settled at various points in the South. They seem to have succeeded fairly well in business, but the average length of life of the five brothers who settled in the South was less by eighteen years than of the six who remained in their native climate.

David, the fourth son, lived for a series of years in Putney, Vt., and kept a general store. He was active in church and military affairs. His last years were spent in Boston, and his last Sabbath in teaching (as was his usual custom) a Bible class in the state's prison at Charlestown.

Roger, the fifth son, lived on the homestead in Heath. He removed to Charlemont in 1835, which was his home until his death in 1840. He acquired a large fortune for the period and locality. His intelligence, integrity and uprightness commanded the confidence of his associates. He held perhaps every office in the gift of the town, and was active in church and military affairs, holding the several grades of office in the local militia, including the command of a regiment noted for its superior drill and equipment. He was also active in educational and political reforms of the period, and in company with Miss Lyon canvassed the town of Heath and raised \$1200 for the first seminary building at South Hadley. A remarkable record of benevolence for a small agricultural town.



He helped to locate and build the new county buildings at Greenfield at the organization of the new county, and on the day before his death, June 1, 1840, was nominated by the new Liberty party of Massachusetts as their candidate for lieutenant-governor.

His wife was a daughter of Col. Hugh Maxwell of Heath. The oldest son, Joshua, was graduated from Yale, and so far as known was the only man who ever ventured to open a law office in Heath. Later he became a minister, and active in the temperance and anti-slavery movements, but is better known as editor of the *Emancipator* and *New York Independent*.

In the early anti-slavery period he spent several winters in Washington reporting the proceedings of Congress for his paper. He was present when John Quincy Adams presented a petition from the people of his district for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. The Southern members were opposing the reception of petitions upon the subject of slavery. Mr. Adams, in his defense of the right of petition, requested the clerk to read the constitution.

The clerk read a few sentences and stopped. Mr. Adams said, "read on." The clerk read again and stopped. After several repetitions Mr. Adams said: "Read on until I tell you to stop." When he reached the words, "Congress shall make no law abridging the right of the people to petition the government for a redress of grievances," Mr. Adams said, "that will do." And without previous special preparation spoke for three days in defense of the right of petition. Mr. Leavitt reported the speech in full, but by some means the Southern sympathizers obtained possession of it and in consequence it has never been printed. Mr. Leavitt often said it was the most eloquent speech he ever heard from the lips of the "old man eloquent."

Roswell was a successful physician and a respected and useful citizen of Cornish, N. H. His wife was a granddaughter of Rev. Jonathan Ashley, the second minister of Deerfield, and a daughter of Tirzah (Field) Ashley, the second wife of Rev. Jonathan Leavitt. Their first son, Jonathan, was for twenty-five years pastor of the Richmond Street church of Providence, R. I. A daughter was the wife of Rev. Aaron Foster, for twenty years the honored pastor of the little church in East Charlemont. Mrs. Foster lived a beautiful and quiet life. She



had a lively interest in each individuality and her influence became a power in the community.

Hooker, the youngest of the eleven sons, was a resident of Greenfield, an attorney, and held the offices of county treasurer and clerk of the court from 1815 until his death in 1842.

This family received the usual excellent New England social and religious training, and also did their full share of the work of clearing the wilderness of the native forest and reducing to ashes the magnificent growth of timber at the time on the soil. Recalling these youthful experiences, a brother in Charleston, S. C., wrote to the brother on the homestead in Heath as follows: "I rejoice in your prosperity and successful pursuit of agriculture on the soil which gave the most of us birth and all of us a happy subsistence. Our pleasures were many and great. The reflection is highly animating, but our labors and fatigues were extreme and excessive and would strike a Carolinian with horror."

This in brief is the history of one of a multitude of New England families which, by industry, thrift, and above all a conscientious performance of life's daily duties, have helped to build the Republic.

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## THE ADVENTURES OF BAPTISTE.

BY C. ALICE BAKER.

In the stories of the captives carried to Canada during the old wars, both the reader and the writer have a sort of personal interest. These captives were the friends and neighbors of our forbears. They went from surroundings with which we ourselves are familiar. Snatched from homes desolated by their loss, they have naturally a claim on our sympathy. Their kinsmen and townsfolk, in great peril of their own lives, sought their redemption. They found them scattered up and down the beautiful Canadian rivers, and by unwearied perseverance rescued many. The writer of these stories of heroism and endurance has all the help that local color can give. He can tread the paths they trod, can live the lives they lived. He can go with them to their betrothals and their burial.

He may pore over the very records to which, with trembling





hands, they signed their names or made their mark; and writer and reader must be dull indeed who does not make it or find it of intense interest.

But when it comes to writing and reading the story of a renegade Acadian Frenchman, whose life under ordinary circumstances would be scarcely worth considering, it becomes quite a different thing, and one would feel almost like apologizing for wasting words on a daredevil, without honor, and without patriotism, except that his career involved the lives and liberties of so many better people, and that he was the prisoner for whose retention or deliverance the diplomatists of two governments intrigued and contended.

For many years I have been trying to run to cover that sly fox who figures in New England and Canadian annals as "Baptiste." While I have been now following the scent, anon losing the trail, the years have sped, until I can no longer delay giving you the fruits of my chase.

From the beginning of my research in the archives of New France and New England I have not believed Baptiste to be the surname of the individual in question, and I hope to be able to justify my unbelief. I must, however, frankly admit that in the official correspondence between the two governments he is rarely mentioned by any other name, Governor Dudley invariably speaking of him as Baptiste, and De Vaudreuil almost as persistently naming him as Captain Baptiste, or more cautiously as "the one called Baptiste." We all know, however, that a man may be known, and ordinarily spoken of among his fellows by another name than his true surname. One who for any reason is prominent in a community often goes down to posterity without his surname. Of this Deerfield gives us many examples: Captain Dave, Colonel Jo., Uncle Ep., are familiar to us all as household words, not to speak of Uncle Bob, Colonel Scope, and others. The name Baptiste does not appear as a surname on old Canadian records. John the Baptist is a saint in the Romish calendar for whom children of Roman Catholics have been, and to this day are, frequently named. In some instances Jean Baptiste appears as Saint Baptiste, which latter more than once occurs in New England history, corrupted by our captives to Sabatis.

Different and contemporaneous French accounts mention Dion-D'Young-Guyon and Baptiste each as a noted pilot. A



careful comparison of facts and dates shows me that in several instances one and the same act at one and the same date is attributed by different authors of the two nationalities to Dion, to D'Young, to Guyon and to Baptiste, the logical sequence being that no matter under which of these names the hero appears, he must have been one and the same man.

Thus having found Guyon as a well known surname in Canada—not finding Baptiste ever used as a surname—and finally finding Guyon and Baptiste used synonymously as the hero of the same exploit, and assuming that Jean Baptiste was simply the Christian name of the one called Baptiste, I have sought in Tanguay's *Genealogical Dictionary*\* for a Jean Baptiste Guyon or Dion. I find there one Michel de Rouvray Guion, a ship carpenter, with son, Jean Baptiste Guion, born 1673. It will be for you to decide upon the evidence adduced whether this is he whom we have hitherto known as Baptiste. The careful student must, however, honestly admit that other Guyons appear in our archives, but there is ample proof that certain experiences of our Baptiste are credited to Guion, the two names being more than once used indiscriminately. His career is most romantic, and one of its most interesting episodes is his introduction to us in Boston two hundred years ago.

The General Court adjourned on Friday, the 21st of February, 1689-90. Towards six o'clock in the afternoon of the following Monday † guests began to arrive at the hospitable mansion of Judge Samuel Sewall, then one of the governor's council, and the richest man in Boston. On foot, on pillions, in sedan chairs,—Governor Bradstreet and his wife in their great hackney coach—they came. The house was at the north end of what is now Pemberton Square, fronting on what is now Tremont Row, "distant from other buildings and standing very bleak," says Sewall, ‡ there was a keen east wind, and the guests as they alighted were grateful for the shelter of the "single porch of wood, which the General Court had given Sewall liberty to build" to "breake of the winde from the fore doore." It was a notable assembly that gathered there.

"Governor Bradstreet and Lady, Mr. Stoughton, Major Hutchinson and wife, Mrs Mather, Maria, Mr. Allen and wife,

\* Tanguay is to Canada what Savage is to New England.

† Sewall's Diary, Vol. 1, p. 311.

‡ Diary, Vol. 1, p. 59.



Cousin Dumer and wife, Cous. Quinsy and wife, Mr. Cotton Mather, Mr. Thomas Brattle, who with Mother, Wife and Self, made Twenty. Sat all well at the Table. Marshall Green waited."

We cannot doubt that the dinner was equal to the occasion.

"The bitterness in our Cup," continues Sewall, "was the massacre at Schenectady by the French: the amazing news on't was by Post brought to town this Day: Gov' Bradstreet brought the papers and read them before Dinner.

Dinner being over, Mr. Cotton Mather returned thanks in an Excellent manner: Sung part of the Six and Fiftieth Psalm in Mr. Miles Smith's Version . . . . Mr. Mather was minded to have that . . . . I set it to Windsor Tune." . . . .

While the Governor again read the papers sent post haste from Albany, and the guests discussed the dreadful news, Mrs. Sewall, as was her custom, was doubtless sending "tastes" of her sumptuous dinner to her friends in the neighborhood.

"At last Mr. Danforth, Major Richards, Major General Winthrop, Col. Shrimpton, Mr. Addington came in, and dispatcht Orders to the Majors to stand upon their Guard." . . . .

Just about dinner time Mr. Nelson\* had come in, and got Sewall "to subscribe 100 to the Proposals against the French. I thought 'twas time to Doe something, now we're thus destroy'd by Land too. Mr. Danforth looks very sorrowfully. Mr. Stoughton thinks best to prosecute vigorously the business against the Eastern French." . . . .

After this exciting evening the guests took their leave punctually at nine of the clock.

News of the attack at Salmon Falls reached Boston the 21st of March, 1689-90, and the following day Sir William Phips offered to lead the expedition against Port Royal. Sewall says,

"The Governor sends for me and tells me of it. I tell the Court; they send for Sir William who accepts to goe . . . . Sir William had been sent to at first; but some feared he would not goe; others thought his Lady could not consent."

Drums were beaten through the streets for volunteers, and on the 28th of April a fleet of seven or eight vessels, with about

\* John Nelson of Boston, nephew and heir to Sir William Temple, in whose right he claimed the proprietorship of Acadia under an old grant from Cromwell.





seven hundred men, sailed from Nantasket. Gov. Bradstreet's instructions to Phips were to "take care that the worship of God be duly observed on board all the vessels: to offer the enemy fair terms upon summons to surrender, which if they obey the said terms are to be duly observed. If not, you are to gain the best advantage you may, to assault Kill and utterly extirpate the common Enemy, and to burn and demolish their fortifications and shipping."

In the library of Harvard College there is a MS. journal of this expedition against Port Royal. We have also, in various forms, De Meneval's own account of his surrender, written in French on the spot and immediately after. The following is a free translation. See for the original, *Doc. Rel. à l'histoire de la Nouvelle France*, Vol. 2, p. 6.

"On the 19th of May 1690, the coastguard at the mouth of the river ran to inform Monsieur de Meneval, Governor of Acadia, that an English fleet of three large and five or six smaller ships, filled with soldiers, was preparing to enter the river.

The next day at dawn, the ships anchored a half league from here and a boat was at once dispatched to the town. It was received by ten French musketeers, who, bandaging the eyes of the messenger, led him to the Governor to whom he presented a written summons from the Commander of the fleet, for the immediate surrender of Port Royal, with a promise of quarter, provided no defence of the place were attempted.

Under pretext of answering this letter, the Governor had the messenger put under guard, and for lack of a suitable military officer to act as his envoy, sent Father Petit, curé of Port Royal, with a letter to the English Commander, with orders to acquaint him with the Governor's intention to defend himself, but also with discretionary power to negotiate, if need be, the best possible conditions for a surrender.

Father Petit, too well aware of the Governor's helpless condition, disabled as he was, with gout in both legs, with no promise of support from the inhabitants, three only offering him help at this crisis, with no fortifications whatever, and less than seventy wretched, badly armed and worse-intentioned soldiers,—as soon as he saw that the enemy could land in a half-hour more than eight hundred soldiers concluded discretion to be the better part of valor, and after long discussion, the following terms were agreed upon :





That De Meneval and the garrison should march out as soldiers with all their arms, accoutrements and belongings, and be safely transported to Quebec by the shortest route, in a vessel provided by Phips: The people of Port Royal should be left in peaceable possession of their property, without pillage, or harm to the women and children: that liberty of conscience should be left them, the free exercise of the Roman Catholic religion, and the preservation of their church edifice.

To Father Petit's request that this should be put in writing and signed by the English commander, Phips replied that there was no need of that,—that his word was as good as his bond, and in fact worth more than all the writings in the world.

The curé returned with this answer. The Governor, unable to do otherwise, accepted the conditions, and the next day went on board the English ship where the terms were ratified in presence of the priest and others. Promising to return the Governor and his garrison to Quebec, or to France as he might prefer, the English commander disembarked his troops and returned to Port Royal with De Meneval, who surrendered as agreed upon.

On reaching the town and seeing its defenceless condition, Phips was much chagrined, and through some quibble declaring himself not bound to abide by the terms agreed upon, he disarmed the little garrison, shut them up in the church as prisoners of war, confined De Meneval under guard in his own house, taking away his clothes and his money; allowed his troops to pillage the inhabitants and finally to ruin the church and the priest's house. In short, it may be said that except they killed nobody, they behaved as if the place had been taken by assault, without regard to the capitulation."

This is the story as it stands on the French records,\* certified by the principal sufferers as

"the just and true statement of things that happened within our Knowledge from the arrival of the English at Port Royal up to to-day May 27th, 1690.

Signed { PETIT.  
TROUVÉ.  
DUBREUIL.  
DE MENEVAL."

Then Phips sailed away to Boston with much booty and 59 prisoners, 49 of whom were received into custody by John

\* Doc. Rel., Vol. 2, p. 7 *et seq.*



Arnold, the jailer in Boston, on the 30th of May, 1690.\* They were not all regular soldiers, but a rabble of the young men of the town, acting at the time as a sort of home guard. Side by side on the list of these prisoners are the names Baptiste and Jasmin, boon companions, whom we shall meet later in our annals as famous pilots and privateers. This is our introduction to Baptiste, then about 17 years old.

The names of De Meneval, those who signed the above "Relation" with him, and others do not appear on the jail lists. They were not imprisoned with the rank and file, but were carefully guarded in the houses of Boston citizens. Later, Monsieur de Meneval lodged with Mr. Nelson, "where he had great freedom, and saw and examined everything."† Immediately after Phips' return from Port Royal a committee was appointed by the Council to sell all the plunder to pay the expenses of the expedition, the surplus to be divided between the colony and soldiers, and Sewall tells us‡ that "on Monday, June 16, 1690, notice was given by beat of drum of the sale of the soldiers' part of the plunder taken at Port Royal, to be made next Wednesday between 3 and 4 p. m."

In vain did De Meneval represent to the authorities at Boston the injustice done him by Phips, and demand reparation. Inflated by success, they were too busy in preparing for an attack upon Quebec to heed these complaints. A little money and the poorest of his clothes were the only personal result of his importunities. At length, after nearly seven months' detention, upon Phips' return from his fruitless invasion of Canada, De Meneval obtained a hearing before the Council.§ As to the money he had entrusted to Phips for safe keeping at the time of his surrender, Sewall says there were

"very fierie words between Sir William and Mr. Nelson. When Sir William went out, seemed to say would never come there more, had been so abus'd by said Nelson, and if Council would not right him, he would right himself."

Just a week later the following order was issued :§§

"These may Certify any whom it may concern, that monsr De Meneval

\* Acts and Resolves of the province of Mass. Bay, Vol. VII, p. 628.

† Plan of enterprise against Boston and N. Y. by M. de Lagny, Doc. Rel., Vol. II, p. 253; also N. Y. Col. Doc., Vol. IX, p. 659j.

‡ Sewall's Diary Vol. I, p. 323.

§ Nov. 29, 1690.

§§ Mass. Archives, Vol. XXXVI, p. 233.



late Gov. of Port Royal in Lacada or Nova Scotia, who was brought hither to Boston by Sir William Phipps the last Spring when those Pts were subdued and surrendered to their Maties of great Brittain, hath free liberty to transport himselfe with two servts and other necessarys to England or any other pt of Europe, without any Lett or interruption of any of his Maties Subjects of this Colony whatsoever. In Testimony whereof I have hereunto Sett my hand and Seal this 6th of Decbr 1690.

Sim Bradstreet Govr."

Phips' anger on this occasion probably found vent in the following order issued on Christmas Day:

"To the Keeper of their Maties Goale of Boston.

These are in their Maties name to will and require you to take into yor Custody the Body, which I do herewith send you, of Monsieur Demeneval late Governor of Port Royal, who is now Prisoner of Warre taken by their Maties forces under my Command in the late Expedition agt the french King's Subjects at Port Royal aforesd. for that he the sd Monsieur Demeneval hath acted contemptuously agt our Sovereigne Lord and Lady the King and Queens Matys, and broken the Articles of Treaty by him agreed to, and for several other high misdemeanors, by him ye same Prisoner of Warre Comitted and done. You are therefore his Body in sure and safe Custody to keep, until he shall be tryed by a Council of Warre or Delivered by myselfe or other lawful authority according to Law; and for yor so doing this shall be your Warrant. Given under my hand and Seale this 25th day of Decembr Anno Domini 1690 Annoque RRs of Ra Gul. et Marie Secunda

William Phips."

The Council evidently considering this too great an outrage, after they had given the French governor liberty to return to any European port, issued an order for the immediate delivery to him of his chest and clothes in Phips' custody. This order being disregarded, after another week's delay Governor Bradstreet wrote personally to Phips as following:\*

"The Council, at their meeting upon the 30th of Decembr ult made an Order for the delivering of Mons de Meneval's chest and cloths that were taken into custody by yor order when he was brought up from on board the vessel, and that they should be delivered without charge to him, which Mr. Deputy and Major Phillips were desired to Acquaint yor Selfe with that Evening and suppose they accordingly did. But being yesterday informed that he had not as yet received his clothing &c of which he is in great want, I have given you the trouble of these lines to signify the same unto you, and hope upon receipt hereof, you will take effectual care for the speedy execution of the Council order in that behalfe with the tender of my Service I am  
Sr

Yor Humble Servt

(Signed) S. B.

Boston January 1690."

\* Mass. Archives, Vol. XXXVI, p. 262.





Although for reasons of his own Phips still continued to put obstacles in the way of his departure, De Meneval was probably released not long after this. I find him in Paris the 6th of April, 1691, issuing a "memorial" to the minister concerning his capture and the details of his imprisonment.\* As to his soldiers, the following is on the Council records, June 14, 1690.†

"Whereas the French soldiers lately brought . . . . from Port Royal, did surrender on capitulation, liberty is granted them to dispose themselves in such families as shall be willing to receive them, until there be opportunity to transport themselves to some of the French King's dominions in Europe . . . . to demean themselves peaceably and orderly keeping themselves within the limits appointed unto them by the Committee chosen for this purpose, and not to depart from those limits."

In pursuance of this order the French soldiers were distributed among the citizens of Boston and vicinity to work for their own support. Baptiste, after three weeks and one day in jail, was allotted to Henry Mare of Boston; Jasmin after three weeks and three days, to Jno. Gordale of Dorchester.‡

The date of the return of the Port Royal soldiers is uncertain.

Much correspondence in relation to it may be found in the archives of both nations.

When or how Baptiste got back to Port Royal I have not learned. Probably by way of France, the order of the council above mentioned being explicit that the soldiers should "transport themselves to some of the French King's dominions in Europe." Aside from the fact that the habitant takes to the water as naturally as a duck, if his father were Guyon the ship builder, the son would be quite familiar with the handling of a boat, and the somewhat venturesome youth might easily become a sea-rover.

Be this as it may, Baptiste's first appearance in French annals is at the age of twenty-one, when he is given command of a frigate to engage in privateering in New England waters.

After Phips' expedition against Quebec, Canada was in a state of constant apprehension. To forestall an expected attack, France prepared to take the offensive.

In the spring of 1694 the ship Bretonne was fitted out, under

\* Doc. Rel., Vol. II, p. 40, *et seq.*

† Vol. VI, p. 192.

‡ See list in Mass. Acts and Resolves, Vol. VII, p. 628.



the command of the *Sieur Bonaventure*, whose avowed purpose was:

“To carry aid to Acadia, and all that *M. de Villebon* has asked for the defence and maintenance of *Fort Maxonat* [*sic*]\* and to make war on the English.” “Captain *Baptiste* having obtained a corvette† from his Majesty, armed to make war on the enemy, particularly in *Acadian* and *New England* waters, pledges himself to be at the places indicated to him by the said *Sieur Villebon* at the time ordered.

Aside from proceeding to the river *St. John* with the *Brettonne* should the *Sieur de Bonaventure* need him at *Pentagoet*, his Majesty has given *M. de Bonaventure* permission to take him with him under his orders to scout and act as guard while he [*i. e.* *Bonaventure*] is obliged to anchor there;—after which, and when the said *Sieur de Bonaventure* shall have left *Pentagoet*, the said *Sieur Baptiste* will do what he shall think best for the carrying out his own private designs against the enemy, of which he will inform the said *Sieur de Villebon* in order that he, *Villebon*, may render an account of it to his Majesty.” ‡

The following extract from a letter to *Frontenac* shows that the former had recommended *Baptiste* to the King.

“Versailles, May 8, 1692.

Because of your good report of Captain *Baptiste*, his Majesty has given him a brigantine armed and equipped with which he permits him to do much damage to the English on the *Acadian* and *New England* coasts, and afterwards to winter in *Plaisance*, thence to make war on the English of *Newfoundland*.”

Here is *Baptiste*’s own account of his adventures:§ from which it appears that our hero soon found an excuse to cast loose from his superior in command.

“I, Captain *Baptiste* commanding the King’s corvette, named the *Bonne*, set out from *La Rochelle* the 8th of April, 1694, with *M. de Bonaventure* commanding the ‘*Brettonne*’ for *Acadia*, from whom I was separated the 16th of the said month, by bad weather and fog, and continued my voyage to *Acadia*, which

\* *Naxouat*, a fort built by *Villebon* on the *St. John*’s river.

† A wooden ship-of-war, frigate rigged with one tier of guns.

‡ *Doc. Rel.*, Vol. II, p. 146. Instruction to *Villebon* 13th March. 1694.

§ *Doc. Rel.*, Vol. II, p. 151 *et seq.* Relation des combats entre le Capitaine *Baptiste*, et les *Bostonnais*.



land I touched the first of June, of the said year abreast of Cape Sable, where I encountered several English ships fishing, to which I gave chase and captured five of them and took them to the St. John's river, and drove the others off the coast. The 25th of the said month I careened my boat, in order to continue my course, and went out of the said river the 8th of the month of July, to cruise about Boston, when I fell in with a small fishing boat, and sunk her, so as not to be discovered, she not being of great consequence.

The 12th of July at 10 o'clock in the morning I took a Ketch sailing from Boston with provisions for the Islands of America.\* Then about 3 o'clock in the afternoon I encountered another ship coming from the Islands loaded with sugar and molasses, which I also took. The same afternoon I fell in with another vessel coming from old England to Boston, loaded with stuffs and salt, which I took. The next morning about 8 o'clock having fallen in with a fishing ketch, I took her also, and as I was convoying my prizes to the St. John's river I met quite near the said river, an English frigate of 44 guns that took from me the Ketch laden with provisions of which I have before spoken and also the Ketch, so that I could take but two prizes to the St. John's river.†

The 29th of July I left the river St. John to go to Minas for provisions in order to continue my cruise, but as the summer was very dry this year I had much difficulty in procuring even fifteen barrels of flour.

From there I ventured to the St. John's river to get bread baked so that it was the 2d of October when I put out of the said river to return to my cruising, and after having reconnoitered for three weeks without meeting anything, I finally fell in with a ship from the Islands laden with sugar for Boston, which I took. As my corvette leaked badly, I was forced to make sail for the St. John's river, and being unable to enter because of the ice, I was obliged to put into another harbor called Nisgascorf three leagues from the St. John's, where the corvette wintered from the 24th of December, 1694 to the 20th of April,

\* The West Indies.

† Baptiste's first 5 prizes he had left in the St. John's river. Sailing thence towards Boston he had taken 5 more, of which he had sunk 1, and the frigate of 44 guns had taken 2 more from him, so that he could take but 2 prizes to the St. John's river.



1695, when I set out to cruise along New England. The 7th of May I met a small boat coming out from Boston laden with provisions for the Islands, which I took and carried to Nisgascorf.

I was ready to leave the said port on the 24th of the said month to go back to my cruising, but as I was setting sail to go out, I encountered an English frigate named the *Sorlings*,\* carrying 32 guns with a Brigantine of 4 guns, and being unable either to go out or to go back I was forced to run aground. Having landed three cannon, I defended myself from eight o'clock in the morning till six in the evening, when in spite of my resistance my ship was taken from me. Having put all of the King's property that I could save into the hands of his secretary, *Sieur de Saint Goutin*, I embarked the 22d of July on the vessel, *L'Envieux*, to go to France to render an account of my King's ship. Arriving at *Plaisance* on the 12th of August and finding that the *L'Envieux*, which was ordered to convoy the fishing fleet, † usually stayed there till the end of September I embarked on a frigate of *St. Jean de Luz* ‡ of 20 guns, named *La Charmante*, Captain *Durachoux*, which I took to cruise during this time near Boston. We took two prizes; one a ship of 8 guns carrying provisions to *St. Johns* in *Newfoundland*, the other a Brigantine with the same cargo for *Saint John*, both from Boston. By these we learned that two vessels of 40 and 32 guns § had gone 15 days ago to seek the ship *L'Envieux* at the *St. John's river*, and that the new Governor had arrived at Boston in a frigate of 50 guns, which was to remain there.

We then returned to *Plaisance* and I embarked on *L'Envieux*, and proceeded to *Versailles* to report to *Monseigneur* and await his orders.

*Monseigneur* will have the goodness to remember that I informed him last year that this corvette was so old, and that I had run so great a risk while taking her to *Acadia*, that it would

\* The *Newport* and the *Sorling*, two English frigates, constantly occupied in protecting New England merchant vessels from French privateers that infested our coast. These being too bulky to pursue small crafts into the shoal water of our bays and inlets, an appropriation was made by our general court for building and equipping a small vessel mounting 10 guns. This is known in our annals as the *Province Galley*.

† From *Newfoundland* to France.

‡ Formerly an important port 11 m. S. W. of *Bayonne*. Dept. of *Basse-Pyrénées*.

§ The *Newport* and the *Sorlings*.





be endangering a crew to try to take her back to France: and in fact 12 hours after she was taken from me she sank with eight Englishmen who had been put aboard her to take her to Boston."

In the above we have Baptiste's own account of his exploits from April 1694 to October 1695.

In addition to this diffuse account which, though written in the first person is not signed by Baptiste, but seems to be a journal kept by him, we have his "Proces-Verbal" or official report to the government, a shorter, and more formal document signed by himself and his second mate. The latter paper is most interesting, inasmuch as it is a fac-simile of the original, which is in the French archives in Paris.

While Baptiste was thus engaged the *Sieur de Villieu*, captain of a detachment of the marines, had been sent to supersede *Portneuf*, a brother of *Villebon*, with orders to raise a war party against the English.

We have his journal of his achievements, during that memorable summer so disastrous to New England both on land and sea.\*

"It was the end of June," says Mr. Parkman, who follows exactly *Villieu's* account, "when *Villieu* and *Father Thury* with one Frenchman and a hundred and five Indians began their long canoe voyage to the English border. The savages were directed to give no quarter."

The party, reinforced later by *Father Bigot's* Indians, amounting in all to 230, held a council to decide on the point of attack.

On the 23d of July, *Villieu* and others who were exhausted by hunger and fatigue, determined to strike at the nearest settlement, that of *Oyster river*, now *Durham*, N. H. Scouts reported the little settlement unguarded.—You know the rest. The village of farmhouses scattered along the stream—the silver moon wending silent to her setting—the calm, still air—the sleeping people—the savages in separate squads creeping stealthily nearer—the sudden dash, the yell, the shrieks, the anguish and horrible carnage. One hundred and four (mostly women and children) slaughtered, and twenty-seven captives. But the little settlement was not lacking in heroes. At the lower end of the village, *Thomas Bickford*, roused by the firing, hurried his

\* *Doc. Rel.*, Vol. II, p. 135.



wife and children to his boat in the stream behind his house sent them down the river and went back alone to defend his hard-earned home. Mad with victory the savage crew approached. Undaunted, he fired at them, now from one loophole, then from another, shouting commands as if to a garrison, and fearlessly showing himself in a different hat, cap or coat successively in different parts of his house, in this way saving his family and his home. Some of the attacking party, not yet satisfied, set out on another "excursion."

"They mean," says Villieu in his relation, "to divide into bands of four or five, and knock people in the head by surprise, which cannot fail to produce a good effect."

In the massacre of forty people at Groton they had their satisfaction. Villieu, after what Mr. Parkman calls his detestable exploit, hastened to Quebec to warn Frontenac of a probable attack on that place.

Thus we have from the principal actors, Baptiste and Villieu, an account of their achievements by sea and land against New England at the same period—namely from the spring of 1694 through the summer of 1695.

This success made Villebon urge upon the home government an expedition against Pemaquid, under command of Bonaventure. He goes so far as to make a list of presents for the Indians who may be employed in this service. Among them are "200 tufts of white feathers to designate them during the night in case of attack, and which will cost at most only 6 or 7 centimes: to be selected in Paris by M. de Bonaventure." One smiles at the picture of that amiable gentleman selecting them in Paris at the Bon Marché of the period. Villieu goes on to say that Pemaquid being captured, attacks could be made along the coast, and Baptiste and others could pilot the ship safely within sight of Boston. Commenting later on the massacre at Oyster river.\*

"This blow is very advantageous, because it breaks up all peace parleys, and we can count upon there being no end of resentment between our Indians and the English, who are in despair because they have slain even infants in the cradle. . . . The captures of the *Sieur Baptiste* are not only in themselves advantageous, but they occupy nearly four hundred of the enemy in different boats to guard the coast, and as they are obliged to have a much larger number on land, because of the savages, they must succumb if the court will make any efforts to that end."

\* Doc. Rel., Vol. II, p. 158, letter of Villebon 19 Sept. 1694.



As to Bonaventure's adventures after parting company with Baptiste, I know nothing. A letter from Champigny to the minister\* states that the Bretonne did not touch at Pentagoet, much to the distress of the savages who thus failed of their immediate supplies, and that next year one may be sent who will better execute the king's orders. That the minister himself was satisfied is proved by his appointing Bonaventure the next year to the command of the Envieux dispatched on similar service to Pentagoet and the river St. John with orders to cruise later at the mouth of the St. Lawrence, to keep it clear of privateers for vessels bound for Quebec.

In his instructions to Bonaventure the minister expresses the hope that the *Sieur Baptiste* will this time be more fortunate in keeping the prizes he may take, especially if Bonaventure has been able to set him right with his crew, which should be his duty. He also enquires whether Baptiste's corvette, given him last year by the king, is actually unfit to cross the ocean to France, as Baptiste has informed him, and finally he orders Bonaventure to continue to watch Baptiste, and inform him whether he is worthy of confidence, so that he may decide upon a proposition which those interested in the company have made to give Baptiste a frigate of 16 or 18 guns, and to share the expense. This was done.

It would seem that about this time his fellow countrymen were beginning to observe Mr. Baptiste. Frontenac, writing to M. de Lagny in November, 1695, says:

"In former years on the testimony of M. de Villebon, I recommended the *Sieur Baptiste* to you. But within two or three months I have heard of some discourse of his a little before he passed into France which show his bad intentions. Moreover, I have been told that he has wives in several places in France and in Holland, besides the one he has now in Port Royal. M. de Vaudreuil has assured me that he is acquainted with the one whom he married in France who is near his home in Languedoc."

In the interval between his return to France after his release from Boston jail, and his appointment to the command of the *Corvette*, it is probable that Baptiste married the wife whom Vaudreuil knew in Languedoc. He must have left her in France when he sailed from La Rochelle, in the springtime of the year and of his life, to seek his fortune as a filibuster.

\* Doc. Rel. p. 162, Quebec, 24 Oct. 1694.





Whether, as Frontenac declared, he married another wife in Port Royal, thus verifying the adage that the sailor has a wife in every port, I cannot say.

About to return to Acadia after reporting in France the loss of his ship "Captain Baptiste, Acadian corsair, is granted his passage on one of His Majesty's vessels, with his wife, his daughter and two servants." \*

The Envieux and the Profond, on one of which Baptiste returned to Acadia in 1696, were a part of the fleet against Fort Pemaquid under the command of D'Iberville, one of the bravest of the French commanders. On their way, D'Iberville and Bonaventure encountered the two English warships, the Newport, Capt. Paxton, and the Sorlings, Capt. Eames.

Baptiste may have had a hand in this sea fight, in which the Newport was captured,—the Sorlings escaping in a fog.

At Pentagoet [now Castine] they added to their forces Castine and 240 of his Indians, together with the Sieur Villieu, his lieutenant Montigny and twenty-five soldiers. With them and their prize, the Newport, they proceeded to Pemaquid, of which fort Villieu had secretly made a plan on his memorable expedition ending in the tragedy at Oyster River.

Immediately after the surrender of Pemaquid, D'Iberville sent a sloop to Boston to carry some of the soldiers of the fort, with Capt. Paxton and the sick men of his crew, under charge of seven of his own men, who were ordered not to stay over two days in Boston, Villieu being left at Pentagoet with sixteen of the captured garrison, to attend to the expected exchange.

As his messengers did not return, D'Iberville wrote to our governor, reproaching him for their detention.

"I might have gone into your roads with my vessel and near 400 Indians, and had satisfaction for this injury, to the cost and Ruin of your colonies, but for the future, the slowness of your Council in determining affairs, shall be a reason for the French to take different measures. I have left Mr. Villieu with 16 of your men, of whom Shute is one, as surety for the others. I have hastened this way for them to get out of prison, that soe they might not goe to Canada, . . . and to give you roome to repair the injuries you have done yourself in delaying my men. It lyes only on you to doe it which is to lett them and the Guyons depart from you forthwith. I have ordered the Captain not to wait for your answer longer than the 17th of this month, after which they will be given to the Indians, who I do not doubt will treat them better than the English treat their prisoners." . . .

\* Doc. Rel. II, p. 202, letter of the minister to M. de Begon, 22 Feb. 1696.



While awaiting the return of D'Iberville's envoys, Villieu fell in with Cyprian Southack with the Province Galley, to whom he wrote some spicy letters concerning the exchange. The first, dated the 7th of September (1696) and addressed to,—

"M. Ciprien Comm  
La province de Galle  
a son bord.

Sir.

I am very sorry that we cannot understand one another, for I am persuaded that as we have returned to you fifty-five or six prisoners first I ought not to go any further to return the others, before you send back to me all the Frenchmen that are on board your ships and this is my Resolution. But you may be assured that . . . I shall not faile sending you your Englishmen as I promised Mr. Sayre. I also pray you to give a passport for Mr. Guyon and his ketch, that so he may go safely to some place belonging to the general government of Canada at his own choice.

Be persuaded that I am your very humble and obedient servant,

VILLIEU

7th Sept 1696.

At the Mount deserts."

Southack's terms in reply, not being satisfactory to Villieu, he writes again during the day, and again at 7 o'clock in the evening giving his *ultimatum*.

He demands a passport for 40 days at least for Mr. Guyon to go with his ketch to the General Government of Canada, to any place he chooses. He demands also a man of Southack's crew named Louis, the restitution of some provisions, some candles and an hour-glass.

The matter ended by the seizure of Villieu and his men, among whom was one Prémond.

The following statement made to the General Court by Caleb Ray, keeper of Boston Gaol, Nov. 28, 1696, explains itself.\*

"Among the said Prisoners there is one Capn Value a person of note concerning whose treatment the said Ray had a verball ordr from some of yor Honors that it should be very handsom and in a Generous way, which hitherto has been accordingly attended with such Entertainement as cannot be afforded und<sup>r</sup> Eight Shillings per weeke. The other of ye prisoners of warr wch are more closely Confined then y<sup>e</sup> sd Valew, makes their Complaint that they want some firing in this hard Season to render their Lives Comfortable amidst the hardships of prison Entertainement. . . . Ray in their behalf humbly desires that their Condition may be considered . . . and that their weekly allowance may be stated . . . wch the said Ray humbly conceives . . . that in this Deare season of provisions it cannot in

\* Acts and Resolves, Mass. Bay, Vol. VII, p. 546.



any Tolerable way be done under foure shillings per weeke for y<sup>e</sup> meanest of y<sup>e</sup> prisoners and Eight shillings per wk for y<sup>e</sup> Captain."

It appears that the Boston government remembering perhaps Villieu's exploits at Oyster River, was not inclined to treat him with undue distinction. Five shillings a week was allowed for his maintenance and 4 shillings for the French and Indian soldiers.

The French account of Villieu's experiences is that "the Commander of the frigate . . . . made himself master of Sieurs Villieu . . . . who is not to be accused of being taken by his own fault; for though he should have accepted the English Commander's offer of a passport for eight days, he would have required many more to go coastwise . . . . to the river St. John . . . . his passport would be useless to him after the expiration of that term . . . . they have detained him in a very confined prison, allowing him no communication with anyone. . . . Prémond says that his prison was narrower and ruder than could be imagined; in fact Prémond brought from him a sort of letter of credit written on a wretched scrap of paper with blood for want of ink."

While these things were being done, our Major Church, then on his fourth expedition to the eastward was superseded by Colonel John Hathorne and ordered to assist Hathorne in attacking Villebon's fort at Nachouak\* on the river St. John. An amusing and minute account of the siege of Naxouat, written by Villebon is among the Paris documents. He began his preparations to receive the enemy on the 4th of October, 1696. On the 16th our whaleboats having proceeded up the river as far as Jemsec, he strengthens his defences, removes his powder magazine, and plies his men with plenty of food, and wine and brandy. On the morning of the 17th, he says, "I found we had nothing more to do but to enjoy ourselves and await the attack." At evening, while he was addressing his men, Baptiste appeared, and putting himself under Villebon's orders, was told to take command of the savages, and keep them at whatever points the English should attempt an attack,—not failing to send daily to headquarters for fresh orders.

\*Naxouat, opposite the present city of Fredericton. Villebon in the beginning of his government of Acadia built a fort at Naxouat, thinking that Port Royal might be retaken by the English and he might have there a retreat inaccessible to the "Bostonnais."



The attack began about 9 o'clock on the morning of the 18th, when Hathorne's men landed on the opposite side of the river, shouting "Long live our King" in answer to the "Vive le Roi" of the French. A little way down the river Baptiste and his savages were fiercely fighting the English and their Indian allies. Though the night of the 18th was bitterly cold, the English raked by merciless grape-shot, were forced to put out their fires. The French began cannonading again at daybreak, the English lamely returning their fire at eight or nine o'clock. About seven o'clock that evening Villebon heard them loading their boats, and if Baptiste could have made his Indians cross the river with him above Naxouat a complete victory would have resulted for the French. The English fled down the river, destroying scattered dwellings as they went, and the wind being in their favor, they took to their ships, and sailed out to the bay.

We hear nothing more of Baptiste till his name appears on a list of men who at one time or another have been at Bonton.

A great attack on Camela was expected in the summer of 1697 and the Minister warns Villebon to be on his guard and ordered him "to keep Baptiste with him till further orders." This letter from Tibierge, the company's agent at Naxouat, gives us our last glimpse of Baptiste for the present.

"Fort St. Jean,  
May 5, 1697.

Madame Baptiste arrived home yesterday evening. She came from down the river, where she had been to see her husband and this morning she brought letters to M. de Villebon. . . . . Sieur Baptiste set out from the mouth of the river the first of this month to go privateering. He has one of the fishing boats which he formerly took, and a crew of twenty-five men."

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## THE JOURNAL OF CAPTAIN NATHANIEL DWIGHT AND ITS LEADINGS.

BY GEORGE SHELDON.

That I may not be wholly absent from you, my friends, on this, to me, day of days, I have found this Journal a convenient peg on which to hang a little free and easy, and, it may turn out, a personal converse with old companions assembled to celebrate the anniversary we call Memorial Day. On such occa-





sions we are wont to gather up scattered threads of experience or discovery, dark with sadness or bright with cheer; the tragic tale of witch or wizard; the tradition or evidence of Indian inroad; the early trials and sufferings of the widows and the fatherless, and their strong trust through it all in the God of Isaac and Jacob. And withal the lighter shades, the laughter and wit, the games and gayeties of blithesome youth, careless and free; the common every-day incidents of home life, and every-day industries. These thousand and one things in the lives of our forbears are the very material needed for the pattern of the woof, as we are weaving the web of history—not yet adequately portrayed—of the heroes and heroines of the Connecticut valley.

It is with such thoughts in mind that I come to you to-night. I shall have no definite theme or thesis other than the before-mentioned peg, but shall wander at will in highway or by-way, where any chance thread may appear to lead. The start will be from Memorial Hall, that storehouse wherein we gather the fruits of our industry for the benefit of our children and our children's children;—for it is no selfish labor in which we are engaged.

Through the thoughtful kindness of the Reverend Melatiah E. Dwight, of New York, our library is the richer for the possession of a copy of *Dwight's Journal*. Mr. Dwight has reverently preserved this journal of his ancestor in a fine quarto edition of twenty-five numbered copies, of which ours is the fifth. It was printed last year in New York. The value of this book to students in Provincial history may be guessed at from its published title:—

“The Journal of Captain Nathaniel Dwight, of Belchertown, Mass., during the Crown Point Expedition, 1755.

Containing an Account of the Battle of Lake George and of the Crown Point Expedition, of his Journey to Lake George, and his services while stationed there, the men of his Company, the building of Fort William Henry and its dimensions; to which has been added a New Plan of that Fort.”

A large portico, you may say, for a small structure of only twenty-one pages. It is; but, in addition, we will on this occasion read between the lines. Fort William Henry, on the dark debatable ground at the head of Lake George, every rood of which has witnessed a conflict between civilization and savagery,



if not actually planned and laid out by Captain Dwight, was certainly built with the assistance of himself and company, in October and November, 1755. Besides its historical importance as a military post, Fort William Henry will always be surrounded with the glamour of romance, which was thrown over it by the fascinating pen of J. Fenimore Cooper. Who that has read "The Last of the Mohicans," in his Leather Stocking Series, can ever forget the scenes at this fort, notably the truthfully told tragedy which befell the occupants, August 9, 1757. It was an event which shocked the civilized world. How many Deerfield men were involved cannot be certainly told. At least eight were in the jaws of death in that ferocious butchery by the Indian allies of France, which followed the surrender of the fort. Honorable terms had been given, after a gallant defence against a superior power; the massacre was in base violation of these terms. Sad stories long lingered around many a New England hearthstone concerning the horrors of that barbarous massacre, perpetrated under the very eyes of Montcalm and his French army. Not even the heroic death of Montcalm on the Heights of Abraham can wipe out this red stain upon his escutcheon.

Captain Nathaniel Dwight, like his father and grandfather, was a civil engineer. His name is often met with on old plans as the surveyor, and he was on occasions employed by Massachusetts and Connecticut in making official surveys and maps. In this journal Captain Dwight gives full field notes, all the metes and bounds from which the plan of the fortification here given was plotted, and also all the details of the interior works. Have we not, therefore, good reason to suppose that the fort was originally designed and laid out by our journalist? He was at work upon it as early as October 9, and he says: "Sunday, November 9, I still work at the fort." Would a captain and an experienced engineer be set to work on the fort of a Sunday unless in some official capacity? I doubt if the editor of this journal makes this claim in behalf of his ancestor as strongly as the facts warrant.

Captain Dwight had in his make-up not only the blood of the engineer, but also that of the soldier. His grandfather, Captain Timothy Dwight, was cornet of the "Three County Troop," at the Bay, and later a captain of foot, serving in Philip's war. On ten occasions he was out against the enemy,



and if tradition be true, he killed or captured nine of the Indians in that war. Captain Timothy was also prominent in civil life; he was personally acquainted with King Philip, having been twice commissioned by the town of Dedham to negotiate with him for the purchase of land; he was also, as we shall see, prominently employed by Dedham in the settlement of Pocumtuck.

Captain Nathaniel Dwight was born and brought up in a family of military men; his brother Timothy was a colonel; Samuel, another brother, was a captain. Among the sons of his uncle Henry Dwight, were Brigadier-General Joseph; Colonel Josiah; Colonel Simeon and Captain Edward. Their sister Lydia was the wife of Major Elijah Williams, the commissary at Deerfield, when Captain Nathaniel Dwight marched there in September, 1755. Of Captain Dwight's children, Justice became a captain and Elijah a colonel. His maternal grandfather, Colonel Samuel Partridge, was also of a distinguished Massachusetts family. Through him Nathaniel inherited the blood of the Rev. John Williams family.

We learn by the journal that Captain Nathaniel Dwight left his home in Belchertown, September 22, 1755, with his company, raised in Eastern Hampshire County, in order to reinforce the army under Sir William Johnson at Lake George. He marched "with a Desire to Dearefield that Day, but went to Hatfield, there being some Difficulties by reason of some News from the Army."

A few words about the war then in progress. In 1755 three grand movements were made against the enemy; one to Pittsburg, under General Braddock, with an army from England. Braddock was killed with most of his command. One to Oswego, under Governor Shirley of Massachusetts, which ended in disaster. The third was against Crown Point, under Sir William Johnson. Late in August, Johnson learned from spies that a large army was on the march from Canada, and he called for reinforcements. September 6, the Massachusetts government responded, and ordered a levy of two thousand men for Johnson's army. The companies under Captain Dwight, and Captain William Lyman, were the quota from the regiment of Colonel Israel Williams, of Hampshire County.

But the French did not wait for this reinforcement. They were heard from as marching on Fort Edward; and September





8, Johnson sent Colonel Ephraim Williams to find out what they were about. He found out. His column of one thousand men marched into an ambush, where the colonel fell, and his regiment was cut to pieces by the French and Indians under Baron de Dieskau. This was the "Bloody Morning Scout." Dieskau, over-elated, pushed on against Johnson, attacked his camp at Lake George, was defeated, and was himself wounded and captured. Johnson was also wounded. September 25, Governor Shirley writes Johnson from Oswego, urging him to push on to Crown Point; if unable, by reason of his wound, to put Brigadier-General Phineas Lyman at the head of the army.

This was the condition of affairs when Captain Dwight was diverted from his march to Deerfield, and went, as he says, to Hatfield on account of "Difficulties by reason of some News from the Army." This difficulty may be inferred by the following letter from Colonel Williams to Acting-Governor Phips:

"HATFIELD, Sept. 23, 1755.

SIR,—Pursuant to y<sup>r</sup> Honors Orders, I have raised the Number of men appointed me to raise out of my Regiment to reinforce the Army destined for Crown Point, who are ready, and here, would have been a Day forward on their March, had not some unexpected Difficulties appeared. Notwithstanding which, they will be on their March to-morrow. I am well assured from the Army that their provision is very short, some sorts entirely spent, and of those not quite gone, they have only from Hand to Mouth.

Their Enemies are very numerous at Crown Point, and I make no Doubt will be well prepared for their Reception. The Event of these things, I leave to the Wise Governour of the World.

I am, in utmost Distress,

Your Honor's most humble serv<sup>t</sup>

ISL WILLIAMS."

P. S. Some of the Officers in the County now going in the Exped ag<sup>t</sup> Crown Pt are very desirous y<sup>r</sup> Honour would appoint Mess<sup>rs</sup> Moses Graves & Elisha Pomroy, to aid and assist in getting Provisions from Albany, to Lake George."

I have found a copy of a letter which was undoubtedly expressed to Colonel Williams, and it explains his assurance:

"MANOR LIVINGSTONE, Sept. 22, 1755.

Mr. EM [illegible].

SIR,—I just received a letter from Col<sup>o</sup> Wendell, desiring me to supply you with a percell of Bread for your Forces & with other necessities you might want for them that your Government was sending 2,000 men. This I would willingly do, but at present not in my power, having sent all my Bread to Gov. Shirley & 320 head of Cattle, & am to send him 130 head more, wch will be very difficult for me to git, so that I can neither assist you with Bread or



Beef at this time, but sh<sup>d</sup> you want Bread next spring I would supply you with a Quantity of it, on timely notice.

I heartily wish our troops all the desired success, but I fear its too late in the season to do any great matters this year. I remain with respect, sir,

Your most humble serv<sup>t</sup>,

ROBT. LIVINGSTONE, Jr."

But even with this supply, Governor Shirley writes from Oswego September 24, that he is "hindered by want of provisions."

The distress of Colonel Williams, expressed in his letter, was shared by the community. The French were working with energy and success for the conquest of the country. A dark cloud was settling over New England; the only bright spot on the horizon this year was the success of Sir William Johnson at Lake George, September 8. This, however, was in eclipse here by reason of the great local loss. Fear rather than hope controlled, as a new consignment of our young men went forth to the bloody arena.

After a day's delay at Hatfield, Captain Dwight and his men marched to Deerfield, September 24. They had passed through Hadley, but the myth of the repulse of the Indians by the regicide Goffe had not then been invented. They had been shown the scenes of the Indian attacks on Hatfield, and had looked upon the swelling mounds over many a victim. With varying emotions they traversed the line of Lothrop's fatal march, and the scene of the First Encounter; they passed at Bloody Brook a monument marking the site of the Lothrop massacre; and at the Bars, the field where ten years before Samuel Allen died the death of a hero in the defense of his young children against savage ferocity. When they reached Deerfield in the gloaming, the air was thick with stories of the horrors of February 29, 1704. This was a day of experience to daunt the weak and nerve the daring.

At Deerfield four men, at least, joined the company of Captain Dwight, raising the number to sixty-five. One of them, Sergeant John Hawks, the hero of Fort Massachusetts, was his lieutenant. Dwight's company was billeted in Deerfield Street; the captain lodged that night with Major Elijah Williams, a son of the "Redeemed Captive," in the house now standing on the Old Albany Road. Here supplies awaited them, powder, lead, and flints, which had been carted from Boston; blankets, knapsacks, bullet bags, worms and



wires, tin camp kettles and hatchets, which came up the Connecticut by boat. These were landed at Sunderland, and were forwarded to Deerfield, September 23. On the 25th, the soldiers drew their marching outfit from the commissary at the "Old Corner Store" which stood on the southeast corner of the old Parson Williams lot. Captain Dwight drew for himself five extra kettles.

In the meantime, Captain William Lyman, of Northampton, with a company raised in western Hampshire, had arrived to join Captain Dwight in the same service. He was supplied by the commissary at the same time and place. Fourteen men were here added to this company by Major Williams, from his own command, raising it to fifty-nine men. The names of these fourteen men are: Samuel Smith, Daniel Kellogg, John Eastman, John Clary, Elisha Hubbard, Joseph Lyman, Jr., Jonathan Russell, Charles Wright, David Smith, Nathaniel Coleman, Ebenezer Marsh, Jr., Jonathan Warner, John Miller, Peter Smith. At the close of a busy day, Captain Dwight went over to Greenfield and spent the night with his old Belchertown pastor, Rev. Edward Billings, who had recently been settled there in the ministry. In the morning Mr. Billings rode over to Deerfield with his guest, to bid him godspeed on his perilous way. Thereby hangs a tale.

September 26, 1755, was a day of high excitement in Deerfield. Early in the morning 124 men in marching order, armed and equipped for conflict with the French and Indians, were paraded on the Street near the meetinghouse. Captain Dwight makes record that "after prayer to almighty God for preservation in our journeying through the wilderness and success and victory over the Enemies, and a Safe return, Performed by Mr. Billings in Deerfield Street, I marched out of Deerfield." Dwight does not tell us why this service of prayer was not held in the meetinghouse instead of the Street, and why it was not conducted by Mr. Ashley, the minister of Deerfield, as we might naturally expect. But that is a story which must be read between the lines.

The imminent danger from the united French and Indians did not weld the community, as it should have done, into a solid harmonious whole. There was another war raging in the Province. The foreign war ended with the conquest of Canada; the other conflict, like the poor, we have always with





us. It was a theological war. There were intricate, fine-drawn, metaphysical knots to be tied, or untied; time-hallowed superstitions to be cherished or combated. The fire and sword of the enemy was to many of comparatively small importance, being but temporary; while in the other matter consequences of eternal import were supposed to be involved. At this time the storm center was at Northampton; the Jonathan Edwards controversy was at its height. Mr. Ashley was a leader in the ranks of those opposing Mr. Edwards, and he had even dared, not long before, to preach a sermon against him in his own pulpit in Northampton. This sermon was published and can be found in our library. On the other hand, Rev. Mr. Billings had been all along a warm defender of Edwards. Captain Dwight had joined the church of Mr. Edwards at the age of twenty-one. When Dwight removed from Northampton to Belchertown, he was transferred to the fold of Mr. Billings, with whom he was in full sympathy. Here, then, is the explanation of the imported chaplain and the service in the Street.

Mr. Ashley was at that time comparatively popular in Deerfield, and a guard of three soldiers had recently been detailed to garrison his house. On the occasion in question, the pastor was doubtless conspicuous by his absence, and we may imagine Deacon Childs and Deacon Field, aghast at the boldness of Captain Dwight in bearding the lion at the very mouth of his den, standing aloof, or perchance prolonging their morning prayers beyond the hour for the march, to testify against the affront put upon their pastor. If tradition may be trusted, we may think of Major Williams as secretly enjoying the situation.

Aside from all this, however, we may be sure that many another petition for Divine protection, beside that of Mr. Billings, must have gone up as these young men, of the choicest blood of the valley, went forth into the wilderness to meet and drive back an enemy then drenching the frontiers with the blood of men, women, and children. Many had gathered to bid a tearful farewell—it may be a last one—to sons, brothers, or lovers. Captain Dwight cannot look unmoved upon these partings. He must call to mind his wife and family of young children,—the youngest a boy of two years,—and a feeble mother of eighty. We see Lieutenant Hawks passing from group to group bidding them be hopeful and of good cheer.





He had met the savage hordes face to face, aye, and the Frenchmen, too, and is eager to do the same again and pay off old scores, as he eventually does. His cousin, Zadock Hawks, whose sister Submit was torn from her home three months before and is now a captive in savage hands, bravely responds, is erect, alert, manly, while young Mary Bardwell turns timorously away to hide her emotions and her maidenly tears. Abigail Bardwell, her cousin, is taking a tender and solemn farewell of Samuel Mattoon, the young surgeon, whose bride fortune wills her to be within the year. But Dorothy Stebbins openly clings with convulsive sobs to Lawrence Kemp, until her father, who had himself borne for years the bitterness of an Indian captivity, takes her away and comforts her as best he can, when the drum beats the march. Abner Arms is the center of another group. Phineas Arms, his cousin and daily companion from infancy, had fallen by a bullet from an Indian ambush at Charlemont three months before. We see William and Dorothy Arms look upon Abner with yearning eyes and pained hearts, as they commend him to the care of the Most High, praying that he may be spared the fate of their lost one whose grave he will pass before the setting sun.

Light sketches like these shed but a faint gleam upon the reality of scenes enacted all along the frontiers by our forefathers and foremothers during the days and years of French and Indian warfare—scenes which will wring the heart and blanch the cheek of woman so long as hell-born war pollutes God's earth.

Captain Dwight calls, "Attention!" The resounding drum-beat stirs the air; the piercing note of the fife stirs the blood. "March!" and the two companies file past the Old Corner Store, down the Albany Road, and wade the Pocumtuck River at the "Old Ford." The measured throb of the drum grows fainter and more faint, and is lost on the listening ear as the soldiers climb the hill and disappear on the heights beyond "Little Hope." With these ominous words on their hearts, those who had followed to the river for a very last word joined those who had lingered about the Corner Store, and all soon scattered to attend, as best they could, the imperative call of duty to labor and to wait.

Meanwhile Captain Dwight pushed rapidly on through the woods northwest by the compass, and striking the Pocumtuck



at the Falls, the soldiers receive a cheering welcome from its dashing waters, with a promise to guide them on their winding way. So with the gleaming river on their left they march up the valley; greet Deerfield friends at Taylor's Fort, but do not bide; pass Rice's Fort, and the not yet grass-grown graves of Moses Rice and Phineas Arms; onward, until darkness falls upon them at Hawks's Fort, where more Deerfield friends gladly welcome the weary soldiers, and, as best they may, entertain them for the night. The second day's march takes the band over the Hoosac Mountain to Fort Massachusetts, where nine years before, that man of heroic mold, John Hawks their lieutenant, had won an imperishable fame.

A word of this in passing. In August, 1746, Sergeant Hawks was in charge of the fort with twenty-one men, three women, and six children. Eleven of the men were on the sick list, and, writes Chaplain John Norton, "scarcely one of us in perfect health." With this force and thus handicapped the brave and resourceful sergeant defied and fought seven hundred and fifty French and Indians—more than thirty against one—repelling all assaults of the infuriated foe for twenty-eight hours, and until their ammunition gave out. They then capitulated on honorable terms. This was also familiar ground to Captain Lyman, for he had been in command here after the fort had been rebuilt in 1748.

As this talk is largely of Deerfield and the Dwights, we will turn the leaves backward, and we shall see that Captain Nathaniel was by no means the first of his name to make connection between the two. In the spring of 1664, one Dwight, Henry by name, was sent out by Dedham to find a place where she could locate her "8,000-Acre Grant." He reported nothing satisfactory, but he was the first Dwight connecting Deerfield with the Dedham Grant. In September of the same year a party of four men was despatched on the same errand. Timothy Dwight was one of the four. They came to the Pocumtuck valley, returned with a favorable report, and were sent back with a compass and chain. In May, 1665, they report the Grant located, and present a plan of the same to the General Court. So early was Surveyor Dwight, the grandsire of Captain Nathaniel, linked with our town. As you know, Major John Pynchon bought the tract so laid out, of the Indians who laid claim to it, in 1666. The deeds to show this



transaction are in our library. The pay was almost equal to the real estate price current among the English. Of this tract Timothy Dwight was granted 150 acres in payment for his services in the preliminary work of the settlement of Pocumtuck. Here I beg your indulgence in introducing a personal matter,—my interest in this grant. Captain Timothy Dwight sold this land to Rev. John Russell, the fearless and true-hearted protector of the regicides Goffe, Whalley and Dixwell at Hadley. From Mr. Russell it passed to one of my ancestors two hundred years ago, and I take pride in saying that a part of it has never been alienated from the blood, and is now in my hands. But I have even a more lively sense of connection with Captain Dwight. By virtue of his being a citizen of Dedham he drew a homestead on the town plot in 1671. This he sold, with the above-mentioned 150-acre grant, to Mr. Russell, and it has come down to me in the same line as the above. It is the old Sheldon lot at the North End, where I was born and lived for more than threescore years and ten. Captain Timothy also owned another home lot with which I have personal interest. It is that where my very great-grandfather, David Hoyt, lived on that disastrous day in Feb., 1704, and whence he was led to a death by starvation in the wilderness. I hope you will consider these associations a fair excuse for bringing in this personal equation.

In July, 1698, there was in Deerfield another Henry Dwight, a brother of Captain Timothy, and later himself a captain. He was one of the troopers who made the night march from Deerfield to Pomroy's Island, and rescued Samuel Dickinson from his Indian captors.

When Father Rasle's war broke out, Deerfield was on the exposed northwest frontier, and a just sense of fear pervaded the air; it was a glad sight when another Captain Timothy Dwight marched into the Street, February 3, 1724, with a party of soldiers, and workmen with teams. He was on his way to build a fortification for the protection of the frontier, right in the path of northern invasion. This was later named Fort Dummer. Captain Dwight, while in command of this fort, was in close touch with our town. Part of his stores were kept here by Captain Jonathan Wells—the same, by the way, to whom the children of Deerfield placed a granite monument in the memorable Old Home Week of 1901, thus linking themselves to the historic past.





Captain Nathaniel Dwight was not the first of his name to visit the Old Corner Store on official business. Three years before, his cousin, Colonel Josiah Dwight, of Northampton, commissioned by the governor, called upon his brother-in-law, Major Williams, the commissary. He was a messenger sent to make a friendly visit to the Mohawks and bear them a present. He and his fellow commissioner here bought a large bill of calico, garlic, and other dry goods to bestow upon their dusky allies to keep them neutral, during the impending war. Largess flowed lavishly from either side, and the shrewd Mohawks valued the friendship of their English or French "brothers" according to which had the longest purse. Finding they could get more goods by deceiving both sides, they remained neutral through the war. So the calico and the garlic from the Old Corner Store served for a good end.

The first wife of Major Elijah Williams was Lydia Dwight, a cousin germain to Captain Nathaniel. The Mrs. Williams by whom he was entertained September 24, 1755, was a sister-in-law to his cousin Joseph Dwight. The wife of Captain Jonas Locke, who led the Deerfield Minute Men to Boston on the Lexington alarm, April 20, 1775, was Mary, the daughter of Colonel Joseph Dwight of Brookfield. Captain Locke lived at the Bars, in the house later the home of one whom Deerfield delights to honor, George Fuller, the artist. We may think of Jonas, not yet Captain, and Mary, his wife, as going up to the Street to greet cousin Nathaniel, and talk over family matters and the military affairs of the country.

As Captain Dwight and his men, with faces set sternly westward, marched down the Albany Road, they were watched by Anna Williams, a Deerfield lass of twelve years, with more than general interest. They were bound to the very field where her uncle, Colonel Ephraim Williams, had fallen in the Bloody Morning Scout, eighteen days before. Her father, who was a surgeon in the ill-fated regiment of his brother, escaped unhurt, and it was he who had dressed the wounds of the captured French general, Baron de Dieskau. Zadock Hawks, a neighbor across the way, was doubtless burdened with messages of affection and solicitude from the wife and daughter. Anna's interest would have been more intense had she known that Elijah Dwight, a kinsman of the stalwart leader, would become her husband, and that the twain would found a distinguished family in the very



region towards which he was then faring, and that in the course of events, she, as Madam Dwight, would have the satisfaction of entertaining the captive General Burgoyne, while on his march over the Berkshire hills from Saratoga, where he had been intercepted by General Gates.

Diana Hinsdale, another young girl whose home overlooked the Common, saw the departure of the soldiers. Can it be that the bearing of the gallant leader impressed her young head with the idea that he would make an ideal father-in-law? Hardly, at her age; but her fortune was so shaped that she became the wife of his son, another Elijah Dwight, of Belchertown.

The bride was a granddaughter of Mehuman Hinsdell, the first white man born in Deerfield. The ring which was the pledge of their union is now back in the home of her childhood. That, and her father's silver watch, are among our choice treasures in Memorial Hall.

In the years following the date of this journal, the name of Dwight, borne by men and women, is often met with in the social circles of Deerfield. In one of the strenuous events of the Revolution, the dismissal of the Tory parson, William Dwight, appears on the council. Within two or three years a young Timothy Dwight was engaged to preach in the South precinct. Later he was evolved into the distinguished theologian, author, and president of Yale College. He was of the same Northampton stock as Captain Nathaniel, the journalist.

Thomas Asa Gates, a minuteman under Captain Jonas Locke, married Margaret Dwight, of Belchertown, probably daughter of Captain Nathaniel, although she may have been a sister of Mary Dwight, wife of Captain Locke.

In the revival of business that followed the close of the Revolutionary War, when Conway was the largest town in Western Massachusetts, Deerfield was in the fore front of business for the Connecticut valley. A deep felt want was for better facilities for transportation, and a movement was here started for an improvement in the navigation of the Connecticut River, the main channel of communication with the commercial world.

John Williams, a son of Major Elijah the commissary, and Jonathan Dwight, a kinsman of Captain Nathaniel, were two of a commission of three men who built two of the earliest canals in the country—those at South Hadley and Turners Falls.

In another important and lasting enterprise, Deerfield was



again in touch with the Dwights. In 1824, the town voted that the new meetinghouse to be erected should be patterned after that "recently built at Springfield by Jonathan Dwight, Esq." Among the judicial officers of Franklin County, in 1853, is found the name of William Dwight of Deerfield. Last, but not least, we note that William Dwight, M. D., of Amherst, becomes a member of our Association in 1889. And so at last, the peg on which I have hung my line of Dwights to-night, is driven home in Memorial Hall.

"But there are others," and there is another word to be said about the soldiers mustered on Deerfield Street, September 26, 1755, for the march to Lake George. I have before said that Captain William Lyman, a brother-in-law of Captain Dwight, with his command, was of that force. Like Captain Dwight, he, too, was of a fighting stock. And no more than Captain Dwight was Captain Lyman, the first to connect his name with Deerfield, or the first of his name to walk Deerfield Street in martial array. On the memorable night of May 18, 1676, his grandfather, John Lyman, led a company of volunteers from Northampton over the very ground where Captain William paraded. He was under Captain William Turner on that seemingly reckless enterprise when the fated leader resolutely marched through the black woods and the midnight storm, and in the dawning light snatched victory out of danger at Turners Falls. Eighteen years later Richard Lyman, a garrison soldier, another ancestor, was wounded in repelling an assault made on this very acre, by Baron Castine and his Canadian horde.

About the 6th of June, 1704, while Deerfield Street was still clothed in garments of sackcloth and ashes, Caleb Lyman, of Northampton, uncle of Captain William, followed the trail his father John made through Deerfield, twenty-eight years before, and out into the lone forest still stretching away to Canada.

He was on that famous scout to Cowass with his Mohegans, which created such a sensation in Canada, and which was such a prominent factor in shaping for years the events of the frontier warfare. Caleb tarried in desolate Deersfield only long enough to receive the blessings of Captain Jonathan Wells, and his ensign John Sheldon, and to draw marching rations of raw salt pork at the fort. The scout had hardly disappeared in the north





when Wells learned that the woods were full of Indian war parties, and he feared that Lyman was surely marching to his doom. Lyman learned it, too, but thanks to his knowledge of woodcraft and to his trusty allies, his mission was executed and he returned in safety. At Cowass, Lyman might have seen the bleaching bones of my great-great-grandfather, David Hoyt, a victim of February 29, who had died there of starvation, a month before.

Here I again beg once more to introduce the personal element. Brave Caleb Lyman was connected by marriage with the Sheldons; the wife of his oldest brother, John Lyman, was Mindwell, sister to Ensign John Sheldon. Moses Lyman, his nephew, married another Mindwell Sheldon, a niece of Ensign John, all of Northampton. At the time of this scout, Ensign Sheldon was meditating a journey through the wilderness to Canada in the coming winter, in search of his captive children, and it is easy to imagine his eager inquiries of Caleb, on his return, concerning woodcraft and the wiles of the Indians, gaining from him information which was soon to be of vitally practical importance in his knightly quest.

I like to think of these two hard-headed, hard-working farmers, talking over the chances of life or death on such an adventurous journey. Caleb had barely escaped starvation in summer weather; what were the odds against John in the cold and snow of winter! But as they sat by the desolate hearth stone in the Old Indian house, and only silence answered the listening ear, the bereaved husband and father felt that no odds were too great to be attempted in the effort to bring back his scattered, motherless children. He could but lose that which was of little value to him else, and his purpose held him fast. You all know the results.

During Father Rasle's war, Joseph Lyman, an older brother of Captain William, was employed by the government as a Post Rider. This occupation, if less conspicuous and less blazoned than that of the soldier, was not less hazardous. While on his lonely trips over the long trails stretching through the dark forests and bosky swamps, to and from the Bay, with news of the latest Indian raid, or orders from the governor to the frontier posts, he was liable at any time to meet a band of prowling savages. It happened in September, 1725, just thirty years before the advent of his brother, he rode through Deerfield





Street with 300 pounds in his custody, sent by the governor to Captain Timothy Dwight at Fort Dummer to pay off his men. Joseph doubtless stopped to bait his horse and see his cousins at the Old Indian house. He executed his trust and returned to its shelter in safety.

Joseph Lyman, Jr., who enlisted at Deerfield and marched under Captain William Lyman, in 1755, was doubtless son of the post rider. Whatever of romance may have attended this affair is hopelessly lost.

Captain William Lyman of the journal was a nephew of one Mindwell Sheldon, mentioned above, and cousin to the other. His wife, Jemima Sheldon, was connected with both. Undoubtedly Captain Lyman, while waiting for supplies at Deerfield, called to see his relatives in the Old Indian house. One of these was my grandmother Sheldon. Seventy-four years ago she might have told me about this visit, seventy-four years before that, and the impression made on her young life by the appearance of Captains Lyman and Dwight and their men. She was then eight years old. So near do I come in contact with the special event round which my remarks are revolving. She may have seen her grandfather, Lieutenant Jonathan Hoyt, shoulder his crutch and tell how fields were won, or, in more homely phrase, give the boys points about fighting the Indians, amongst whom he had been a captive for years.

Captain William Lyman, born in 1715, was son of Lieutenant Benjamin, of Northampton. His mother was Thankful Pomroy, of the family of Medad Pomroy, the first recorder of Pocumtuck. One of his sisters, Hannah Lyman, was the wife of his comrade, Captain Nathaniel Dwight. The Lymans, Dwights, Pomroys, and Sheldons of the Connecticut valley are mixed up in almost innumerable marriages. I will notice only the issue of Captain William.

Captain Dwight says in his journal that at the end of the campaign the Massachusetts forces marched home under Major-Gen. Phineas Lyman,—a second cousin of Captain William,—and that they left Fort William Henry Nov. 27, and reached Deerfield Dec. 3, at noon. So this march from the head of Lake George to Deerfield was made in six and a half days; the half day was from Taylor's fort in Charlemont. Dwight says of one day: "It was the worst of all traveling." The next day he says: "We came Down to Saritogo River Striped and



waded through in Ice and Water." Nine miles more and they were in the midst of a winter rain. Dec. 1 was a "cold Sower Snowblast Day," "anker Ice in the river and Brooks," and more of the like. But what recked these hardy men for cold, or ice, or snow! They were homeward bound. We find no delay at Deerfield, and so Captain Lyman would be at home the same night, and his steps would grow lighter at the end of each of the sixteen miles. We must imagine how welcome he was to the eyes of Jemima, who within the week gave birth to William, their first boy.

Captain William Lyman and Jemima Sheldon raised a notable family. Their first son became prominent in both the military and the civil life of the country. He was a general in the United States army and was a member of Congress. He was also in the United States diplomatic service in England.

He died in London about 1810, and was buried in Gloucester Cathedral.

Cornelius, the second son, ranked high among his fellows and was a captain in the Continental line, or the United States army, or both.

Samuel, another son, also bore the title of captain, but in what service I cannot say. He married Mary, the only child of General Joseph Warren, of Bunker Hill renown and lament. Captain Samuel Lyman was living in Greenfield at the time of his death, but his grave is in Northampton. His widow married Judge Richard E. Newcomb, a predecessor of Judge Thompson. Their only child was Joseph Warren Newcomb, who married Sarah Wells Alvord, of Greenfield. Their only son bore the name of his father. A few years ago the newspapers were telling the romantic story of his marriage to a great-granddaughter of General Israel Putnam, the commander at Bunker Hill.

As all roads lead to Rome, so, as you know, all roads that I travel, like this among the Lymans and the Dwights are very apt to lead to our Memorial Hall. It will therefore be no surprise to hear that among our treasures are several pieces of India china that were a part of the household goods of Captain Samuel and Mary Warren Lyman. And I may here note that from our collection can be grouped, in pleasant association with the above china, a carving knife and fork which belonged to Captain Seth Lyman of Revolutionary fame, and a punch



bowl from the family of Caleb Lyman, out of the capacious depth of which many a Revolutionary veteran has been refreshed. Seth and Caleb were both cousins of Captain Samuel.

November 3, 1774, in the times when men were tried as in a furnace, a Fast was ordered by the Massachusetts "Committee of safety." Parson Ashley, of Deerfield, would have none of it, and another Joseph Lyman, a true Whig, appeared in the meetinghouse on the old Common and conducted the service of that day. Six years later he was again in Deerfield; he was then concerned in the council called to dismiss Parson Ashley, in May, 1780. Ashley died before the matter came to a conclusion, and Parson John Taylor was installed in his place.

Deerfield Academy had been organized, a building erected, and January 1, 1799, it was dedicated; the same Joseph Lyman preached the dedication sermon and the academy was formally opened. And here we are again at home. The preacher was one of the trustees, and later Benjamin Lyman was made preceptor.

In 1806 Parson Taylor asked a dismissal on account of failing health, and Dr. Lyman was called to take part in the official action for dissolving his connection with the church. Once more, when Samuel Willard was called to fill the vacant pulpit, Dr. Lyman was one of the council for ordination.

Other Lymans also have their names connected with Deerfield. When Cheapside was the head of river navigation for this region, and John Williams, son of Major Elijah the commissary, with David Saxton, General Epaphras Hoyt, Captain Elisha Mack, Captain Jonas Locke, and other Deerfield men, were struggling to increase the traffic on the Connecticut by dams and canals, Elias Lyman and his brother, Justice Lyman of the Northampton tribe, just in the nick of time, were active in sending fall boats to trade at Cheapside, the Deerfield port of entry, exchanging foreign goods for the productions of our farms and shops, one of the latter being that of Augustus Lyman, the blacksmith, on the Dr. Porter lot.

On our beautiful and historic Common stands an impressive pile. It is elegant in design, artistic in execution, fitting for its purpose. It is eloquent in its teaching—a memorial for service and sacrifice erected by a grateful people. Upon its sides are emblazoned, as upon their country's shield, the names of those from Deerfield who fell in the late Civil War.





Standing where Captain Lyman stood when calling the roll of his sturdy men in line, awaiting the order to march for the defense of threatened New England, September 26, 1755, one might read the names and call the roll of those sons of Deerfield who died that the Union might live, one and indivisible. Among the unheard voices responding to the call would be that of young Henry Lyman.

The grave of Captain William Lyman is at Northampton. On the gray slab at its head one may read:—

The wise and the just, the pious and the brave,  
Live in their death, and flourish in the grave.



## FIELD MEETING—1903.

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### FIELD MEETING

OF THE

POCUMTUCK VALLEY MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,

WITHIN THE OLD STOCKADE AT DEERFIELD, WEDNESDAY, JULY 29,  
1903, 9.30 A. M.

Services in commemoration of the Bi-Centennial of the Mas-  
sacre at Deerfield by the French and Indians, February 29th,  
1703-4.

DEDICATION OF MEMORIAL STONES.

President of the Day, HON. GEORGE SHELDON.

Assistant, JUDGE FRANCIS M. THOMPSON.

Chief Marshal, EUGENE A. NEWCOMB.

Assistant Marshal, WILLIAM P. SAXTON.

Chairman Entertainment Committee, JOHN H. STEBBINS.

### ORDER OF EXERCISES.

1. MUSIC.
2. KEYNOTE OF THE DAY. Hon. George Sheldon
3. INVOCATION. Rev. Richard E. Birks
4. ADDRESS OF WELCOME. Hon. Herbert C. Parsons
5. SINGING under the direction of Charles H. Ashley.
6. HISTORICAL ADDRESS—The Colonial Conquest. Dr. Edwin A.  
Grosvenor.



## 7. DEDICATION OF MEMORIALS. Lyman Whiting, D. D.

Tablets in Memorial Hall;

to ZECHARIAH FIELD, by Marshall Field of Chicago;

to NATHANIEL SUTCLIFFE, by B. H. Sutcliffe of Conn.;

to GODFREY NIMS, by Franklin A. Nims of Colo.;

to SAMPSON FRARY, by Levi P. Morton of New York.

Boulder at the Bars

to SAMUEL ALLEN, by his descendants.

## 8. CORNET SOLO.

Maj. Frank Hutchins

Intermission.

Basket Picnic. Coffee provided for all.

## 9. The Deerfield members of the Grand Army will lead the march to the Old Burying Ground, where, at the grave of The Dead of 1704, there will be music and an address by Miss C. Alice Baker.

Return to the stockade and assemble at the roll of the drum.

## 10. ADDRESSES by Hon. Alfred S. Roe of Worcester.

John B. White, Pres. Ohio Historical Society.

Arthur Lord, Pres. Pilgrim Society of Plymouth.

## 11. MUSIC.

## 12. ADDRESSES by Gen. Francis H. Appleton, Boston, Vice-Pres. Essex Institute.

Dr. Henry D. Holton, Brattleboro, Vt.

Dr. Edward Hitchcock, Dean of Amherst College.

Prof. Francis B. Denio, Bangor, Me.

Frederick G. Bauer, Old South Historical Society.

Hon. Kittredge Haskins, M. C., Brattleboro, Vt.

Dr. Frederic Corss, Kingston, Pa.

B. H. Sutcliffe, Plymouth, Conn., and members of the Association.

The Martha Pratt Memorial Building will be open for the use of visitors.

## COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS:

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE SHELDON, MRS. MADELINE Y. WYNNE,  
MR. JOHN J. GREENOUGH, MR. JOHN SHELDON, MR. WILLIAM  
L. HARRIS.



## REPORT.

To-day, Deerfield has had a worthy exposition of its history and its hospitality, each of the typical New England sort. The historic event celebrated was one of the few which in the long range are sure of permanence in the common mind, for the Deerfield massacre will never be forgotten so long as the story of the New England frontier has interest. To-day's hospitality was a part of the observance of Old Home Week, and no town has better claim upon widely scattered sons and daughters.

The celebration may be said to have begun with the first hours of the week, as the Sunday services in the old church, with its much older weather cock and its still more ancient traditions, took on a special character. To-day the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association in its annual field day commemorating the sacking of the town in 1703-4, brought an array of speakers of even unusual number and quality.

The center of the site of the old stockade was the scene of the principal exercises, with an interesting departure from it to the old burying ground, where the mound that marks the graves of the victims of the massacre was the center of impressive services. There might have been other pilgrimages to Memorial Hall, for the dedication of the tablets recently placed there, and to the Bars to see the bowlder just now taken there and inscribed to the memory of Samuel Allen by his descendants, but the dedicatory journey was taken only in imagination, the service of blessing the stones being made a part of the exercises on the common with Dr. Lyman Whiting very fittingly filling the place of dedicator.

The sound of the fife and drum called the people together around the speakers' stand which had been erected on the common. Here near a flag raised for the day was a placard announcing that it stood at about the center of the palisaded fort of 1703-4 and that the inclosure was about 60 rods north and south and 40 rods wide. With this to guide them and the speaking of the day to portray the conditions and events of the day commemorated, the people were both physically and in spirit at the very heart of Deerfield's most tragic event.





The "keynote of the day" was struck by George Sheldon, who proves that he has no small measure left to support him in carrying out the designs his mind is still fertile in, by making the arrangements for the day in detail, and then presiding over a considerable part of the exercises. Mr. Sheldon did not venture far into the history of the day but with the mastery of it which he above all others possesses gave it its proper setting in the wide sweep of the period's events.

Mr. Sheldon continued to preside throughout the morning, turning the task over to Judge F. M. Thompson for the afternoon. After his "keynote" he called upon Rev. R. E. Birks, the present minister of the old church, to make the invocation. It was a prayer for the continued interest of the people in the days and deeds of the fathers and the blessing of God on the town whose beginnings were so costly and so fateful.

The formal address of welcome was given by H. C. Parsons of Greenfield, one of the councilors of the Association. He contrasted the conditions in Deerfield on the most tragic night in New England history and at the present time, and assured a hearty welcome to all who had come through the open gates of the palisades to-day. He sketched the Association's work and paid a tribute to Mr. Sheldon.

Following this a choir under the direction of Charles H. Ashley sang with spirit, Longfellow's "Ship of State."

The address by Prof. Edwin A. Grosvenor of Amherst, the principal one of the day, was a stirring speech on the Colonial Conquest, a subject which he treated with strength and eloquence.

Then followed the dedication of the new memorials, Dr. Whiting speaking eloquently of their teaching. They included four tablets in Memorial Hall, one presented by Ex-Vice President Morton in memory of his ancestor, Samson Frary; one from Marshall Field of Chicago, to Zechariah Field; one to Nathaniel Sutcliffe, by B. H. Sutcliffe (as now spelled) of Connecticut, and one to Godfrey Nims, by Franklin A. Nims of Colorado. A bowlder at the Bars, erected to honor Samuel Allen was included in the dedication. The audience was made up in very large part by visitors from the towns up and down the valley.

The cornet playing by Major Frank Hutchins was a feature



of the morning. He played patriotic airs from an upper window of the academy building, at the back of the common and they were very effective and roundly cheered.

After luncheon, served under the trees, the line of march was formed to the old burying ground, where there was music and brief exercises. Miss C. Alice Baker's paper was a résumé of the lives of some of the early planters, buried there, the historic events that led to the sacking of Deerfield, and of the persons killed or captured February 29, 1703-4. She described in her graphic style the old Street and its inhabitants and the massacre and succeeding days. In closing she made a stirring plea for peace, in town and church and state.

#### THE AFTERNOON'S SPEAKING.

The rain which began soon after noon turned the audience into a congregation—from the open air to the pews of the old brick meetinghouse. Here Judge F. M. Thompson presided and culled from an unusually rich list of speakers; among these was Hon. Alfred S. Roe of Worcester.

Arthur Lord, president of the Pilgrim Society of Plymouth, gave a deeply impressive address. He pictured the scene in the "common house" at Plymouth when Governor Carver and Massasoit met there for treaty-making and noted that from that time until King Philip's War, 54 years later, the English did not possess a foot of land in the colony that was not fairly obtained. Mr. Lord linked the Plymouth days with the early days of Deerfield.

Rev. Francis B. Denio of the Bangor Theological Seminary, and a descendant of Aaron Denio of Greenfield, then spoke. He asked permission to speak for the many descendants of Deerfield, who had never seen the place or its people, and whose knowledge of it is confined to second-hand information. He was proud of his ancestry, and he brought a message of gratitude to the historical workers of Deerfield for their preservation of all this mass of historic information, which enabled many descendants like himself to learn their own family traditions. He was thankful for the work that had kept bright and glowing the memory of the early heroism and tragedy.

Judge Thompson then introduced General Francis Appleton of the State Board of Agriculture as a representative of the "Flower of Essex" and a descendant of the Capt. Samuel Apple-



ton who came up to the Deerfield valley as a commander of the pioneer forces. Gen. Appleton spoke of the rural surroundings of historic places and paid an eloquent tribute to President Sheldon. He brought the greeting of the old Essex Institute, which is engaged in much the same work as the P. V. M. A.

Dr. H. D. Holton of Brattleboro, who has been a frequent attendant at the field meetings, was called upon to speak for Vermont. He spoke of his home town as the base of operations of the French and Indians against Deerfield. The principles of our fathers sometimes leave an impression of bigotry, but in reality their lives were founded on the teachings of the great Master. Children were brought up to obey God and their parents, to be useful and to perform the duties of life. He referred to the Smith charities as a fine example of the Puritan spirit manifested by a descendant of the Puritans. He thought modern life has so many distractions as to interfere with true home life. There is too much reading of newspapers, too little time for instruction of the children. He spoke of the boy who said that when he was born his mother had gone to the club, and there was no one at home but grandmother.

Dr. Edward Hitchcock made a characteristic address in which he proved himself a loyal grandson of Deerfield, and a true son of his father, Edward Hitchcock, the eminent scientist and President of Amherst college.

B. H. Sutcliffe, who gave one of the memorial tablets, was on the platform, but declined to speak.

Frederick G. Bauer of the Old South Historical Society paid a tribute to the Puritans. He disliked the patronizing tone common to-day of those who say that the Puritans must be judged in the light of their own times, and he declared that the Puritans need no apology and will stand high judged by the standards of any time. The notion that they ill-treated the Indians had been shown to be so thoroughly false by the speakers of the morning, that he need not refer to it. It is also charged that the Puritans were intolerant. One has said that the schismatics whom they expelled sought the overthrow of the colony and were only expelled because they had been guilty of seditious utterances. Mr. Bauer urged the study of history, not merely because it is a pleasant and instructive avocation, but because history is the chart and compass of life and enables us to breathe in the spirit of the pioneers. He eulogized the Puri-





tans of Cromwell's time, showing that a large part of the progress in English political life for the past 200 years had been merely the realizing in permanent constitutional form the principles laid down by Cromwell and his followers.

Col. Kittredge Haskins of Brattleboro spoke of the changes since he had passed through Old Deerfield Street, and expressed his pleasure in visiting the old historic spots. He then spoke of the spirit of enterprise and discovery that had been characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race. Had they been content to stay in Deerfield there would have never been the nation of to-day. But they pushed on conquering the West, spreading to the Pacific, acquiring Hawaii, freeing Cuba from Spain's yoke, and lastly spreading to the Philippines, where they would give the people a freer government than they had ever known before. Dr. Frederic Corss of Kingston, Pa., then spoke briefly. A telegram was read from Franklin Asa Nims of Greeley, Colo.

Among the many visitors to Deerfield, special mention may be made of Mrs. Taft, mother of Judge Taft, the president of the Philippines Commission. Her home is now in Millbury and she accompanied Mrs. Grosvenor, her cousin, to Deerfield for the day. Rev. Thomas A. Emerson of the Wakefield Historical society, Miss Ellen Chase of Brookline, one of the Founders of the association known as the Trustees of Public Reservations of Massachusetts, Mrs. Kittredge Haskins of Brattleboro and Mrs. Goodrich of North Adams of the Fort Massachusetts Historical Society.

J. H. Burdakin of the Dedham Historical Society and Sheriff Capen of Norfolk county were companion visitors.

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### ADDRESS OF GEORGE SHELDON.

*Ladies and gentlemen, friends and strangers, fellow members of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association:*—We meet this day in the valley from which we take our name, and upon the very rood where occurred, two centuries ago, the tragic event upon which was founded our Memorial Association. Just one-third of a century ago we adopted measures to give this Association a habitation and a name. Our declared object was the keeping in remembrance the lives and the deeds of our forefathers and our foremothers. The day fixed for our annual



meeting was the anniversary of the most memorable event ever enacted in the Pocumtuck valley, the fateful day of February 29, 1703-4 which has now become familiar to us all as Memorial Day, and the bi-centennial of which we now commemorate.

This is not a day for rejoicing, and, save for our heritage, we do not rejoice. It is not a day for sadness. Time has softened the horrors of that terrible day, and we are not sad.

We gather quietly in the shade of these beautiful trees, knowing that their roots penetrate the blood-soaked soil, and try to recall dimly the shocking scenes of 200 years ago, contrasting then and now, while we draw lessons for our own guidance.

The founders of Pocumtuck were of the second and third generation from the Puritan. Spreading westward over the vast extent of virgin soil and interminable forest it was inevitable that their minds should expand. They were less austere than the emigrants. They were an honest yeomanry who came to this fertile valley to better their estate and to found a church in the wilderness. No glamour of romance shines about their coming. They claimed to wear no crown of martyrdom. They were God fearing men, filled with a faith and a trust that never failed them. When the hour of trial came, their manliness was put to the test and was not found wanting.

We honor our ancestors for their bravery and steadfastness; we sympathize with them in their sufferings, and are grateful to them for the results—which are ours. They filled that measure which the world of to-day demands as the price of its homage—they were successful.

We meet here to-day in vain if we are not stronger for their strength, and more faithful, persevering, industrious and economical for their example.

Say that the Pilgrim and Puritan were bigots, bound in chains of superstition, seeking expansion for themselves only, and intolerant of others. This cannot be denied. But speaking broadly in the perspective of the centuries, this other fact remains: we see in them a people sifted out from the deeper darkness and despotism which they left behind them in Old England: we see them as the pioneers and the vanguard of civil and religious freedom for the nations.

It is no less trite than true to say they planted better than they knew; that for them the harvest never ripened. It is equally true that:



But for the woes and toils our fathers bore  
In the stern, sad centuries gone before,

not for us would the tree of liberty be growing broadcast in the land, not for us would the clouds of superstition have become so thin, not for us the horizon be so bright with the promise of free speech and untrammelled thought.

I welcome you all to this historic spot, but the formal welcome of the hour will be given by another.

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## ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

BY HON. HERBERT C. PARSONS OF GREENFIELD.

Human fancy can picture no more unwelcome visitor than he whose tomahawk beat upon the stout door of the Sheldon house on the night of February 29, 1703-4. It would be daring, in even this hospitable moment, to say that the guest who passes through the open gate of the palisades we rebuild in memory to-day, were welcome in the same measure that the savage intruder was abhorrent.

But this is a day of tremendous contrasts. Against the darkest background the history of New England frontier can furnish we assemble to-day, a group of people whose faces tell the story of content and joy in the blessed conditions of our modern life. The choice of this fair midsummer day for the study and commemoration of the occurrences of the night when the severities of deep winter were to add to the torture of its hateful business itself deepens the lines of contrast. To another and master hand is left the task of drawing the picture of that hideous night and placing against it the calm, the peace, the security and the happiness of this bright day. But let me use the sombre background for the cordial greeting to Deerfield.

For more than thirty years the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association has been going about its annual visits to the towns of the old frontier and receiving the salutations of the people. Its procedure has kept singularly close to the programme of its first open-air meeting, but there is one change which has a clear significance. For years the form was adhered to of impressing into the act of extending a welcome some resident of the neighborhood visited. To his always cordial words, a chosen official





of the society would respond. It was always a cheering and edifying spectacle.

But now the Association has been so many times assured of its welcomeness that it takes it for granted and commits to one speaker both the extending of the cordial hand and the returning grasp of gratefulness. The dialogue has become a soliloquy. In one voice is spoken the "Come in, we are glad to see you" of the old New England style of greeting and the "Thank you, we will; how kind and how good you are." It is the Association taking itself by the hand or, not waiting for the flattering word of approval it has learned to expect, patting itself on the back as altogether the worthiest guest to pull the municipal latchstring.

No one will arise, I am sure, to deny that this self-pride is warranted. The Association has come to be regarded as the conservator of the history and traditions of this fruitful portion of New England. In the first year of its being it went to the field where Capt. Turner gave the Indians their historic surprise. Presently it raised its first memorial on a spot closely associated with the event we recall to-day, the scene of the death of Fumee Williams. It nobly celebrated the valor of Capt. Lothrop and his men and their fall at Bloody Brook. It helped Northfield to celebrate fittingly her two hundredth birthday. And so, in annual pilgrimages, it has visited one after another the scenes of memorable frontier events. It has touched the soil of the earlier towns and left its impress—perhaps in memorials of stone, always in a revival of interest in their history, and, best of all, in the permanent form of the printed page bearing the researches of the students it has raised up. Shelburne and Charlemont, Montague, Sunderland, Erving, Bernards-ton, Ashfield, Gill, Leverett, Whately and Colerain have felt its awakening presence. It has ventured once over the border into Vermont to help define the bounds of Fort Dummer, and it has gone down into Hampshire to link the history of Hatfield with that of the towns in younger Franklin. Its path is marked by the memorial stones it has raised. It has inspired the historic pen and noble histories of the towns that have come forth to testify to its work.

And now it returns to Old Deerfield. This is its home. Here is its treasure house. Here it gathers by the hearthstone of the man who was its founder, has been its strong inspiring, oft-





times correcting but always leading and encouraging guide. It has a right to welcome itself and its guests here, if anywhere. If the Association owes a debt to Mr. Sheldon—the debt for its very existence—it owes a greater one as trustee for the people, to whom he has given priceless work.

Looking back to the beginnings of the Association's life we find that of the men who constituted its numerous first corps of officers, but two survive,—Mr. Sheldon and James M. Crafts. Mr. Sheldon, we insist, is not older now than then. The proof? Let it be found in the fact that this celebration to-day is his work. He planned it, he framed its programme, he carried on the correspondence which has brought here such an array of gifted men laden with gems which they shall presently display for your delight, as perhaps, never before gathered at his call, and he is here presiding, directing and inspiring.

When the worthy president reaches his one hundredth birthday and proves by his alertness and soundness that he belongs to that minority of this earth's being which Dr. Holmes described as

Little we have and value here  
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year  
Without looking and feeling queer,—

when Mr. Sheldon reaches that point, and concludes that the remainder of his life must be free from the burden of making plans for field days for himself to execute, I can imagine that the presidency of the P. V. M. A. will be so generally recognized as the assurance of longevity that there will be nothing less than a stupendous struggle for the distinction—and the advantage—of being his successor. The campaign is not now open—we have our ever young president for years of service yet.

The Association has wrought richly. It has wrought permanently. It has illumined the fading pages of the past and rewritten them with truth. It has taught the youth of the present a lesson of humility and gratitude. It has put a new value on citizenship in these towns of painful birth. It has held up the sturdy manhood of the early days as both a lesson and an inspiration. And it is impossible that it shall not have taught a sounder patriotism.

Visitors to Old Deerfield, from near and far, you are heartily



welcome here to-day, to this historic ground, to the accumulated stores of the Association's work, to the evidences of Deerfield's new birth of industry and enterprise. For you, [turning now to Mr. Sheldon] you will grant me the privilege of extending our congratulations upon your achievements and your permanent youth.

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### ADDRESS OF DR. EDWIN A. GROSVENOR OF AMHERST.

The Old Home Week is the most precious period in the life of a historic town. In the decking of a Thanksgiving board the brightest ornaments are the faces of children and children's children. The mother counts no flowers fairer than her children's forms; she knows no music sweeter than their voices. Those whose daily life is cast in other scenes, and those who still abide beneath the family roof-tree, are alike dear and welcome in her sight.

From widely sundered fields of thought and action, the sons and daughters of Deerfield gather here to-day at their mother's call. Many of them bear the old names, familiar in the records of the town and of New England. In the veins of all of them courses blood, transmitted from pioneers and builders of the state and nation. Nor do they come as merely passive heirs of a proud inheritance. The old, homebred virtues of industry, of honesty, of integrity, were well taught here, have been since transmitted, and are still maintained. In philanthropy, in art, in poetry, in belles lettres, in romance, in the noblest spheres of human culture and activity, in the home life and the life outside the home, the children of Deerfield are doing their work as faithfully and as well as their grandfathers and grandmothers performed theirs in the battle and the siege. Fidelity of service on the part of descendants is the grandest and most eloquent monument to the character and influence of progenitors.

Deerfield, moreover, has given birth to towns. Greenfield, celebrating a few weeks since its hundred and fifty years of prosperous maturity, is her child. So too are Conway and Shelburne. Deerfield, Greenfield, Conway and Shelburne, animated by the same initial spirit and united in the tradition of many ties, are partakers in a common renown. Still at the center of



the four, Deerfield sits as queen. On the soil she still retains, she was working out her immortality during the eighty-four years before any of her township offspring were born.

It is not my purpose to extol or even to name the living. Ordinary words of praise, however well deserved, for the men and women on whose faces we are gazing, would be inappropriate on this occasion. Yet there is one, without whose presence—though all the rest of us were here—this memorial celebration would be incomplete. Upon the Honorable George Sheldon this company looks with admiring gratitude and reverent affection. As long as the name of Deerfield lasts, so long will his fame and the memory of his services endure. By book and pen, preserver and custodian of the past; author of a monumental history; himself adding new lustre to his illustrious ancestral line; venerable in learning, vigorous in intellect, warm and youthful in heart; we hail him as patriot and sage, as the teacher and inspirer of us all.

We commemorate to-day the most tragic event in the history of New England. Yet for one hundred and fifty years that history was one continuous tragedy. It differed from and surpassed any tragedy ever presented upon the stage.

The tragedy of New England began before 1620. It went on until 1760. It ceased only when the last Indian within its borders had been rendered powerless for harm, and when the last Canadian foe had been subdued. It was limited to no single hamlet or river or shore. Let some one of the schoolgirls or schoolboys hang up here before us a large map of New England. At each point, wherever in the early days there was famine or outrage or distress, wherever there was midnight assault or massacre, wherever smoke arose from burning homes or moaning of captured survivors was heard over butchered dead, wherever in forest or harvest field, at spring or hearthstone, man, woman or child was stricken down remorseless—let him mark a star. Beginning from the east and proceeding westward, those marks will crowd upon one another, grow co-terminous, and the map itself become one eloquent, appealing blur. Let those marks be made in red. The lakes and the ponds will be crimsoned. The Penobscot, the Kennebec, the Merrimac, the Nashua, the Quaboag, the Westfield, the Deerfield rivers, all of them will seem like larger Bloody Brooks, carrying ensanguined waters toward the sea.





Our hearts grow cold:  
We lightly hold  
The rights which brave men died to gain,  
The axe, the sword,  
The stake, the cord,  
Grim nurses at the birth of pain.

We sit here to-day in elegant ease. The rustle of benignant trees, the note of gladsome birds, the whirl of the electric car—its rush proclaiming that the most titanic of Nature's forces has been harnessed for our convenience and comfort—alone disturb the stillness. No danger lurks in the woods or threatens from the hills. Our streams glide crystal and clear. No foreign enemy desires to make the trial of our majestic strength. Over us stretches the shield of equal and universal law. In a bounteous land, which the children of the East call "God's country," we dwell serene.

The overflowing price of it all was paid in that tragedy of one hundred and forty years. The Revolutionary War but affixed the seal to what was already won. The myths and legends, wrapped around the founding of other states—Athens, Carthage, Rome—fade to insignificance in comparison. The wide earth over, there has been no fairy tale of any political birth since time began, to rival the authentic record of the birth of New England.

The story of Deerfield is at once typical and unique. Typical, in that it represents every political phase in the planting and establishment of an early New England town. Typical, in that its founders endured every experience of self-sacrifice, hardship, suffering, agony, that hallows the memory of our colonial settlements and makes their names holy. Typical, in that those founders, living or dying, were faithful and triumphant, alike in life or death, and have built the principles for which they lived and died into the permanent fabric of our national estate. Typical, in that we may turn to old, heroic Deerfield and ask and receive an answer as to why the American people are strong and God-fearing to-day.

But, while typical, the story is no less unique.

Unique, because the tale of that one town, which was thrust farthest into the unknown, wild territory of the northwest and which was more exposed than any other in Massachusetts in the warpath of the Indian and the Frenchman. Unique, in



that during more than fifty years it was the often desolated, the sometimes destroyed, and yet the always resurrected, the always enduring bulwark of the Commonwealth. Unique, in the intensity and long continuance of its people's suffering and of their dauntless endurance. Unique, in the quenchless resolution of the survivors, that, however their numbers shrank and however the death-roll lengthened, they, the living, would not desert the spot which their fellow-colonists and God had trusted them to guard.

The history of Massachusetts has always been packed full of heroisms. All over her tormented soil,

Great deeds and feelings find a home,  
That put in shadow all the golden lore  
Of classic Greece and Rome.

The Old Home Week in Deerfield in 1901, whoever was present never can forget. Nature conspired with man to render the scene both memorable and beautiful. One might roam over the world in vain for a spectacle more entrancing than the spacious street, over which the giant elms bent their outstretched arms in blessing. At the formal exercises there were glowing utterances from orators and poets but the spirit of the occasion in its unspoken eloquence transcended words.

In the funeral hymn of a dead American president, a Galahad in virtue and a Launcelot in valor, who never fought save in a righteous cause, occurs the line. "Let him pass with his sword to the presence of God." And so from the lonely grave at Bloody Brook and from the swelling mound in the graveyard, but a few rods away, their long-rusted weapons in their still clutching fingers, may our colonist soldiers who fought the savage pass to the presence of God. For nowhere on the earth's surface did men ever strive harder to act justly and to do right than, during the first 100 years of Massachusetts history, did the colonists of Massachusetts by the Indian.

Their scrupulous, even excessive care, to treat the savage as a man, to avoid an infringement upon his rights, or a shock to his prejudices, or a wound to his pride, often provokes a smile as one reads the early colonial records.

Religious fervor spurred the Puritans on. Apostles no less than pioneers, they deemed it their mission to Christianize the native tribes. Even where they could not convert they sought



to force the outward life of the Indian into conformity with their own rigid code of morals and life. In the mind of the unregenerate savage, each proselyte to Christianity was a traitor to his people. Often, when about to sign a treaty, he begged for the insertion of a promise that all further effort at his conversion should be renounced. The iron conscience of the time could answer only with a relentless "No". Statecraft would have prompted a different reply. Having regard solely to their own temporal advantage and perhaps to the temporal advantage of the savage, it would have been better for the colonists had they left the primitive forest faith unassailed.

However honestly and kindly treated, in the savage breast there was certain to rankle suspicion of the stranger and jealousy at his growing strength. Distrust and aversion might smoulder for a time. At last they were sure to burst into those consuming flames, which we call Indian wars. Perfect justice, forbearance, long endurance on the part of the colonist, could not have prevented or even have delayed the explosion. And after all, the colonists were but men, highminded yet human.

One cannot too strongly emphasize the fact that the early colonists respected the territorial claims of the Indian, dealt justly with him, and sought what they believed his good.

We must always lament that self-preservation forced the earlier colonists into treaties, not merely of peace but of alliance, offensive and defensive, with certain native tribes.

Little less repulsive was the Indian as an ally than as an enemy. Fellowship with him in fight must have seemed as odious then as it now seems to us. Indian warfare meant all that is cowardly and treacherous and merciless. It mattered not whether the scalps, his proudest badges of honor, were torn from the head of the babe or the maiden or from a festering corpse or from a still resisting warrior. A scalp from whatever source was equally token of Indian nature and trophy of Indian prowess. In the darkness, with the creep of a panther rather than the step of a man, he stole to the attack. In victory he submitted to no restraint. No bounds could be set to his inhuman ferocity.

Yet with such aid Captain Mason crushed the Pequods and secured partial peace for a generation. With such aid Edward Winslow and Major Appleton and Major Treat broke the might





of the Narragansetts and blotted the Indian as an independent factor from the life of New England.

Necessity knows no law. Alliance with the Indian against the Indian was at the start an absolute but a most deplorable necessity of the time. Between such alliance and extermination the choice lay. Our fathers chose as in their places we would choose ourselves.

But the practice no less to be lamented because inevitable, was afterward continued for the sake of mere advantage. In subsequent wars in America the odious help of the savage was sought and employed without reserve by the Europeans against one another. This was done by all, by the English and French colonists, by the English and Americans after 1776, by each no more, no less, according as opportunity permitted.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century, between the 41st and 50th parallels of north latitude, beside the Atlantic coast, two political figures stood forth distinct. These were New England and New France. They were the protagonists in the combat, which was to decide whether English or French ideas should dominate North America. Both had been set up by men of high ideals and lofty purposes. Upon the fathers of Quebec and Montreal rests a halo no less saintly than gilds the fathers of Massachusetts and Connecticut. Language, creed, outward sign—minor distinctions—differed, but in each there was the same sincerity and intensity of conviction and the same devotion to duty.

Yet in the character of the two colonies the first 100 years had already developed an essential difference. Favorites of the mother country, in entire sympathy with its government and national church, under their direct control, the initiative and dependence of the French colonist was in the court at Versailles. Self-government he had never undertaken or desired. The initiative of the English colonist was in himself. Upon himself alone was his actual dependence. The real government, that which concerned and touched him, was of his own making.

In 1700 the accession of a Bourbon king to the throne of Spain and the arrogant folly of Louis XIV convulsed the Old World with war. The leading European states took part. William III of England and Louis XIV of France headed the respective sides. This conflict is known in Europe as the War





of the Spanish Succession, and in America as the Old French and Indian war. It lasted a dozen years. It drew into its vortex New England and New France and hurled them against each other.

We come now to February 28, 1704, 200 years ago. The darkness gathering as the sun of that winter day goes down is to shroud the most tragic event in the history of New England. Yet the two-score and one houses, which make up the village of Deerfield, are tranquil and still. Ominous sounds, a few days before, had been imagined in the night. A sort of trampling noise seemed heard, as if the stockade were beset by Indians. But the fancied omens may well be forgotten. The stealthy foe has given no sign of possible approach. Montreal, whence alone danger may be apprehended, is almost 300 miles away and there are no hostile posts between.

Moreover, Deerfield, bulwark of the northwest, is strongly fortified and easy of defense. The 26 houses outside the stockade are fortresses no less than dwellings. The stockade itself is well-nigh impregnable to any conceivable attack. The inhabitants are veterans, versed in all manner of Indian warfare.

Meanwhile for weeks 200 French soldiers and 140 Indians have been pushing their laborious march against every natural obstacle toward the village.

On the watch at Deerfield, surely faithful in the ceaseless vigil, hang all the issues of this night. Nearer and nearer creep the sinuous forms, and yet no warning gun is fired, no warning shout rings out. Over the drifted snow the palisade is scaled. The sudden hideous yell startles the night. Two hours before morning breaks the foe has reached the center of the town.

No resistance could be more hopeless or more heroic than that in which the suddenly wakened men and women engaged.

Everywhere there was the same determined stand but almost nowhere else the same success. For three hours the savage reaped his demoniac harvest of captives and scalps. Then the victors turned to their triumphant homeward way. At sunset, February 28, Deerfield sheltered 291 souls beneath her roof-trees. When the next sun went down, 44 of that little company were lying slain, 111 being dragged in captivity to Canada—19 of them to be butchered along the way—while only 136 remained to ransom the living and bewail and bury the dead.



It has been my purpose to attempt only the bare outline of a heartrending story. Nor have I sought to describe the pursuit of the enemy by a handful of desperate survivors, nor to trace the various after-fate of the captives, nor to set forth the gallant efforts at their rescue.

The sack of Deerfield, with its attendant and subsequent horrors, looms in lurid preëminence above all kindred events in the life of Massachusetts. Here the utmost limit of human capacity for suffering was reached. Imagination can conceive no agony which was not endured here. Nowhere else in New England in such acme of pain and anguish were so many human beings involved.

It is that event, in accumulated tragedy without peer, which we commemorate. No words of any living speaker can do justice to the spirit of this occasion. What I have said is uttered with a sense of diffidence and awe which I cannot express. One may well hesitate attempting in the presence of children to touch upon the crowning event in the life-story of their parents. You are the living representatives, the lineal descendants of those who died, or were led into captivity, or remained in bereavement here. On your faces, in the strange herodity of human nature, exist the lineaments of your distant sires.

Over this spot hover now and to all time will hover figures we call departed. Feet in silence shod glide over this consecrated soil. Unseen hands are stretched to us in blessing and welcome. Invisible listeners in the viewless air catch the words we utter. Tread lightly ; speak softly. Our feet are pressing ground that quivers still. In the heart of the old stockade we are in the very presence of the living dead.

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## ADDRESS OF DEDICATION.

BY REV. DR. LYMAN WHITING OF EAST CHARLEMONT.

*Mr. President, Members of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association and Friends:*—We to-day assemble to trace a few sentences of our tragic history in a form unused before in our varied memorials. Back from first historic times, memorial *tablets* have had a place. They are a simple, brief lettering upon disks or plates of clay, of stone or metal, movable or fastened upon walls, for keeping in the knowledge of



men those who have done something worth remembering, or of precepts or events which deserve record. The two tables given upon Mt. Sinai are an early example. To the prophet Habakkuk, 600 B. C., Jehovah directs—"Write the vision and make it plain upon *tablets* that he may run that readeth it." They are thus keepsake epitomes of lives and of deeds, which are the initials of human history. When affixed to a building, as are these, they are termed "*mural tablets*."

Three special forms of service may be found in them : First, they give to living generations a reality of the persons and events named upon them. The hazy, empty spaces between the living and the long departed become peopled with fellow beings in the realities of life, through them. And not this alone. They transmit something of the life forces they tell of, into the souls of those who preserve and peruse them. The poet's line, "They in example live," is verified through them.

Second, they thus enlarge and enrich the lives of those who cherish them by recalling the virtues and worth of those they keep in mind. Our lives are fuller and stronger when the story of those gone before us comes into our conversation, and we recount the benefits their lives and deeds have won for us. The traditions and history they have left us are a schooling for us in the annals and records of our homes and customs which it is a disgrace not to know. These four *Tablets* and yon stones in the town are so many primers, or school books, if you choose, out of which the rudiments of our valley history are to be learned. Boys and girls through years to come will take from them names and dates, and go to search behind them for the fuller and contemporary history to which they point and which make up the thrilling chronicles of these valley towns.

Upon the four *Tablets* and yon *Boulder*, to-day dedicated, are the names of above a score of men, women and locations, and of year dates a like number, and let us remember, each one of these is in itself historic and will ever guide in any search for lines of kindred and for homes of early settlers. And how know we but some gifted soul may have birth here, who shall frame a Deerfield Iliad, which will match the marvelous *thesaurus* of the times and lives in our Nestor's town history !

Third, these memorial erections affirm a lasting merit to those who bestow them and to those giving them honorable place in the Memorial Hall. These donors prove by their gifts





a true descent from their worthy ancestry, which in turn approves them worthy of the esteem of a grateful posterity. They do a service to those now living, as before shown, and to those who come after us, by keeping in memory the men and women whose courage, virtues and sacrifices are united in a priceless inheritance to us and to those who may follow in the possession.

The occasion neither calls nor permits me to recite one by one the heroic names and deeds traced upon these stones. That would be a task for hours, while we have only minutes. Other observances and other eulogists will in future time make the fitting tributes.

And now, Mr. President and Associate Members of the Pocumtuck Memorial Association and friends; with gratitude to the God of our fathers for an ancestry so brave in peril, so faithful in trusts, so blameless in life and so true to God and to each other, and also for a piety in these their descendants which has moved them to set here these impressive sculptured Tablets and yonder Stone for the durable commemoration of their progenitors, we do now declare them *dedicated* as memorials of worthy exemplars to this and to generations to come.

The inscriptions for the tablets are as follows:

Zechariah Field

1645-1674.

A settler at Pocumtuck

Before Philip's War.

His remains lie in an unknown grave

In the old burying ground.

Many of his descendants

Have attained international fame.

In his honor

This tablet is placed in 1903

by

Marshall Field of

Chicago.

In honor of

Nathaniel Sutcliffe,

of Dedham before 1661,

Medfield in 1663,

A settler at Pocumtuck in 1673

With his wife, Hannah Plympton,

A soldier in Philip's War,

Killed with Capt. Turner

May 19, 1676.

Erected by B. H. Sutcliffe

Of Plymouth, Conn.,

1903.



Samson Frary  
 Son of John of Medfield,  
 Married there Mary Daniel.  
 He was at Hatfield in 1668.  
 Was one of two planters at Deerfield in 1670.  
 Driven off by the savages, he came back  
 At the final settlement,  
 And was slain at the sacking of the town  
 Feb. 29, 1703-4.  
 Bold, brave, persistent.  
 Line of descent, from Samson Frary.  
 Nathaniel Frary 1675,  
 Nathan Frary 1719-1794,  
 Electa Frary Parsons, 1759-1824,  
 Lucretia Parsons Morton 1789-1862,  
 Levi Parsons Morton, by whom  
 This stone is placed.

Godfrey Nims  
 Ancestor of the Nims family in America,  
 Settler at Pocumtuck before Philip's War,  
 A soldier under Capt. Turner at the Falls Fight 1676,  
 Prominent in the civil affairs of Deerfield.  
 In 1692 he bought the home lot  
 Where his life's tragedies were enacted,  
 And upon which stands this Memorial Hall.  
 In honor of Godfrey Nims and Mary Miller his wife,  
 This marble is placed here by Franklin Asa Nims,  
 Greeley, Colorado,  
 1903.

### ADDRESS OF C. ALICE BAKER.

Every foot of this old burial ground is sacred to us from a thousand tender recollections. All about us lie the graves of our ancestry, who by their fortitude, courage and endurance, earned for us the heritage we here enjoy. Here lie buried Mehuman Hinsdell, the first male child born in Deerfield, "twice captivated by the Indian salvages;" Mrs. Eunice Williams, killed on the second day of the retreat to Canada and reverently buried here by loving neighbors; Rev. John Williams, with his son Samuel, Deacon Thomas French and his son Thomas,—all redeemed captives. Nor can we to-day forget, those here sleeping who in later days, stood bravely for liberty and a united country.



Standing on this hallowed spot, we cannot help recalling the events that led up to the tragedy at Deerfield.

After the horrible carnage at Oyster River,\* under the leadership of Villieu and Father Thury, mass having been said, the victors retreated in a body to the river bank where their canoes were hidden. "Here," says Villieu in his diary, the savages of Pentagoet† under Taxous and Madockawando, piqued at the little booty, and the few captives they had taken, resolved to strike another blow. Some of the bravest of the Kennebec Indians joined them to go above Boston, "where" continues Villieu "they mean to divide into bands of four or five and knock people on the head, which cannot fail of having a good effect." A few days later they fell upon the settlements near Groton and killed some forty persons; Villebon writing to the French minister September 19, of that year (1694), speaks of this party under Taxous and Madockawando, as "important because of the blows they will strike, but they have not yet been heard from." Let us go back to Deerfield as it was four days before the date of Villebon's letter. The old street lay basking in the sunshine of a warm September day. The people were doubtless busy about their fall work. On the soft air came the droning voices of the children in Hannah Beaman's school, where is now the home of the Misses Allen. Unseen by the scouts who were ranging the woods, a party of savages led by Castine came down from the ravine east of the William Sheldon home lot, stealthily creeping towards the rear of what is now our village store. Prematurely discovered by the son of Joseph Severance, who lived on this lot, they fired, killing him, thus giving the alarm. Then Hannah Beaman fled with her flock for the north gate of the fort, at the foot of meetinghouse hill. "It was a race for life," says Mr. Sheldon, "the dame with her charge up the street," the enemy up the swamp, "expecting to cut her off before she should reach the gate." Inside the fort, well trained for such a surprise, each man snatched his firelock, and rushed towards the gate ready to sally out to the rescue of the children,—but they amid a shower of bullets reached the fort in safety and the gate was shut. As Castine, who commanded this attack, was the son-in-law of Madockawando, why may not this have been the very blow struck by Taxous and

\* Now Durham, N. H.

† Now Castine.



Maddockawando, foretold by Villebon in his letter above quoted?

There are petitions in our archives for allowances for expense of surgeons by Zebediah Williams and John Beaman wounded,—the former “having lately come of age, having little to begin with all.” The latter exhibited his wounds in the House of Representatives, and “cals . . . for a due consideration of his hurt,— . . . besides y<sup>e</sup> misery and Paine hath disabled him from Labor for now neire eight months . . . wherefore he prays for Compashun and speedy ordering of just reliefe, that he may not stay in Boston where it is too expensive for him y<sup>t</sup> hath noe Money.”

The repulse of Castine gave the people fresh courage. In 1695, Governor Stoughton asks Connecticut for men and provisions. He says, “Our interests cannot be divided. It is a common Enemy, we are engaged agt, and tho y<sup>e</sup> Seat of War dos prudentially lye nearer to our doors, yet it is y<sup>e</sup> over Turning and Exterpation of y<sup>e</sup> whole y<sup>t</sup> is sought and Endeavourd and if we be necessitated to give way and draw in you may not expect to stand.” Sharp correspondence (between the two colonies) follows.

While no serious attack was made on our frontiers this year, small bands of Indians prowled about the English towns keeping the settlers in continual alarm. A party of friendly Indians, under one Strawberry, was surprised near the mouth of the Ashuelot River. Strawberry's son, severely wounded, escaped to Deerfield, bringing the news. Captain Wells sent to Pynchon for help. He was called out of bed an hour before day on August 12, and summoned Captain Colton, who had 24 troopers “well mounted and fixed” by eight o'clock who left Springfield for the north, a little after the first bell rang for meeting. Before Colton had got up the river, the enemy was well up towards Canada. The danger to Deerfield, averted for a while, still threatened. March 1, 1694-5, Joseph Barnard was chosen town clerk for the year ensuing. Six months later, Thomas French was elected to the same office. Between these two dates one may read the tragedy known in the annals of Deerfield as the massacre at Indian Bridge. On the morning of August 21st, Joseph Barnard, living on the Charles Jones lot, mounted his horse to go to mill, three miles below. His bag of grain was slung over his horse and his gun lay across





his saddle. As he rode on, he was joined by Henry White, Godfrey Nims and Philip Mattoon. Captain Wells, having been warned of impending danger, came out of his stockade at the foot of the street to stop them, but trusting to Barnard's prudence, let them go on. They had jogged on about a mile, when one of them cried out "Indians, Indians," and they turned about. Barnard's arm was shattered, his body pierced by a bullet and his horse was shot under him. Godfrey Nims "took him up, but his horse was shot down and then he was mounted behind Mattoon and came of home." He died Sept. 6, "a humbling providence," says the chronicler, "he being a very vseful and helpful man in y<sup>e</sup> place." His gravestone bears the earliest date in this old burial ground. After Barnard's death the garrison was reënforced, but the year 1696 was one of great anxiety. September 16, John Smead and John Gillett being in the woods tracking bees, were beset by French Mohawks; Smead escaped. Gillett being taken, was left in charge of three savages, while the rest "hastened towards the town." It being Lecture Day the people had left the meadows "so that y<sup>e</sup> enemy came as far as Mr. Daniel Belding's house within gun-shot of the fort and captured Belding and some of his family." When Belding and company came to the fort called Oso,\* they were forced to run the gauntlet. Belding being a very nimble or light-footed man received but few blows. The next summer he was sold to the Seminary priests to "wait upon them, cutt wood, make fires and tend the garden." He accounted himself favorably dealt with. The 27th of December 1698, the town "voted that Daniel Belding and Martin Smith being new returned out of captivity, their heads, together with what Ratable estate was on their hands, were freed from Town Taxes."

The peace of Ryswick was of short duration. When in 1702 Dudley left England to become governor of Massachusetts, it was evident that war between England and France was imminent. As ever since the peace of 1698, the Canadian government had lost no opportunity to excite the eastern Indians to hostility under the pretext of protecting them from the encroachments of the English, it was inevitable that war between the two nations in the Old World, must be followed by a renewal of atrocities in New England. As a precautionary measure, Dudley ap.

\* Au Sault or Sault au Recollet near Montreal.



pointed a conference with the sachems at Casco in June, 1703. There, after brilliant oratory on both sides, the farce was enacted of heaping fresh stones on the pillar called The Two Brothers, set up at the last treaty. Truly did Penhallow say, "Their voice was like the voice of Jacob, but their hands like those of Esau," for six weeks after, they with their Canadian allies set the whole country in flames. In the autumn following, Zebediah Williams and his half-brother, John Nims, looking for their cows in the North Meadows were seized and carried to Canada. The alarm at Deerfield increased, and the people began to make ready to meet the impending tempest from the north. The fort was righted up. The schoolmaster, Mr. Richards, was asked to help the selectmen in wording a petition to the governor for help. Such was the alarm and distress of the people that they besought their minister to write to the government in their behalf. His letter is a credit to pastor and people. "Strangers tell us," he says, "that they would not live where we do for twenty times as much,—the enemy have such an advantage of the river to come down upon us. Several say they would freely leave all they have, and go away were it not disobedience to authority, and a discouraging their brethren." He asks for help in repairing the palisade. He says, "we have mended it, it is in vain to mend. We must make it all new and fetch timber for 206 rods, three or four miles if we get oak. . . . The sorrowful parents and distress'd widows of the poor captives taken from us request your Excellency to Endeavour that there may be an exchange of prisoners to their release. The blessings of y<sup>m</sup> y<sup>t</sup> are ready to perish will surely come upon you in Endeavours of this kind." Later, Mr. Williams set apart a day of prayer to ask God "either to spare and save us from the hands of our enemies, or prepare us to sanctify and honor Him in what way soever He should come forth towards us."

Let us rebuild the little hamlet as it was at that time. North of Meeting House hill on the west side of the Street, lived Daniel Belding, in the old Stebbins place; Deacon David Hoyt, on the John Stebbins lot; Ebenezer Brooks then held the homestead of our Antiquary. John Stebbins and his wife Dorothy dwelt where Mr. Samuel Childs now lives; Martin Kellogg next north, and Hannah Beaman next. The fortification inclosed the whole of Meeting House hill, including the sites of both



meetinghouses. Towards the northwest corner of the palisade was the well-built house of Ensign John Sheldon, and at a right angle south, Benoni Stebbins. Next south the home of Parson Williams. The well that stood in his yard is still in use. From the minister's to Mehuman Hinsdell's now Miss Whiting's, there were no houses except a few temporary structures for those who in time of danger fled for shelter within the palisades. Next south of Hinsdell lived the schoolmaster, opposite was Godfrey Nims, and next north Samson Frary in 1698 built the house which is still standing. Still to the north within the palisade Mr. John Catlin, then Thomas French, and in the Willard house Samuel Carter. A little to the northwest of our Soldiers' Monument stood the meetinghouse, a square two-story building with pyramidal roof surmounted by a turret, tipped with a weather-cock. At the south end of the street were Jonathan Wells' stockade, Philip Mattoon and the Widow Smead.

Notwithstanding the general uneasiness, private affairs went on as usual. Birth, marriage, death, like time and tide, stay for naught. Winter wore to spring. Soldiers were still billeted in the homes of the people. The minds of all were tense with anxiety. The air was thick with omens, March came in like a lion. The village lay buried in snow,—the people in sleep. In that hour before dawn when night is darkest and slumber deepest, the long-dreaded storm burst, unexpected at the last, like all long-expected events. "Not long before break of day, the enemy came in like a flood." Pouring over the palisade, the frightful tide swept on, overwhelming with destruction all that lay in its path. On what a wreck the morning broke! The meetinghouse that so lately had echoed with psalm and prayer now resounded with groans of anguish. There lay the captives, ignorant of the fate of friends and kindred. There too, stretched upon the hard benches, were the enemies' wounded. There Hertel de Rouville himself, smarting under his hurt, rushed in for a moment to cheer his wounded brother. There were those whom we saw but late so happy. Hannah Chapin listening eagerly for every sound while her husband, young John Sheldon, to whom love lent wings, was flying for aid to Hatfield. Elizabeth Price, mute with woe, for Andrew had been slain at her side. Abigail Stebbins not utterly cast down, for De Noyon, her father and mother and brothers and sisters were all with





her, and De Noyon had told her that his home was near Montreal and they would soon be released.

A few hours completed the devastation. The sun as it rose above the mountain, looked down on a dreadful sight. Benoni Stebbins, after fighting for hours like a tiger at bay, lay dead in his house while his valiant comrades, supported by the courage of women as brave, still fought on. Godfrey Nims' house was still burning, three of his little girls somewhere dead among the embers, his daughter Rebecca Mattoon and her baby slain, with his wife and other of his children,—and little Abigail, the darling of his heart, among the captives. His opposite neighbor, Mehuman Hinsdell, bereft of wife and child,—also a captive with his little cousin, Josiah Rising. John Catlin with his son Jonathan dead among the ashes of their ruined home.

Roused by the hoarse cries of young John Sheldon as he sped on bare and bleeding feet through the hamlets below, thirty men guided by the light of our burning village were riding fast to the rescue. As they entered the stockade the foe fled precipitately from the north gate across the frozen meadows reaching the river at the Red Rocks. Captain Wells at once took command of the rescuing party, reinforced by fifteen of his neighbors and five garrison soldiers "pursued the enemy vigorously, causing many to fall . . . but p'sued to farr imprudently . . . not for want of conduct, for Captain Wells called for a retreat which they Litle mynded . . . hotly pursuing the Enemy for a mile." Then ambushed, eleven of our men fell, fiercely fighting. The enemy went six miles that night, camping in Greenfield meadows.

Then the scanty remnant of the townsfolk cautiously creep from their hiding places and gather in groups asking for tidings. As the dreadful tale is told, they know not whether most to rejoice or lament that they have been left behind. Among them is Mary Baldwin Catlin. While waiting with her children and children's children, the order to march into captivity, she had ministered to the needs and soothed the sorrows of her friends and neighbors. Nor had she turned a deaf ear to the cry of her enemy for help. She had held the cup of cold water to the parched lips of the wounded French officer, craving it with piteous appeal. In the hurry of the retreat none had claimed her as his captive. Her neighbors look upon her as one risen from the dead. They go with her to the ruins of her home, where



she learns the fate of her husband and second son. They find her little grandson dead on the threshold of his father's empty house. Then some one says that Captain Wells has been repulsed and that Joseph, her eldest son, has fallen in the meadow fight,—and her heart breaks.

Meantime, men eager to pursue the foe were coming in by squads from the towns below until about midnight.\* I quote from one of them, "were gathered neer about 80 men which had thought with that number to have assaulted the Enemy that night, but y<sup>e</sup> snow being at least three foot deep and impassable without snow-shoes we being in a capacitie to follow y<sup>m</sup> but in their path they in a capacitie to flank us . . . . being fitted with snow-shoes and with treble our number and some were much concerned for the captives . . . . whome y<sup>e</sup> Enemy would kill if we come on, it was concluded we should too much Expose our men. The next day . . . . Coniticut men began to come in, and by parties till within night, at w<sup>ch</sup> tyme we were Raised to 250 men in Derefd, but the aforesd objections and the weather very Warne . . . . we judge it impossible to travill but . . . . to uttermost disadvantage . . . . we judge we should Expose o<sup>r</sup>selves to y<sup>e</sup> loss of men and not be able . . . . to offend the Enemy or Rescue our Captives which was y<sup>e</sup> End we aimed at in all, therefore desisted."

Nothing was now left but to bury the dead, which was done. Here, in one grave, equal in death, they lie together. Infants and children of tender years, young men and maidens. Andrew, the Indian, Parthena, the slave, faithful unto death to her charge, Martin Smith freed from the sorrow and shame that beset his life, Benoni Stebbins, the hero, Samson Frary, the pioneer, the dauntless nine slain in the Meadow fight, and the rest of the 48 as if named, who fell that day all victims of horrid war.

It was the greed of territory, on both sides, backed by religious bigotry, that desolated our frontier 200 years ago. Contrasting the storm and stress of that February morning with the calm and peace of this midsummer day, it behooves us to consider whether we have really progressed in a true civilization as far as we are apt to believe; to resolve to cultivate henceforth the things that make for peace,—peace in town and church

\* *I. e.*, March 1.



and state; to do our best to check the desire for expansion of territory regardless of the rights of others, and cease to be dominated, either as individuals or a nation, by the lust of power.

Let us remember that "War is utterly and irreconcilably inconsistent with true greatness," and that "Peace is the longing and aspiration of the noblest souls, whether for themselves or for country."†

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## AFTERNOON EXERCISES IN THE BRICK MEETING- HOUSE.

ADDRESS OF HON. ALFRED S. ROE OF WORCESTER.

While we regret the weather exigency which drives us from the platform reared beneath yonder trees, we do enjoy the compensation of a view of the interior of this ancient edifice, next to the site of the Stockade itself, the most fitting place for the continuation of these exercises, and it becomes my fortune to open the afternoon proceedings from this lofty and circumscribed pulpit, so far away from the people that I fear that my friend, the Pastor, will some day here freeze to death.

I know of no reason why I should have a part in the observance of this day, save the invitation of your revered President, Mr. Sheldon, whose presence is a continued benediction, for I have no Deerfield affiliations. I am not Massachusetts born, nor even a native of New England, for just one half the way back to the events commemorated to-day or one hundred years ago, my ancestors were driving ox teams from this eastern country by the aid of blazed trees to that, then, remote West, known as the Genesee country of New York, given to them for service in the Revolutionary War, whose reluctant waven had not even then altogether subsided. That journey took more time and caused vastly more discomfort than would be required to-day for a trip to the Philippines.

I would that other than the lineal descendants of the earliest settlers were here to at least witness the exercises of this day. We are daily taking into our body politic a vast array of humanity that has little or no notion of the sacrifices made in the long ago that this might truly be the "Land of the Free,"

† Charles Sumner, *True Grandeur of Nations*, and other Addresses.





and the address under the trees this morning and that in the burial ground this afternoon would do much to waken in them a proper appreciation of what the fathers did and suffered. I would have them hear the strains as they came from the bugle in the schoolhouse window, strains which recalled other and later days, patriotic airs we call them, every one, laden with suggestions of times when the lives of men were lost in the grand struggles for national independence. In a way these lessons are being imparted all through this glorious New England of ours. Foreign born are taught to speak plain the word country, and they learn it early. Why only last winter, in one of our evening schools, where in addition to the common branches of school, are taught the songs of our land, I heard a class repeat the words of "America," and when the recitation was over a young man, not yet nine months this side the sea, said with childish self-consciousness, "I can sing that," "Sing it then" came the response, and in his broken English, this man born in Poland of the nationality that furnished the assassin of martyred McKinley, as well as Washington's friend, Kosciusko, sang:

Land where my fathers died,  
Land of the Pilgrim's pride,  
From every mountain side,  
Let Freedom ring.

When I saw the rapt attention given by swarthy Italians, dark-browed Jews, Russian born, Frenchmen, Syrians and Turks, and marked their evident appreciation, however fierce the storms that may break upon us, I will not despair of the Republic.

I had hoped and expected that certain of the members and officers of our Worcester local society would accompany me on this excursion, so well worth the time of all interested, but other engagements seem to have held them, hence I find myself the only representative of the heart of the Commonwealth on this significant occasion. Worcester has a story to tell of Indian depredations, of her settlements broken up and of her early settlers killed, but nothing like the misfortunes which befell this sentinel hamlet along the western borders of two centuries since.

Those were sad days for the fathers, when leaving behind them their ruined homes they started on the long and trying journey to Canada, but what unlimited material for subsequent





story they thus left to their children. In both local and general history, the privations and sufferings of the pioneers have been told o'er and o'er, yet never does the ear weary at the recital. This hamlet by the waters of the Connecticut has been specially fortunate in her story tellers. From "The Redeemed Captive" of the Rev. John Williams to the "History of Deerfield," by George Sheldon, reciters of fact and tradition pertaining to this ancient township, have been such as to merit and receive the highest praise from every direction.

Little did I think in my boyhood that it would ever be my lot to view the scenes which in legend and story were presented to my childish mind of the devastation wrought in this beautiful valley by the hands of the savage. Hundreds of miles to the westward we read the heartrending tales of hardship and death; in fancy we saw the blazing homes and heard the screams of slaughtered innocence as depicted in the books of adventure which the migrants bore with them to the newer homes in the unsettled regions of western New York. The greater number of those who thus read and dreamed have taken up their line of march to still remoter lands in the illimitable West; a few, a very few, have reversed the advice of Horace Greeley, "Go West, young man, Go West," and as a consequence one of their ranks appears here with you in this village so fragrant with history and rich in associations.

As Achilles was happy in his Homer, so may we congratulate Deerfield on having a historian whose work, appreciated though it be to-day, will grow brighter and brighter as the years advance. For many a day the antiquarian and genealogist have sought Bond's Watertown, Paige's Hardwick and Cambridge, Coffin's Newbury, Barry's Framingham, Jackson's Newton as veritable treasure houses. To them and others of equal note, ever since its publication, has been added Mr. Sheldon's labor of love, his result of a lifetime of devotion and work.

Raleigh, Rollins, Ridpath and the many who have essayed to write the history of the world undertook a task far too great for any one mortal and too far away from the individual to be really entertaining. The nearer we keep our story to the personality and the place the greater will be the interest excited. Hence it is that we welcome the biography of the good man, even if his deeds were not so glorious, the pen-pictures of places though they are not battlefields. We doze over the pages of



a general writer whose figures are nameless, but we follow with breathless zeal the steps of a poor captive whose fortunes really have little or no bearing on the sequence of events.

For such reasons we gather here to-day to recall an incident in the early existence of a settlement, then remote from the older portions of the colony. Thanks to the painstaking diligence of Mr. Sheldon and those who wrought before him, we may draw a mental picture of each and every one who suffered in those far away days. Indeed, as I have read the story it required no great stretch of the imagination, especially, here where so many memorials continue, to hear the yell of the savage and to see the gleam of his tomahawk.

When in yonder cemetery, where rest the mortal remains of so many who fell in defending their homes, I esteemed it a great privilege to hear the words of one who has given many years of her life to the unearthing of facts pertaining to those far-away days. So real have the faces and forms of those ancient worthies become to her that I fancied, as she was reading, there was a tremulousness in her voice as in fancy she came back to the burning house and there found on the threshold the dead forms of loved ones; to her it was not history, the story of far-off peril, but an actual, dread reality of the present. The near by mound seems to give up its dead of these twice one hundred years and they teem with life in our very midst.

After all, had there been no determined, tireless enthusiasts to seek out and to mark these suggestive spots there would be no gathering here to-day, no society devoted to the maintenance of legend and story, no museum filled with the choicest relics of interesting and tempestuous past. Deerfield has sent forth from her homes, Richard Hildreth, the historian of the nation, John Williams, the bishop of Connecticut, Hitchcock, the college president and Saxton, the soldier, but her giving has not impoverished her. She still retains her ineradicable history, her unrivaled scenery, her heirlooms whose price is above rubies. Fortunate the people who rise equal to their privileges and having a pardonable pride in themselves are not averse to giving the world the reasons for the faith that is in them.

Justly proud may the dwellers in this village be over their antiquity and its incidents. Happy too should they be that the fathers also had an adequate sense of the value of the part they



and their possessions bore in the trying time of long ago. Happily they allowed to remain so many of the structures connected with the stirring history of Deerfield till to-day it would seem that the average citizen of this hamlet would be ashamed to live in a house less than a hundred and fifty years old and so ancient do many of your residences look. We should not say you "Nay" did you aver that all of them had survived that terrible night of two hundred years since? Every one has a deep interest in your museum where you have gathered the reminders of a sad yet precious past, relics that, in all this wide world, cannot be duplicated, constituting wonderful illustrations on the pages of a history too vivid for other portrayal.

Nor did your story end when the deeds of 1704 were done. To them you have piously added those of the Revolutionary struggle and that sturdy soldier in freestone, on the site of your early church, tells us how you remember the dark Rebellion days and whatever perils coming years may bring, such care as you manifest to-day and have ever shown, will make ours the record of Deerfield.

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#### ADDRESS OF HON. ARTHUR LORD OF PLYMOUTH.

Among the stirring scenes of Pilgrim History there is no more striking picture than that in the Common House of Plymouth when the treaty between the Pilgrims and Massassoit was made. On the morning of that March day, in 1621, from out the woods upon the slope of the hill and separated from the little settlement by a narrow stream, known as Town Brook, comes Massassoit with his train of sixty warriors. In person the Indian chief was "a very lusty man, in his best years, an able body, grave of countenance, spare of speech." In dress he differs slightly from the warriors who gather round him; his face was painted with a dark red, while the faces of his followers were painted, some yellow, some red, or black, or white. A great chain of white bone beads seems the only insignia of the chieftain's rank. With the aid of Squanto, the interpreter, who spoke English and who was familiar not only with the woods and shores of Plymouth Bay, but with the streets of London, an interchange of hostages was arranged, and also that Massassoit with twenty of his braves should meet the governor and the





leaders of the little colony, whose numbers had been so sadly reduced by the deaths in the first winter.

Massassoit and his twenty followers, all strong men in appearance, cross the brook and are met by Captain Miles Standish with his musketeers behind him, and in formal order they march down the first street to the house then building where Carver, the first governor, whose early death the Pilgrim Company are soon to mourn, appears with drum and trumpet and escorted by guards. And now in the Common House they assemble, on one side the painted savages, armed only with bows and arrows and dressed in skins; on the other side the little band of Englishmen, armed with sword and gun, and still wearing pieces of ancient armor. In the center stand forth the two leaders, the Pilgrim Governor and the Indian Chief, fit types of the two races who in the future and for long years to come were to contend in deadly rivalry for the possession of the soil of the new world. The treaty was concluded. It was a compact of offense and defense. The Pilgrims were to receive his support and assistance, and were in turn to render aid to him in case of unjust war. It secured that protection to the Pilgrim Company which was vital to its safety, and enabled it to acquire peaceful possession and title to the lands to be occupied by the Plymouth Colony. For more than half a century the provisions of the treaty were faithfully kept. It is a significant fact that until the breaking out of King Philip's War, fifty-four years later, it could be fairly said by Governor Winslow that "the English did not possess one foot of land in this colony but what was fairly obtained by honest purchase of the Indian proprietors. We first made a law that none should purchase or receive of gift any land of the Indian without the knowledge of our Court."

King Philip's War, though begun in plain violation of recent treaty stipulations, was the inevitable result of an irrepressible conflict for race supremacy which was to determine the fate of the English settlements and the right of the aboriginal owner to remain in secure and undisputed possession of the soil over which he and his ancestors had roamed and hunted and fought for countless generations. The immediate causes of the outbreak are no longer important. The details of the conflict, which only ended when the head of Philip was carried in triumph through the streets of Plymouth, need not now be re-



corded. The whole frontier was in a blaze, from Plymouth on the southeast, where, in March, 1676, a garrison house was attacked on the Sabbath when most of the men had gone to church and eleven persons were killed and the house consumed, to the then distant western line on the banks of the Connecticut. The attacks on Deerfield are a part of the history of New England, and Bloody Brook, where the flower of Essex was carelessly led into that fatal ambush, flows on forever, eloquent with the story of the tragedy, the anguish and the despair of that disastrous day. The resistless tide of emigration sweeps ever on, delayed for a brief moment at this point or that, it is only to gain a fresh impetus for its onward flow.

The Border wars of New England hereafter are not the vain and fruitless efforts of a weaker race to resist the tide of emigration, but are to be inspired, directed and aided by the wily agents of a foreign foe. King William's War, or the Lamentable Decade, as Cotton Mather terms it, marks the closing years of the seventeenth century, and Queen Anne's War, proclaimed at Westminster, May, 1702, brings into the quarrel over the Spanish succession French and English settlers in the new world.

It is said there were a hundred and twenty thousand persons of all ages in New England at the beginning of the war of the Spanish succession. Differing widely in temperament and training from the French Canadian, they were citizens by choice and soldiers by necessity, they lacked leaders of military education, though they were not without men qualified by experience in border warfare to command the small detachments.

The alarm gun and the beacon's blaze called them reluctantly from peaceful pursuits. A standing army always in readiness for possible wars, was not only impracticable in these scattered and distant colonies, but was one of the dangers which they deemed it important to avoid, a burden alike perilous and unnecessary. The forays along the frontier line of New Hampshire and Maine were soon followed by attacks on the settlements of Western Massachusetts.

The French Canadian hunters and trappers with their Indian allies, undismayed by the winter's cold and snow, passed rapidly over the border. The attack on Deerfield was typical of these incursions. It would be unnecessary in this company, even if the limits of time permitted, to repeat the minute de-



tails of that fatal night in February, 1704. But to the attentive ear and listening mind the scene which greets us to-day for a moment disappears. The stillness of a summer's noon becomes the silence of a winter's night. The soft summer's breeze changes into an icy blast. These well-tilled fields, green with the summer's bounty, are covered with snow. The street, where arching trees furnish a grateful shade and happy homes extend their hospitable welcome, changes into an inclosed stockade. Within are the simple houses of a frontier town, and without, like a winding sheet, the snowdrifts pile up to the level of the rude palisade. Two miles away De Rouville with his French soldiers and their Indian allies are waiting for the moment of attack. Here the peaceful villagers are sleeping soundly and the unsuspecting sentinel neglects his post. In the hour before daybreak, so often in history the chosen time of attack, the invading force sweeps over the palisades and through the street. The silence is broken by the rattle of musketry and the blood-curdling war-whoop, the darkness is dispelled by the light of burning homes. Resistance seems impossible, so complete the surprise, yet the story of the gallant defense of Sergt. Stebbins' house by seven determined men and a few brave women against the main force of French and Indians will long live in the annals of New England, illustrative of those stirring qualities of fortitude and valor which have made New England strong. Where has the morning sun looked down upon a sadder sight. Smouldering heaps mark the spots where yesterday's sun beheld the happy homes. The wounded and the dead lie on every hand; and there the long line of weary and saddened captives, men, women and children are taking up their toilsome march to distant Canada.

I saw in the naked forest  
Our scattered remnant cast  
A screen of shivering branches  
Between them and the blast.  
The snow was falling round them,  
The dying fell as fast,  
I looked to see them perish,  
When, lo! the vision passed.

It is a scene which has too often marked our frontier line. Whether that frontier was on the seaboard, or on its western way the blazing homes of the sturdy emigrant have been a pil-





lar of smoke by day and of fire by night to mark its steady and resistless advance. What stories of valor, of suffering and of enterprise have been inseparably woven into this nation's history from the day of the landing at Plymouth in 1620 till

From Eastern Rock to sunset wave  
The continent is ours.

In grateful recognition of those brave days of old, in loving memory of those early settlers whose names you bear and whose blood runs in your veins you gather on these recurring anniversaries to pay your tribute of admiration and respect to their indomitable courage, their unfailing fortitude and their sublime faith.

I noticed a fine inscription as I passed along your street:

His descendants honor his memory, and cherish his old Home.

It is here and in towns like this, these ancient towns, either upon the shores of some bay, no longer whitened by the masts of commerce, or upon some quiet hillside, or on the banks of some winding river, where wealth, nor power, nor fame among the cities of the earth has ever come, that men will most surely find the ideal home. The word "home" has no equivalent and no synonym in our language, and no single line can define it. It has a deeper and broader meaning than that merely of the place where one lives or dwells. The student who lives at Amherst during his entire four years' course still keeps his home on the distant shores of the Pacific; there need even be no continuous occupancy of a place and yet still it is defined as a home. The sailor pursuing adventurous voyages in distant seas may never dwell for more than a few months in a long life on that wind-swept hillside on Cape Cod which he calls his home. Judge Bradley, late of the Supreme Court of the United States, sought to define the word "home" in these words: "The house where a family permanently dwells, collects its comforts and forms its attachments and memories."

The stronger these attachments and memories the clearer and more perfect the meaning to its possessors of the word home. Here, in the valley of the Connecticut, in those homes which for generations the same family has kept, where men still till the same fields that their fathers have tilled, and pass along the same streets, scarcely changed in the lapse of time, which their





ancestors have trod before them, and especially where the memories of heroic deeds still linger, and the traditions of valor and suffering and enterprise are tenderly cherished, there is found the true significance and the real meaning of the word home. Thrice fortunate that community whose history and traditions, whose associations and memories are indissolubly bound with great events and heroic deeds.

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ADDRESS OF PROF. FRANCIS B. DENIO OF  
BANGOR, ME.

*Mr. President and Members of the Pocumtuck Valley Association:*—At this time I shall venture to take it upon myself to represent the many and widely scattered sons and daughters of Deerfield who have never seen this home of ancestors, and most of whom will never see it. On their behalf I wish to thank you for what you have done and are still doing to keep alive the memory of the courage, the endurance and the worth of our common ancestors.

It is very fitting that I represent these unknown children of Deerfield. Few can have so good a right to do so. Nowhere have I found so many ancestral roots as here in old Deerfield. Not only do I count among my forbears John Stebbins whose daughter Abigail was the wife of James Denoyon and the mother of René Denoyon, better known as Aaron Denio, but also I derive descent from Godfrey Nims and Edward Allen among the first settlers of Deerfield.

We should know little of the worth, and scarcely the names, of our Deerfield ancestors but for your labors. My own immediate branch of our family was widely sundered from Deerfield more than a century ago. Communication was difficult, letter-writing an unpracticed art. A vague tradition of descent from Deerfield, of connection with the events commemorated to-day was a part of my childhood inheritance. As I came to maturity I wondered and questioned about our family, its name, its origin, in short, about the race from which I sprang. To your President, Hon. George Sheldon, and to Miss Baker I owe the fact that for me the vague tradition has been replaced by a measure of definite knowledge. The debt which I owe to you, officers and members, is a debt which a great many



others share with me. The pages of Sheldon's History of Deerfield contain records which must have made known to many others, as to me, the lineage to which they might trace their origin. For the means of attaining this knowledge we thank the writer of this history, and all those whose support made possible the publication of these invaluable volumes.

This debt we owe has been recognized in some degree in the past, and future generations will gladly recognize it in increasing measure. They, as I, your kin, whom you know not, who will never know you, will learn more and more to take pride in our common ancestry. This power to trace our ancestry so as to connect ourselves with the early life of Deerfield is but one part of our debt. We owe it to you that we are able in some degree to realize properly the courage and heroism of our Deerfield forbears. This realization comes to us while we read the History of Deerfield and the narratives given us by Miss Baker. To-day as I heard her story of the years in which Deerfield's most famous tragedy occurred, a story with epic simplicity and vividness, I felt more deeply than ever before the meaning of the life in this town two hundred years ago. It is by means of Deerfield's history thus given to us that we learn to honor our ancestors more and more for the days and weeks and months and years of steadfast endurance of the privations and incessant perils of this frontier life. This steadfastness seems to me even more worthy of honor than the successful endurance of the tragedy of the night of February 29th, 1703-4, prolonged as it was into months and years.

For myself I thank God that I may number myself among the descendants of such men and women. So must also the numerous and increasing circle of your kin and mine.

To you in this beautiful valley the task of perpetuating the memory of our common ancestors, by the printed page and by the erection of local memorials has been a work of filial piety, and the fruit of an imagination kindled by the constant presence of scenes and reminders of a past rich in historic fact and discipline of worthy character. For these works by which you have made a multitude of remote kin your debtors, and for which I feel sure many feel indebted to you from whom you have received no message of thanks, and from whom you will receive none in person—I on their behalf now express to you our hearty and sincere gratitude.



ADDRESS OF GEN. FRANCIS H. APPLETON OF  
PEABODY.

*Mr. Chairman:*—First of all I wish to thank my fellow Trustee and our honored Vice-President, of the Board of Trustees of Public Reservations, Hon. George Sheldon, for having invited me to participate in these interesting exercises, and to meet your people here; at a place where an ancestor of mine, Captain, and later Major, Samuel Appleton, led brave and true men from Essex County—my beloved county—in defense of the principle of establishing a stable form of government, under which life and property might be respected, and be safe against savage or lawless attack.

The incentive of your invitation led me to collect a few books upon the subjects that to-day engage our attention, more than I have been able to fully read, including Mr. Sheldon's complete work, but with great interest to myself so far as I have done so; and to learn of your brave ancestry. And I have been quite at a loss as to what I should select, to refer to now, relating to those early days.

I knew, with your programme before me, that the historic ground would be admirably covered by scholarly addresses, such as I have been privileged to listen to already, and which we shall hear this afternoon.

I shall ask your attention very briefly to a few matters bearing more upon our natural surroundings of the present time, which are the same lands as of those early days.

A word only, before doing so, of that man of action from whom I am descended, and through whose acts I am enabled to wear the button of the Society of Colonial Wars of Massachusetts; which society, by its winter monthly lectures, by its excursions to historic spots, and by its memorial markings is doing much towards bringing to the front unfamiliar and historic facts of the colonial period, that redound to the glory of our ancestry, and intensify the interest throughout our Nation, in this old Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Captain Samuel Appleton appears to have been a participant in civil as well as military duties. He died at Ipswich, and was a brave and true man, like his men, worthy of coming under that honorable phrase "The Flower of Essex."





It has been my agreeable duty to have been more or less connected with the promotion of agricultural interests in our state for many years—as our lives run—in several of its branches.

And I would remind you that arboriculture, forestry, farming, horticulture, good roads, etc., come under that heading.

I would appeal, to such an audience as is now present, for all such encouragement (wherever may be their homes) on these lines, as shall make all parts of the surface of this state of to-day to flourish, and increase in productiveness and beauty; towards which ends Mr. Sheldon has contributed so much encouragement so that the cultivated part of our landscape, and the natural beauty, shall be continued, a beautiful framework to glorious deeds.

In this quiet valley, with its surrounding hills of grandeur, where near-by scenes of bloodiest strife have been vividly recalled to us to-day, let those branches of agriculture, that will best suit its soil and climate, be encouraged by the application of scientific knowledge to prevail, and, in the state at large, may such intelligent care be fully applied on those lines of arboriculture, and the proper development of Public Reservations, that you, Mr. Sheldon, so much love to promote and care for, in the interest of the state and her people.

May the locations of the heroic deeds that especially mark the stepping-stones in the gradual founding of this, now powerful Nation, be preserved as object lessons, and as places of healthful recreation and rest for present and future generations.

While we sacredly strive to preserve the grand old trees that our ancestors so thoughtfully planted to make prominent and comfortable many a Massachusetts and New England village, town or city, let us not forget that tree life is prolonged and promoted by the wise use of saw and pruning hatchet, but only under most expert guidance.

Let the wounds made by limbs torn off during storms be early mended by proper filling, and may the insect pest be kept at a minimum.

May such beautiful towns as this be perpetuated.

I bring to you and the citizens of this beautiful inland territory of Deerfield, the greetings of the descendants of "the Flower of Essex."

We of the seacoast, and of a denser population, are endeavoring to promote conditions to favor business on land and sea,



which are promoting markets for inland products ; while for refreshment from the wear and tear of city toil, the more quiet and restful beauty of such inland lands as you have here, are what are essential to the well-being in mind and body of humanity.

May this valuable work of building up collections of historic things grow, and may the bond of union among such societies increase to their mutual good ; and may the village improvement idea be alive within their membership, as has been found a useful combination.

I assure you that I fully appreciate your courtesy in asking me here from old Essex County to old Deerfield's County and Township, as a descendant of one who so long ago aided your people for the public good.

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WORDS BY DR. FREDERIC CORSS OF  
KINGSTON, PA.

*Mr. Chairman, Friends and Neighbors:*—Although we now meet for the first time, I may be permitted to say that I feel very much at home here. My father was born near by a little more than a hundred years ago and spent his boyhood here. Many of my kindred are buried in the cemeteries hereabout. My boyhood's ears were delighted with stories of the fish caught in Deerfield River which were much larger and finer than any found in the streams of Pennsylvania ; and there was the bee tree on Shelburne hills where they shot the bear.

An occasion such as this does much to promote patriotism especially among the young people, who are so numerous on the grounds to-day. All this helps to confirm our early motto, *E Pluribus Unum*, which really meant but little until it had been established in a fearful struggle, many of whose heroes are here to-day.

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REMARKS BY DR. HENRY D. HOLTON OF  
BRATTLEBORO, VT.

It gives me pleasure to unite with you to-day, offering an obligation to the memory of the sturdy, God-fearing patriots who first pushed into the then primeval wilderness and founded



a town endowed with civil and religious liberty. It is perhaps especially appropriate that I should do this as our own town of Brattleboro, then unknown, was made the base of the invading army of the French and Indians when they made their cruelly murderous assault upon this settlement. They left their dogs and sledges in the care of some of their number at the mouth of West River where they cut on the rocks various symbols which remain to this day, undoubtedly intended to be a record of their expedition.

It is not only a duty but a privilege for all the people of this valley to meet from time to time and keep fragrant the memory of the victims who gave their lives or endured sufferings, privations and tortures worse than death itself. Possessed of courage, fortitude and un failing faith in God, by perseverance, industry and economy they subdued the wild soil and their savage foes and left a heritage of productive beauty, a government in which each of us are sovereigns, only so circumscribed and bound, that while we engage in what ever legitimate pursuit we will, we shall not in any way interfere with the same right of our neighbors.

They wrought out this glorious legacy by the exhibition of certain traits of character which grew and expanded in succeeding generations, becoming the broad foundations upon which this nation was founded. First was the strong religious faith, which from a cursory view might to-day seem narrow bigotry, but which, when we carefully analyze, we find contained the true teachings of the Great Master, which have gradually broadened out into a catholicity of spirit as the generations have studied the principles expounded in the valleys of Judea twenty centuries ago.

Second to this was the home, the most sacred place in all the world, where the children were taught to love God, respect their elders, obey implicitly their parents, and industriously use their time in useful pursuits ; in fact to perform the duties of life because those duties were for them and could only be performed by them ; this duty,

By the bedside, on the stair,  
Waited for them everywhere;  
At the threshold, near the gates,  
With its menace or its prayer,  
Like a mendicant it waits.



In the home they were taught all the great moral principles which were the especial foundations of the New England character, which has moulded the character of the nation.

Next came the common school, free to all, where were taught the rudiments of an education, which were to be expanded into the highest accomplishments of human intellect, as circumstances and subsequent environment might permit. What is to be said of the great debt of gratitude, a debt ever increasing, which descended to the inhabitants of this valley; aye, to the people of this country, by reason of provisions made by descendants of one of the captives (not of this town but all the same of kindred spirit in this valley), the offspring of Canada Wait in the establishment of the Smith's charities. Human language cannot adequately express the infinite blessings which are constantly flowing from the wonderful benefaction:

A kind act is a kernel sown,  
That will grow to a goodly tree,  
Shedding its fruit when time has flown  
Down the gulf of eternity.

The question which comes home to us to-day is, are these trusts which have come to us from these forbears of two centuries receiving the nurture, care and all the force which will conserve and perpetuate them. Especially, are we keeping the home the center of purity and influence, and fostering the habit of devotion to duty simply as one paramount trait of character that should never be supplanted by anything else?

In the strenuous life into which these days have launched our lives, let us not neglect the fundamental precepts that governed the lives of those who lived two hundred years ago, whom we honor to-day; precepts which have come to us through all these years laden with blessings of such incalculable value.





## ANNUAL MEETING—1904.

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### REPORT.

Old Deerfield was yesterday one of the most interesting towns in the country. There was celebrated the two hundredth anniversary of one of the most tragic events in the history of the Massachusetts colony, the sacking of the place and the massacre or capture of most of its inhabitants by the French and Indians. The people of Deerfield have long furnished a shining example to other towns of the best way to keep alive interest in their local history, as the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association has for many years been gathering records and relics of the past until hardly any other town bulks so large in self-knowledge from the first settlement until the present day. As Mr. Sheldon well said in his curator's report, when the organization was formed interest in such matters was confined to a few elderly people; now it is constantly more widespread.

Mr. Sheldon, the president, not being able to come to Deerfield, and Judge F. M. Thompson, first vice-president, being ill, Samuel O. Lamb presided. Mr. Lamb piloted the meeting through the rocks of parliamentary procedure with all the courtly grace which is his second nature. When frisky colts attempted expedition at peril of unseemly haste, by such modern methods as electing all the officers by casting one ballot, Mr. Lamb sternly held them to the path of dignity, by showing the course already marked out by the Association. Mr. Lamb's methods of presiding include some dignified forms not often heard by the younger generation. For instance, in announcing the results of the vote upon a motion, he would say "The ayes appear to have it,—the ayes have it, and it is a vote."

The business of the Association was disposed of at the afternoon session in the council chamber, which has taken the place of the kitchen as the gathering place. The reports were highly satisfactory, that of the treasurer, John Sheldon, showing a cash balance of \$3,312. The receipts from admission to Memorial



Hall, \$559, the fee being 10 cents, indicated the popularity of the collection as a place for popular resort.

The report of the curator, George Sheldon, showed that there had been 5,396 visitors the past year, representing nearly every state in the union, also France, England, Wales, Ireland, Scotland, Finland, Canada, Nova Scotia, Australia, India, Turkey, Russia, Japan. Mr. Sheldon spoke of the overflowing condition of the library, and of the readiness of a finely lighted room for the overflow from the old room. One alcove is to be devoted to literary products by native and adopted citizens of Deerfield. For this, contributions of such literary work, including books, pamphlets, magazine articles, newspaper clippings, essays, addresses, and personal correspondence of Deerfield people are asked. One of the rooms newly thrown open is guarded by the old Pocumtuck cannon, and has relics of colonial fortifications, and this had been christened "The Fort." Miss C. Alice Baker had offered to reëstablish the bedroom in the large room over the library annex. In the past it had been necessary to decline many articles of interest, because there was no room to show them. Now there is room enough, and the Association is in a receptive mood again. Mr. Sheldon speaks of the interesting group of articles given by Mrs. Elizabeth W. Champney, and collected by her husband.

It was voted to proceed with the publication of Volume IV of the Proceedings and George Sheldon and Mrs. Sheldon were made the committee to have it in charge. The election of officers resulted as follows:

President: George Sheldon.

Vice-Presidents: Francis M. Thompson, Samuel O. Lamb.

Recording Secretary: Miss Margaret Miller.

Corresponding Secretary: Mrs. M. E. Stebbins.

Treasurer: John Sheldon.

Councillors: Miss C. Alice Baker, Robert Childs, Charles E. Williams, Edward A. Hawks, Richard E. Birks, G. Spencer Fuller, Frances E. Ball, William L. Harris, James K. Hosmer, Anna C. Putnam, Ellen L. Sheldon, John A. Aiken, Eugene A. Newcomb, Herbert C. Parsons, George D. Crittenden.

An historic association which not only pays its way, but accumulates a reserve may be something of an anomaly, but such a one is the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association. Aside from its considerable revenue from the small fee charged for



the admission to the Memorial Hall, with its unrivaled collection of antiquities, it is in constant receipt of generous and anonymous gifts.

Its recently built custodian's house was the gift of "a friend." Its addition to the old building, giving fine quarters for the Solon Newton collection and other accretions, is shown by the treasurer's report just now completed to have been entirely paid for by an unknown contributor. The enthusiasm of almost chance visitors finds substantial expression.

An instance of spontaneous giving was that of a woman from Germany, who one day last summer visited the museum and expressed her delight in it and the work of the Association to Mr. Sheldon. She wanted to show her appreciation and asked how she might do it. Mr. Sheldon suggested membership and acting under an impulse made bold to mention that life membership was a matter of \$25.

The next day the woman called again on the president and caused him almost to faint by handing him a hundred dollar bill, saying she had concluded to become "life councillor."

The Association has improved buildings, no debt and a cash balance of over \$3,000. All its revenue is devoted to the work of preserving local history and its publications are evidence of its enterprise and good use of whatever comes its way in the form of money.

The memorial addresses were the feature of the afternoon and consisted of appreciative sketches of John E. Russell, J. W. Champney, J. M. Crafts, Zeri Smith, Baxter Stebbins and John M. Smith.

The sketch of the life of John E. Russell was written by George Sheldon and read by his son, John Sheldon of Greenfield. It was chiefly a setting forth of the main facts of Mr. Russell's life, but it had its note of appreciation of his services as a public man and naturally gave particular attention to his interest in local historic work.

Miss C. Alice Baker read Miss Coleman's feeling tribute to the artist, James Wells Champney. Mr. Champney was one of the earliest members of the Association and became a life member in 1879, always holding its interests as one of the good objects which profited by his enthusiastic aid.

H. C. Haskell sent an interesting sketch of Zeri Smith, a model and progressive farmer and citizen. S. B. Crafts read





that on James M. Crafts who was one of the Association's first officers, a true antiquary and a faithful town historian. The sketch of John M. Smith was by Miss Abby Montague and treated of his public services and his thorough historical service as the editor of Sunderland's history.

Mrs. M. E. Stebbins read an account of A. B. Stebbins, and spoke of him as a man of decision who could not be swerved from the path of duty.

When the papers were finished Mr. Lamb volunteered some recollections of Mr. Russell, Mr. Crafts and Mr. Smith and branched out in a particularly interesting talk about William C. Whitney and Joseph Mason, the two sons of Franklin county who had filled a large place in affairs. While Mr. Lamb spoke off-hand his contribution was methodical and comprehensive and added greatly to the interest of the proceedings.

The admission of Deerfield schools to Memorial Hall without charge was briefly considered and referred by the council to President Sheldon.

Supper was served in the townhall and there was such a crowd that the tables were twice filled.

The conclusion of supper was the signal for the opening of the evening session, the first half of which was occupied by Miss Baker in her continued account of the adventures of Baptiste, and the essays of the Greenfield boys, Fred Amidon and William Jones, the former upon Greenfield taverns, and the latter upon "Long Tavern." Miss Baker's recital of the adventures of the French privateersman, Baptiste Guyon, was as interesting in its second installment as in the first, and she was given the closest attention.

Rev. G. Glenn Atkins of Burlington, Vt., followed.

It was the exact two hundredth anniversary of the massacre, an event which had special consideration in the field meeting of last summer and now gave Mr. Atkins his fruitful theme. He made no attempt to take the rôle of historian, as a mere narrator of the dramatic events, making a striking departure from the traditions of the Pocumtuck Association, in his address on the massacre of 1703-4. It is not the habit of historic associations to make applications. This has been farthest from the practice and intent of the P. V. M. A. It has been content to delve in the secrets of the past, preferably the remote past, and leave to the hearer or the student the drawing of lessons in patriotism



and the proper conduct of himself in his public relations. But Mr. Atkins dwells in the present. He is of the present tense, with a strong outlook towards the future. He is far from indifferent to the claim of the past to investigation. But he brings the reading of history alongside the problems of society which attract him most and lets them, or better makes them, enforce a lesson. This is what he did at Deerfield. It was a variation that was pleasing to a popular audience and of the highest influence. Whether it is such a one as could safely be made permanent in the proceedings is debatable, but for the once at least it was welcome. Not every man could venture on a controversial ground with such courage and at the same moment such prudence.

It was an obvious lesson Mr. Atkins drew. The logic is irresistible and it is a needed antidote to the perversions of men like Lyman Abbott whose misreading of American destiny needs just this historical correction. The marvel is that such words as these are necessary. But they are. It would not be surprising if some complaint should be heard that this earnest speech was "political" and so out of place, but it is politics in no other sense than the teaching of certain truths that have immediate application to political conditions.

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#### REPORT OF CURATOR, GEORGE SHELDON.

We are at the close of another prosperous year. Our Hall has been more attractive than ever before. More people have called upon us and from more distant parts of the earth. I quote from the report of the Assistant :—

"Another year of unusual activity. The amount of business transacted far exceeds that of any previous year. The Register shows the names of 5,396 visitors, and they represent nearly every State in the Union, two Territories, and the following countries :—France, England, Wales, Ireland, Scotland, Finland, Canada, Nova Scotia, Australia, India, Turkey, Prussia and Japan. The spirit of historical research is notably increasing. Teachers and students from the higher institutions of learning make a large figure among our visitors."

With the expansion of space has come considerable change



in the arrangement of our belongings, particularly in the Memorial Room. That had become terribly congested with no means for relief until the new wing was available. All our Civil War relics were bestowed here. These have been transferred to the northeast room on the second floor which is occupied as the Military Room. There were in the Memorial Room some large pieces of furniture dropped there temporarily, but which remained there of necessity for lack of room elsewhere. These have been taken to the Council Room, as have also some pictures, not of a memorial character.

Notable additions to the Memorial Room are four mural tablets, given by descendants of early settlers of Deerfield:— to Sampson Frary, by Vice-President Levi Parsons Morton, of New York; to Zechariah Field, by Marshall Field, of Chicago; to Godfrey Nims, by Franklin Asa Nims, of Greeley, Colorado; to Nathaniel Sutcliffe, by B. H. Sutcliffe, of Plymouth, Conn. These are fitting memorial tributes; we may also say that they are tokens of the widespread and growing interest in our Association and its work.

It may not be generally known that one of our directors is a subject of the German Emperor, but such is the fact. One day last summer, I met at the Hall Mrs. Elizabeth Marvin Kauffmann, of Berlin, who came to see. She was so well pleased that she concluded to stay, so far as an hundred dollar entrance fee would allow.

Special mention should be made of two portraits in oil by a skilful but unknown artist, presented by Miss Philomela Arms Williams of Bloody Brook. They are of Capt. Elijah Arms, born at the South End, in 1727; and his second wife, Naomi Lyman of Northampton, married 1774. These portraits have descended to Miss Williams through Capt. Elijah Arms, Jr., the oldest child; his oldest child, Amelia Arms, who married Artemus Williams, to their oldest living child, the donor.

As you all know our Library has been overflowing for years. Now a finely-lighted room opening from it, filled up with cases covered with glass is nearly ready for occupancy. The capacity for books will be nearly doubled. One alcove will be devoted to the literary work of native and adopted citizens of Deerfield. A circular relating to this alcove is herewith transmitted. The additions to the Library this year are 120 books and pamphlets.





With the expansion and rearrangement of the Library comes the obvious necessity of a new catalogue. The modern card catalogue is the most expensive at the first, but it is indefinitely expensive and eminently satisfactory. I recommend its adoption.

A new catalogue for the relic department will also be a necessity for the best results in its use by the public. Here a printed book will be more desirable. Its sale will in some degree be a source of income. Some considerable portion of our present catalogue can be made use of.

The west entry will be utilized for an overflow from the kitchen.

As to the Council Room I invite you to look about you. Note particularly the desk from Mrs. Stephen Higginson of which for years I have had the conditional use; and also the new location of the Boston Harbor.

In 1901 we received under the will of Solon L. Newton of Greenfield a large collection of pewter, crockery, brass, iron ware and some furniture—rare articles lovingly gathered by Mr. Newton through years of labor. This gift remained unpacked for many months, as we then had absolutely no room for its exhibition. Now the large northwest room on the second floor is wholly devoted to this fine exhibit, and it is called the Newton Room. Experts have stated that the display of pewter here is the best in the country.

In the rear of the Vestibule is a room containing an unclassified collection. After considerable search no generic name for this miscellany could be found. But a name was necessary, and *this* has come to pass. The entrance to the room is guarded by the old Pocumtuck cannon, and the first objects seen on entering are relics of old colonial fortifications. I have therefore cut the knot by calling this room The Fort.

It has been proposed to reestablish the bedroom in the large room over the Library Annex. Miss C. Alice Baker has offered to carry out this scheme. The whole east end of the Main Hall will then be the Agricultural and Mechanical department, now in an absolute jam.

The machinery for making brooms, now set up in the Fort was given in his lifetime by "Commodore" Albert Smith of Riverside. Only now have we found room for it.

In the past we have been obliged to decline many offerings.





Now we shall *be* obliged, to have the stream turn our way again, for we have plenty of room.

I hardly need call attention to the handsome new signs over the doors indicating the several departments. I do this only to say that for these we are indebted to the generous heart and skilful hand of Rev. Richard E. Birks.

For a gift to cover all the bills of expense for the permanent repairs to the Memorial Hall, and the premises, we are indebted to a generous, but anonymous contributor.

The ancient clock now in the Vestibule was given by Samuel Willard who died at Hingham in 1885. The gift was encumbered by a life tenure to me; this lease is hereby cancelled.

The history of the old family clock goes so far back that it is lost in the dim past. It is simply the "Old Willard Clock." It is an excellent timepiece, and I suggest that the Curator be directed to keep it on time.

We have received from Mrs. Elizabeth W. Champney an interesting group of articles collected by her lamented husband. This includes a sheaf of Indian arrows gathered on a trip to the Indian Territory in company with the late Gen. Armstrong.

Mrs. Stebbins, our Assistant, is an active and earnest worker, and meets the public need. She is the right person in the right place. I am glad to say that I see no present signs of a divorce.

When our Association was formed in 1870, the interest in our object was generally confined to elderly people; few others became members. Naturally, as will sadly appear in the proceedings of to-day our ranks are fast growing thin. Times have changed, however; in the present generation there is a growing interest in the past which promises much for the future, and new workers must be harnessed to our car.

Respectfully Submitted

GEORGE SHELDON,

Curator.

Deerfield, Feb. 29, 1904.



## HONORABLE JOHN E. RUSSELL.

BY GEORGE SHELDON.

*Mr. President:*—As a fitting introduction to my subject, I quote the following from Vol. III of our Proceedings, page 409.

“I appear to-night at the request of your Society, which desires to have on its records some memorial of one who was connected by blood with the makers of Deerfield.” These are the words of John E. Russell, spoken of his father at our Annual Meeting in 1897.

Hon. John Edwards Russell was a life member of our Association. He was a man of more than ordinary note. He filled a large space among the sons of men in our day and generation. He attained not only a local but a national reputation. Not a graduate of any collegiate institution, he was untrammelled by any traditionary academic bonds. He was an original thinker, a man of decided opinions, a forceful writer and fluent speaker; intense in utterance, as a man of his mold must be, yet so kindly was his nature that I do not think his sharpest philippics ever left a sting. He was a delightful companion and a warm-hearted friend.

Mr. Russell died at his home in Leicester, October 28, 1903. His funeral service, which was attended by many distinguished men and women, was held in the Cremation Society Chapel at Forest Hills, Roxbury, October 31. His ashes are deposited in the Pine Grove Cemetery at Leicester.

In the address from which I have quoted, John E. Russell traces his line of ancestry to the emigrant, John Russell, who came over in the ship *Globe* of London, in 1634; he was of Cambridge with sons John and Philip in 1636, and he seems to have been a man of affairs. He was surveyor of arms in 1638; selectman, 1642; constable, 1643; and clerk of the writs in 1645. He was by trade a glazier. Philip followed his father's calling. John was sent to college and was graduated in the third class of Harvard College, in 1645, the seventeenth student on her catalogue. In a class of seven he was the fourth; so holding a medium social status in the community.

June 25, 1649, John Russell, Jr., married Mary Talcott.



She was the daughter of John Talcott, who was an emigrant from London to Cambridge in 1632, was the founder of the distinguished Talcott family in Connecticut, whither he removed in 1636. Mary Talcott was doubtless the magnet which attracted young John Russell to Wethersfield. Rev. Henry Smith died in 1648, and John was chosen his successor. John Russell, senior, also succeeded Mr. Smith, by marrying Dorothy, his widow, in 1649. His son Philip in due time married a daughter, Joanna Smith.

On account of some senseless contention in the church at Wethersfield, there was a schism, and in 1659 John, with a large part of his congregation, including his father and brother, removed to the wilderness at Hadley, where he could have a free field for his particular 'ism.

It was at Hadley that John Russell proved his daring and his nobility, by taking the proscribed regicides, Whalley and Goffe, into his own house for concealment. It was a pious but a difficult and dangerous act. Discovery by the prowling minions of Charles II. meant destruction to himself and his confederates. There were in the Russell family, while the judges were concealed at Hadley, the two Johns and Philip with their wives, who, it seems, must have been in the secret, and how could the inquisitive eyes of the growing children of John and Philip be possibly kept in the dark. However that may be, all in the secret kept it bravely and well. It is from this group of Hadley Russells that John E., the subject of this notice claims descent. He found a general family tradition that their Connecticut ancestors were from Hadley without designating any particular line. After a long and careful search I have picked up a few items on which I base a probable line of descent—but this is not proven—I offer this for the clues it may contain for further investigation.

[Since writing this paper I have (1905) established the line between the Hadley and Connecticut Russells. I shall, therefore, omit the details of my speculations and insert in place of it the ascertained facts and give a skeleton line of the ancestors of Mr. Russell from John of Cambridge, 1636, to John of Deerfield, 1756, although it will involve some little repetition.]

I. John Russell, who came over in the ship *Globe* of London in 1634, was of Cambridge, with sons John and Philip in 1636. He appears to have been prominent in the municipal





affairs of the town, holding various offices of honor and responsibility. By trade he was a glazier. The diamond-shaped window panes of the day gave added importance to the craft. Nothing is known of his wife. When his son John was called to Wethersfield he went also; there he married Dorothy, the widow of Rev. Henry Smith. He thence followed his son John to Hadley in 1659, where he died May 8, 1680, aged 83, and widow Dorothy died in 1694.

II. Philip, son of John, (1) came with his father from England, followed him to Wethersfield and to Hadley; settled eventually in Hatfield; d. May 19, 1693. He m. Feb. 4, 1664, Joanna, dau. of Rev. Henry Smith. She died Dec. 29, 1664. (2) Jany. 10, 1666, Elizabeth, dau. of Stephen Terry. She was killed in the Ashpelon raid on Hatfield, Sept. 19, 1677. (3) Dec. 25, 1679, Mary, dau. Edward Church, of Hadley, whose brother John had been killed at the Falls Fight, May 19, 1676. She d. in Sunderland, May 1, 1743, aged 87.

*Chil.*: Joanna, Oct. 31, 1664, d. Dec. 29, 1664.

John, Jany. 2, 1667, (3)

Samuel, 1669. Captured by Ashpelon at Deerfield, Sept. 19, 1677, and died on the march to Canada.

Philip, Jany. 24, 1671.

Stephen, Oct. 12, 1674; killed by Indians Sept. 19, 1677.

Samuel, Dec. 31, 1680; was of New York, 1720.

Thomas, February 12, 1683, was one of the Hatfield men who rode to the rescue of Deerfield, Feb. 29, 1704, and was in the Meadow Fight; was a soldier at Deerfield, and killed while out on a scout Aug., 1704.

Mary, Feb. 10, 1685; d. an infant.

Mary, May 21, 1686; m. Feb. 16th, 1710, Joseph Root, of Sunderland. She died Jany. 23, 1738.

Daniel, Oct. 8, 1691; m. Nov. 18, 1713, Jerusha Dickinson, dau. John of Hatfield, b. 1693. He d. June 28, 1737. She m. (2) Oct. 25, 1744, Simon Cooley.

III. John, s. of Philip (II), b. 1667. Sett. in Wethersfield, Conn., where he d. Jany. 10, 1746. He m. April 9, 1691, Martha, dau. of Nathaniel Graves of Wethersfield; d. July 15, 1740, (2) Nov. 20, 1740, Susanna Nichols.

*Chil.*: Abigail, Dec. 8, 1692.

Elizabeth, May 12, 1695; m. Feb. (?) 24, 1714, Ephraim Williams.



John, Oct. 8, 1698, (4).

Martha, March 2, 1701; m. David Deming.

Jonathan, March 7, 1707; d. Aug. 21, 1826.

Stephen, Oct. 20, 1710; m. May 17, 1734, Ruth Morton. Sett. in Wethersfield. She d. Nov. 14, 1747. (2) Sept. 14, 1749, Abigail Wright. He d. 1761. Abigail died, Oct. 4, 1805.

IV. John, s. of John (III), b. 1698. Sett. in Wethersfield, where he d. Aug. 16, 1773, aged 74. His son Timothy was administrator on the estate; m. Dec. 1, 1725, Elizabeth, dau. of Israel Crane. She d. Nov. 10, 1745, aged 41; m. (2) Abigail. She d. Sept. 3, 1756, aged 38; m. (3) Elizabeth Pettibone of Simsbury, Conn.

*Chil.*: David, Aug. 29, 1726.

Elizabeth, May 17, 1729.

John, Sept. 8, 1731, O. S., bapt. Sept. 14. Settled in Deerfield, 1756, (5).

Hezekiah, Feb. 13, 1739.

William, June 29, 1741.

Timothy, Dec. 31, 1744; d. Jany. 27, 1832, aged 87.

Elizabeth, his wife; d. July 6, 1808, aged 50.

V. John, s. of John (IV). See Hist. of Deerfield II, p. 275.

With the John Russell who came to Deerfield in 1756 we are on solid ground. After having served an apprenticeship of seven years with a tailor, he went out into the world to seek his fortune. In his account book, now preserved in our Archives, we find upon a fly leaf the following statement:—

“Early in July, 1756, I cum first to live at Deerfield at Mr. John Sheldon’s House and Began to work att my trade and was taken sick.” His brother, Hezekiah, hearing of his sickness, wrote John, August 2: “Brother I expect to hear every day when Mother is Dead and you in a Strange Land, but I will Come and live with you, if you grow wors.” Hezekiah settled in Northampton. There was another brother, Timothy, who remained in Connecticut. Although Hezekiah writes that his brother John was “sick and in a Strange Land,” John was not comfortless. His lines had fallen in the House of Mercy. True to the name and attribute, Mistress Mercy Arms Sheldon had opened her heart to the forlorn stranger; he was nursed and mothered and restored to health. Then there was Hannah, that daughter of Mercy, whose gentle ministrations cheered and perhaps



prolonged his convalescence. The "Strange Land" blossomed like the rose. John continued to "work at his trade," meanwhile working himself into the heart of Hannah. December 22, 1758, they celebrated the landing of the Pilgrims by taking ship on the connubial seas. "Hence," says John E. Russell, "all their descendants are as much Sheldon as Russell and are proud of a stock which goes back to the beginnings of Deerfield." This stock includes Stebbins, Arms, Chapin, Nash, Hawks, Edwards. On his maternal side John E. was descended from the settlers of Pennsylvania, but not one drop of sluggish Dutch blood appeared in his make-up.

John Sheldon, the father of Hannah, lost his father when nine years old. His mother married second, in 1719, Capt. Timothy Childs, who lived on the lot now called the Champney place, where she died. Probably, on the death of her grandmother in 1765, Hannah and John Russell, her husband, went to live with the bereaved Capt. Childs in the house where her father was brought up; and they bought the place in 1767. Here a shop was built for John by Benjamin Munn, and here he "worked at his trade," adding innholding and storekeeping. Here another John Russell was born, July 30, 1767. Other children were Hannah, 1760; William, 1762; Elijah, 1765; Lemuel, 1769. Lieut. John Russell seems to have taken a place among the foremost. He was constable, 1771; was one of those who combined in 1772 to establish a post route between Deerfield and Boston, that they might keep in closer touch with the Patriots at the Bay; he was lieutenant in the train band; and January 23, 1775, he was chosen one of the Committee of Inspection, "to see y<sup>t</sup> y<sup>e</sup> Resolves of y<sup>e</sup> Continental Congress be strictly adhered to in this Town"; he was one of the selectmen the same year; but the Whigs were soon fated to lose his strong support; he died August 17, 1775. His widow brought up the children and successfully continued the business, paying off the last mortgage on the estate in 1787. Her son John was too young to take part in the Revolution; he was indentured to Isaac Parker of Deerfield, to learn the "art and mystery" of the goldsmith and watchmaker, at his shop on the Old Albany Road. John set up a shop, probably on the old homestead, but about 1794 his mother sold the place and John removed to Northampton. There he married, July 8, 1796, Electa, daughter of Nathaniel





and Ruth (Strong) Edwards, and soon after removed to Greenfield, where he established himself in business. His advertisements were for many years a familiar feature in the Greenfield newspapers. He was generally known as Major Russell. About 1832 he made for my mother six silver teaspoons from six silver dollars; five of these are of my choicest possessions. Major Russell died, October 30, 1839. His children, all of whom survived him, were John, born March 30, 1797; Nathaniel Edwards, born 1799; Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, 1801; Ruth Strong, 1804; Francis, 1806; Hannah Sheldon, 1809; and Mary Clapp, 1811.

John, his firstborn, was taken into the shop to learn the business of his father, but for unknown reasons about 1816, he left Greenfield and went to Georgia. There he dealt in cotton for a dozen years and accumulated what he considered a fortune. There he met Juliana, daughter of Abram Witmer, and Ann Catharine Burg, of Lancaster, Pa., whom he married in 1830. Following the example of his father, John Russell brought his young wife back to Greenfield in 1832. Soon after, he engaged in his great life work at Cheapside, where he established the first fine cutlery works in America. In spite of English obstruction and competition, he made a name and acquired a fortune. The Green River Works of John Russell soon became known all over the civilized world and its products found a ready sale. John Russell, the third,—and probably the fifth,—of that name in succession, died December 27, 1874. His children were: Ann Katherine, born October, 1831; John Edwards, born January 20, 1834; Charles Witmer, born November, 1836; and Francis Burg, born December, 1838. It may be worth nothing, that, such was the respect shown to motherhood, out of the eleven children of John, and Major John, the names of eight of them perpetuate those of maternal ancestors.

Just why John Russell sent his son John Edwards away from Greenfield for his early training, does not appear; but he was educated under the care of Henry Jones of Bridgeport. John E. left Jones with a thorough knowledge of French and Spanish, which soon came in play. At the age of twenty-two came the most important event in the life of John E. Russell; March 18, 1856, he was married to Caroline, the adopted daughter of Rev. Dr. John, and Zibian Nelson of Leicester.





Soon after this marriage the young couple went to Central America in search of material for a history of that interesting region. But that history was not to be written. The young man came under the observation of men who discovered his worth, and he was soon employed by the Panama Railroad and by the Pacific Mail and Steamship Company as diplomatic agent, with a salary of \$25,000. He spent seven years in this service in Central America, having intimate diplomatic relations with several South American States, and was also more or less in the diplomatic service of England. He came back about the close of the Civil War and spent three years in Washington, coming freely in contact with the leading men of the nation. He was on the staff of the New York Tribune and correspondent of the Springfield Republican; he also wrote papers upon agricultural and scientific topics. Later he was in the office of the John Russell Cutlery Company at New York. In 1867 he settled down on a farm in Leicester where he lived the life of a "gentleman farmer," breeding fine horses and sheep, and cultivating his acres on a scientific basis. Meanwhile he was gathering about him a library of 5,000 rare books and hundreds of paintings and works of art. Mr. Russell was not especially interested in local history, but on seeing some indications of interest in our Association he was invited to join us and at once became a Life Member; he lightly complained at not being called upon sooner, "for," said he, "I am one of your family, and take a great interest in my Deerfield ancestry."

In 1880 Mr. Russell was chosen secretary of the Massachusetts Agricultural Society and occupied the post six years, doing most effective work among the farmers. He visited every town in the state, making public addresses and organizing efforts to improve agricultural methods.

In 1886, Mr. Russell, a Democrat, was elected as a Representative to Congress from the Worcester district. A split in the Republican party favored him, and his own popular stump speeches carried him through. He was a Free Trader first and last, and his eloquent speeches in Congress on the tariff question brought him into a prominent position, unusual for a new member. He served on the Committees for Foreign Affairs and Pensions. Congressional strife, however, was not to his taste, and he declined a renomination. In 1889—



90, with his wife, who was always his good angel, at his side, he visited Egypt and traveled much in the East. He declined the Democratic nomination for governor, in 1890, recommending and supporting "that other Russell," William E., who was elected.

In 1893 Mr. Russell traveled in Spain; on his return he accepted a nomination for governor, as he did also in 1894, but failed of an election. About this time President Cleveland offered him a seat in his Cabinet, the Collectorship of the Port of Boston, to appoint him Minister to Italy, or Minister to Spain. All these tempting offers he declined, saying, "I cannot take office, it would chill my influence with the people." Here was an exemplary politician who would sacrifice himself to what he considered the good of his party, and of course the good of his country.

In 1895, Mr. Russell was one of three Commissioners appointed by the President under an Act of Congress, to join with others, of England's selection, to examine the waterways from the Great Lakes to the Atlantic, with reference to constructing a ship canal. He was secretary of the Commission, and made the Report to Congress, which favored the scheme. Complications on the Canadian border occurred soon after, and no action on its behalf could be secured. In a delightful account of his Canadian experiences, Mr. Russell assured me of his strong faith that the two countries would, sometime, not far distant, unite in carrying out this great enterprise. I believe this was his last great public service; his health failing, he spent two years in quiet travel about Europe, returning in 1901 without improvement; from that time he remained in seclusion at his home in Leicester. Although he had given up all hopes of recovery, he retained to the end his customary cheerfulness. In his last letter, written October 22, to Frank B. Sanborn, he says:—

"You are very kind to think of me and send me your letter. You did not know how much I was in want of comfort, I have been in bed of late with Angina, and sick. There is a Spanish saying, 'Who takes a cat to bed must not complain of claws.' So in the Spanish way I mean to be respectful to Angina; indeed I pay her no attention, I merely keep quiet. To-day I have been up since noon and begin to live again. Your two letters a week are my delight, I wish I lived in Concord, but



we can't have 'our druthers,' and then I fear you would get tired of me for I grow old. Even immortals must be young to be agreeable. This was some time a paradox, but without counting the experience of Aurora (which was not a case of esteem) we have the high authority of Dean Swift. . . . Remember me to Mrs. Sanborn—also to the agreeable Mrs. Dutton, and the stately Mrs. Sherman Hoar. The death of Munroe is a blow to us, the line of our generation wanes to extreme thinness."

This line became further attenuated when John Edwards Russell died four days later.

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### JAMES WELLS CHAMPNEY.

BY EMMA L. COLEMAN.

Our Association has lost by death this year Mr. James Wells Champney, of New York and Deerfield. He joined us in our earliest days, and became a life member in 1879. Several times he was chosen councillor and he was always ready to help us whether in making the Seal of the Society or in any trifling service with his pencil.

The name of Champney is not common, I think, in England, nor in America. Indeed, a letter addressed to "Mr. Champney, New York," would have been delivered to our friend.

It is easy to believe that he inherited his vivacity and charm of manner from those remote French ancestors, who gave him his name, which is derived from "le Champagnois" (an immigrant from the province of Champagne).

When one listened to his delightful reading of the "habitant" dialect, he surely seemed nearer "le Champagnois" than to his earliest American ancestor, the Ruling Elder of the Cambridge Church, "Mr." Richard Champney, one of those "most dear saints" of whom Mr. Shepard wrote in his autobiography as having embarked with him in 1635.

Later generations of Champneys made their home in Roxbury (at the corner of Parker and Tremont streets) where also lived that maternal ancestor, James Howe, the baker who supplied bread all winter without charge to the American soldiers on "the Roxbury line" during the siege of Boston. [From





James Howe's bakehouse down the New Lane, now Warren street, Colonel Learned daily formed his regiment.]

James Wells Champney was born in Boston, the son of James H. and Sarah (Wells) Champney.

His art education began when, as a boy of sixteen, he was taught wood-engraving.

In 1863 the young artist became a soldier, serving as corporal in the Forty-fifth Massachusetts. This Boston regiment, which enlisted for nine months, was held a longer time because of the battle of Gettysburg.

After the war Mr. Champney studied in Europe for several years with Edouard Frère in Paris, in the Academy of Fine Arts at Antwerp and in Rome.

He married at Manhattan, Kansas, Elizabeth, daughter of Judge Samuel Williams. Soon after the marriage Judge Williams left his Kansas home, which he and his wife had sought for conscience sake, to dwell in his father's old house in Deerfield, and here Mr. and Mrs. Champney have ever since made their summer home.

Here Mr. Champney sometimes had sketching classes, and for seven years was Professor of Art in Smith College.

In the early years of his artist life Mr. Champney traveled much through the Southern States, making sketches for Edward King's "The New South," in Brazil,—and during the Carlist war he worked in Spain;—in his later life he usually spent his summers in Europe, traveling and working in the galleries.

He was a member of the American Society of Painters in Water Colors and an associate member of the Academy of Design.

No one enjoyed *living* more than Mr. Champney; his industry was marvelous; he loved his work, he loved his play; there were no dull hours for him.

The custodians of foreign galleries where he worked were surprised by his remarkable rapidity and by the accuracy of his copies or translations, as he preferred to call some of them. Of Mr. Champney as a painter I will let his fellow-artists speak, quoting from the very appreciative and sympathetic notices of Mr. Shirlaw and Mr. La Farge.

Mr. Shirlaw writes that "he found his special felicity in the fascinating pastel," "he was alive to what was best in art,"



"bringing to his and our gain the beautiful copies he made of the work of the great masters,"—"that it would be a good object lesson and deserved tribute if the best of his copies could be held together and placed in a museum." Of some original work Mr. Shirlaw says "the technique was distinctly refined and seemed to qualify him especially to understand the work of the French masters."

May not this, too, have been an inheritance from those dwellers of "la Champagne?"

Of his "translations" Mr. La Farge writes: "They have the merit and the quality of the originals,"—"the appearance of personal work, the last thing we get from the usual copies, belonging to the manner of copy of which the great masters were so fond." "Even Rembrandt himself has been followed by Mr. Champney with a perception of the manner and a rendering of the appearance, that I have been able to gauge myself with the original alongside of it." "There have been none such before and any repetition of the like must be extremely rare." "Mr. Champney was given to continuous study—everything interested him."

In the exhibition lately held in New York, while most of the pictures shown were pastels, there were a few oils and some water colors, which Mr. La Farge describes as "very beautiful" with such a note of sincerity "and quality of truthfulness" "as to give the time of day, the weather, even the very different kind of light in France or England."

It is more difficult, because more intimate, to speak of Mr. Champney as our own friend. We knew him as the genial host and charming guest. As the kind neighbor, not one has been more considerate nor more generous to those less fortunate.

He identified himself with the best interests of our village; with its past history and its future progress. By his effort the site of the fort well was marked. His latest interest here was in a union of the two churches.

We thought of him as husband, father, neighbor, soldier and painter, as the little group of veterans walked with fife and drum on Memorial Day to our old burying-ground, where among the graves of those who were killed in the devastation of the town two hundred years ago this night, and the Soldiers of the Revolution who fought to make a nation, they laid their laurels—



flower and leaf—on the new grave of the only one there buried who served in the war that saved the nation.

This spot chosen years before by himself is marked by a simple slate stone inscribed :

**JAMES WELLS CHAMPNEY**

born July 16th, 1843

died May 1st, 1903

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**JAMES M. CRAFTS.**

BY SETH B. CRAFTS.

James Monroe Crafts was born at Whately, Mass., February 26, 1817. His opportunities for education as with most men of his time were quite limited. On arriving at manhood he learned the potter's trade and with his farming he carried on the pottery business with his father, the firm known as Thomas Crafts & Son. They sold the pottery in 1851, he continued farming to which he added the business of buying, assorting and selling seed-leaf tobacco.

In 1873 he removed to Shelburne Falls and engaged in the manufacture of cigars and run a tobacco store. In 1876 he returned to Whately and took up farming. He held most of the various town offices, selectman, assessor, treasurer; was on the board of school committee many years, was special county commissioner, president of the Franklin County Agricultural Society, was an officer of the Pocumtuck Memorial Association. He helped J. H. Temple compile a history of Whately in 1871, and in 1893 with William F. Crafts compiled a Genealogical and Biographical History of the descendants of Griffin and Alice Crafts, from 1630, the time when they came from England and settled in Roxbury, Mass., to 1893. All the Crafts families in this State trace back to these common ancestors. He has written a History of the Sanderson and the Bardwell Families. He helped in compiling a History of the Graves Family. He was appointed a Justice of the Peace in 1851, holding an appointment at the time of his death. He was a member of the Fraternal Orders of Odd Fellows and Masons.

In 1899 the town of Whately voted to ask Mr. Crafts to prepare a History of the Town, recognizing that records are perish-



able, and are always incomplete; they are at best but the outlines, the filling-up must come from personal reminiscences of character and actions, and those items of civil and social affairs which are transmitted by tradition, but with enough of truth to explain the records, and enough of reality to help the practical historian in giving a life-like picture of the time of which he treats. Mr. Crafts' knowledge of the genealogy of the Whately Families, his memory of the days gone by, being an eye witness of the events transpiring for nearly 80 years, gave to him a peculiar fitness for the work. He was a man well posted on all current topics of the day, pleasing in conversation and manner, large hearted, ever thoughtful for others and very liberal in his religious views.

His death occurred, September 18, 1903.

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### SKETCH OF ZERI SMITH.

BY HENRY C. HASKELL.

Zeri Smith, an original member of this Association, passed away on May 13, 1903, after a short illness.

He was born on June 17, 1814 (Bunker Hill day), upon what is called "Grindstone Hill," about one and one half miles from the farm that he afterward purchased.

He remained with his parents until twenty years of age. He then went to North Hadley, and learned the broom business, working there some three years; a certain number of brooms being a day's work. One year he did not lose a day and made one and one half day's work in one, thus doing one and one half years' work in one.

Again, at the age of 87, he grew five acres of tobacco, and plucked the tops from the whole of it himself, rather than to trust the job to the help.

In 1837 he purchased the farm upon which he afterwards spent his life, commencing farming at that time. He also began the manufacture of brooms, in which he continued for six years when he abandoned it and went into the lumber business, but still cultivated his farm.

He furnished the lumber for the first public aqueduct for supplying the City of Springfield with water.





In 1852 he engaged in the growing of tobacco, being one of the first to grow the weed in the Connecticut valley, a business which he followed during the remainder of his life.

In 1860 he began to buy tobacco for New York parties, in which he continued for a number of years.

He was married three times, outliving his third wife several years.

He had by his first marriage three children: One, a daughter, died in infancy. His two sons survive him.

In his younger days he experienced much sickness in his family, and this with some business reverses would have discouraged many, but with pluck and perseverance he afterward achieved success in his undertakings.

He was a man who must be known to be appreciated.

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## ALFRED BAXTER STEBBINS.

BY MARY ELIZABETH STEBBINS.

Alfred Baxter Stebbins, born in Deerfield, February 4, 1829; died in Deerfield, January 31, 1904.

He was one of ten children of Zebina and Ruby Graves Stebbins, and was born and lived on the farm now known as the "Ely Place," until he was fourteen years old. He was educated in the district school and the Deerfield Academy.

In April, 1844, he removed with his parents to the Meadow Mill district, his father purchasing the property there, and engaged in the gristmill business. The "Stebbins Mill" was a noted one in those days, and here he worked for some years, with his father and brothers. He was an expert in making flour, that being his specialty. Thoroughness and honesty were characteristic of him all his life.

He was a man of decision, with no equivocation, and he could not be swerved from the path of duty and right, as he saw it, after he had made up his mind. He was of a retiring disposition, even to diffidence, but his friendships were loyal and permanent.

Remaining unmarried, he made his home with his parents until their death.

The memory of his mother was ever sacred to him, and his



love and reverence for her were the crowning affections of his life.

From 1882 until 1898 he was engaged in business at Black River Falls, Wisconsin. But a longing for the old scenes and old friends called him back to his native town, and the last years of his life were passed in Greenfield and Deerfield amid the old haunts and memories, and "having won"

The bound of man's appointed years at last,  
Life's blessings all enjoyed, life's labors done,  
Serenely to his final rest he passed.

This is a brief record of one of the early members of this Association who has recently passed away. One by one they leave us as the years glide by, and the world moves on seemingly forgetful; but the memory of a life of integrity is never wholly lost, for the record of individual good citizenship is the standard by which the character of a community is judged.

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### JOHN MONTAGUE SMITH.

BY ABBIE S. MONTAGUE OF SUNDERLAND.

A brief sketch written during his lifetime opens with the statement, which probably no one would question, that no resident of Sunderland of his generation was more widely known within and without the town than was he.

Should we ask why he was so well known, we should not find our answer in the circumstances attending his early years, for his advantages were not very different from those usually enjoyed by the young people of his day in that town, and his education was not more liberal than that afforded by the private academy of the middle of the last century. We should judge rather, that it was because of native ability joined with a willingness to respond wherever and whenever he was needed, and a desire to give to the world the very best which it was in his power to bestow.

He was of unmixed Connecticut valley ancestry; every one of the more than 100 of his American ancestors of whom we have trace, lived at some time in his or her life in a town bordering on the Connecticut River. We have not time to speak of all of whom we might speak, to show that his ancestors were



men and women of much worth, but on this day of all others we must not fail to mention Benjamin Waite.

From him he descended through his daughter, Canada, who was born in captivity.

He was a descendant, in the 9th generation, of Lieut. Samuel Smith who sailed with his wife Elizabeth and four children from Ipswich, England in 1634, who settled in Wethersfield, removed to Hadley in 1659 and became one of the founders of the latter town.

He was, in both Wethersfield and Hadley, one of the most prominent citizens. Among other honors, he was chosen deputy to the General Court, about twenty-five times. The links connecting Lieut. Samuel and John Montague Smith are Philip of Hadley, Jonathan of Hatfield, Elisha of Whately, Benjamin of Whately, Elihu of Hadley and Austin of Sunderland. We can also trace his descent from Lieut. Samuel in three other lines.

He was a son of Austin and Sally (Montague) Smith. His mother was the youngest daughter of Dea. John Montague, one of the prominent men of Sunderland, who was for many years clerk of both town and church, who held all of the important town offices, who was for a long time teacher of the town school, and who established a social library in the eighteenth century.

Dea. Montague's wife died when his daughter Sally was two years old, and the latter was adopted by a childless man, Nathaniel Smith, Esq., who became an associate in various successful business ventures, and was held to be Sunderland's wealthiest citizen. He was a man of great liberality; was one of the founders of Amherst College.

After this daughter was married to Austin Smith of North Hadley, they shared in common the then fine house which is now Sunderland's only hotel. Here John M. Smith was born, July 6, 1825, and here the family lived until the deaths of the foster parents, which occurred only a few days apart, in 1833.

Nathaniel Smith was, eminently, a trader, but he owned farm property. Austin Smith was eminently a farmer, and after the death of Nathaniel the latter moved to a place farther down street, the land of which joined a large tract which Nathaniel owned, and which was thus rendered by far the





largest and most valuable farm in the village, and which was ever after the home of both Austin and John M. Smith.

Mr. Smith was married, January 9, 1850, to Eliza Hubbard, daughter of Horace Lyman, Esq. She died September 30, 1892. Their only children, two daughters, died at early ages. Their adopted daughter, Mrs. Charles K. Smith, shared his home from early childhood.

His lifelong occupation was farming. He was thoroughly conversant with agriculture and was considered an authority on any branch of the subject. Although on a larger scale, like other Sunderland farmers he engaged in the cultivation of a variety of crops, but unlike most of them he carried on largely the business of raising and dealing in beef cattle, notwithstanding the Western competition of later years. While a member of the State Board of Agriculture 1865-68, it is evident, from the reports, that his opinions on the subject of beef raising were considered authoritative, and it is equally evident that his was a high standing in the councils of the Board.

If we study thoroughly his connection with agricultural organizations, we must go backward 66 years. A number of young men banded themselves together in an organization which existed for many years, for the twofold object of co-operative farming and practical benevolence. The youngest subscriber by far, was John M. Smith, then twelve years old. When 25, he was largely instrumental in establishing the Sunderland Farmers' Club. For over 30 years he was a member of the Franklin Harvest Club, and at the time when it was doing its best work as an agricultural society. From 1872-76, he was its secretary. He was president of the Franklin County Agricultural Society 1862-65 and was helpful in institute work and in other ways, and, as we have said, a member of the State Board of Agriculture from 1865 to 1868.

In politics he was a Republican, and very loyal to his party. He was frequently chosen to important town offices, serving as town clerk for 35 years. He was one of the committee appointed by the town for building the present townhall and school building, and he was largely instrumental in rendering the Sunderland bridge free to the public. He served two terms as special county commissioner and two terms as commissioner. When elected to the latter office in 1873 he received in Sunderland 162 of the 169 votes cast, and in 1876,



167 out of 176, the Democratic vote for governor being in those respective years, 30 and 43. In 1875 he was one of a commission to build the suspension bridge at Turners Falls. There was very much opposition to the chosen location but the judgment of the commissioners has since been vindicated.

He was a member of the Congregational Church from boyhood, and he was as ready to give his best service to the church, as to the public, whether as Sunday School superintendent or teacher, as a frequently appointed delegate or committee or as a participant in its prayer services. He was a prominent member of the Congregational club during most of the years since its organization.

He became a member of the P. V. M. A., in 1873 and he always had at heart its interests. For nine years he was councillor, and for three years vice-president, and he did efficient work on committees of arrangement. He presided at the afternoon session of the annual meeting of 1900, which was the last meeting that he was able to attend. He thoroughly enjoyed his connection with this organization, as he was thoroughly in sympathy with its objects. The same motive which impelled his loyalty to this society impelled him to the work of editing the History of Sunderland, which was largely written by his cousin, Henry W. Taft, Esq., but which was laid down on account of physical infirmity. Mr. Smith spent two years in adding to Mr. Taft's work and in bringing the whole into shape for publication. After an illness of two years, he died of pulmonary tuberculosis, July 3, 1902. The offices which he filled so faithfully and so well have long since been taken by others, but as no history of Sunderland will ever be written which will wholly displace his, this book will ever be a monument of his love of the study of local history, and of the faithful work which characterized his life.



## THE ADVENTURES OF BAPTISTE.

BY C. ALICE BAKER.

## PART II.

Our last glimpse of our hero was in May, 1697, when, according to letters carried by his wife to Villebon, Baptiste had set out from the mouth of the river St. John to go privateering "with one of the fishing boats which he formerly took and a crew of twenty five men." \* Baptiste's holiday was short! About a month later a stop was put to his sport. On the 6th of June, 1697, he and 21 of his crew were committed to Boston jail, where as we have seen, Captain Villieu and his men had already been sent.† Side by side on the lists of Caleb Ray, jailer, are the names of Villieu and his men, with Baptiste and his crew up to December 4th, 1697, when "Villieu went to Salem In order to goe to O'Porto."‡

The treaty of Ryswick was signed September 20th, 1697. Rumors of this must have reached the authorities at Boston, and probably influenced them to release Villieu, that he might sail from Salem at the earliest date after the formal proclamation in New England, thereby saving the government further expense for his maintenance.

The Thursday lecture had been in such a state of decline that Mr. Cotton Mather in April had reproved the Boston people for their small attendance, and had given notice that thereafter it would begin at eleven of the clock, an hour earlier than formerly.§ It was probably very well attended on the 9th of December, 1697, and Sewall with his dinner guests doubtless discussed the prospect of peace. That afternoon at 3 o'clock Captain Gillam sailed into Marblehead harbor after "a 'very extraordinary Passage' of 3 months and 1 day from Cowes."||

Captain Balston, a passenger, went up to Boston that night, and early in the morning of the 10th, Captain Clark told Sewall of the arrival of the ship.

It was a day of great excitement in Boston. The Post room

\* Doc. Rel. à l'Hist. de la Nouvelle France, Vol. II, p. 284, Tibierge to Frontenac.

† March 23, 1696-97.

‡ Goodell Acts and Resolves, Vol. VII, p. 585.

§ Sewall's Diary, Vol. I, p. 464.

|| Sewall's Diary, Vol. I, p. 465.



in the old State House was thronged with people, and some were merry and some were sad, as they opened their letters from old England. Among the ship's passengers was John Willard. He had fled to England to escape persecution for aiding Mrs. Cary to escape from Cambridge jail, where she was confined under the charge of witchcraft.

Willard came up from Salem that morning bearing dispatches to the Boston government, including an order for the proclamation of the peace between England and France.\* Between 3 and 4 o'clock that afternoon, two heralds with trumpets proclaimed the glad tidings of Peace from the balcony of the old State House, which was followed by the beating of ten or twelve drums, and received by the people in the street below with loud acclamations.

The beautiful Council Chamber had been lately fitted up with new ceiling, painting and glazing, a new floor, and hearthstone built up to its level.

There the Lieutenant Governor (Stoughton) with his Council, all in their robes of state, and many of the principal gentlemen of Boston, exchanged congratulations upon the important event. Afar in the southwest, the sun was sinking in a golden glory, when "the prison doors were opened, and the French prisoners cheered with wine, but more with Liberty."† The jailer's last charge for keeping Baptiste is as follows:—

"To Keeping of Captain Baptiste from 13th of 8 ber to y<sup>e</sup> 18th December Is 9 wks 3 Days at 5 sh per wk." The auditors of this account "judging 4 sh per wk to be a sufficient allowance for Keeping the within named Captain Baptiste, (who is not kept better than y<sup>e</sup> ordinary prisoner), 'subduct' accordingly in settling with Ray."

Little cared the North American savage for treaties signed across the sea. The subsequent pillage, murder and captures at Haverhill, Spruce Creek and Hatfield, made it apparent that the Eastern Indians must be treated with as an independent nation, bound by their former treaties to recognize the sovereignty of England. Our retention in Boston jail, after the peace of Bomazeen, one of their most cruel sagamores, being their excuse for renewed atrocities, it was decided after much discussion, to set him free. In the jail keeper's account,

\* Council Records, Vol. 2, p. 510.

† Sewall's Letter Book, Vol. I, p. 194.





the last date of his imprisonment is the 18th of November, 1698.

Nothing more is said of Baptiste after the 18th of December, 1697, to which date as we have seen, his board is charged. He probably escaped with some late squad at the general release. Be this as it may, he was in Canada before the date of a letter written the 15th of April, 1699, by the French Minister at Versailles to Villebon, in which he says :

"His Majesty is very glad to hear of Captain Baptiste's return, and will bear him in mind when he has an opportunity to do him a favor." \*

Baptiste was soon at his old tricks again, as we learn from

"The humble Petition of John Harraden Mariner, late commandr and owner of the Sloop Blackthorn which Sheweth That on the tenth day of May Anno Domi 1702, before the war was proclaimed† yo<sup>r</sup> Petitioner being bound with his s<sup>d</sup> Sloop on a fishing voyage to Cape-Sables was met by the Jean Baptiste who took yo<sup>r</sup> Petitioner, and sent him and his Company into Port Royall, and in about two months time yo<sup>r</sup> Petitioner being discharged and his Company brought home with him two Ketches which the ffrench had taken from us, and delivered them to the owners at Salem, and presently waited upon his Excellency, and gave him an acc<sup>o</sup>t of what had happened, who was pleased to grant yo<sup>r</sup> Petitioner his Commission to go in search after recover and retake his s<sup>d</sup> sloop & c<sup>a</sup>" [cargo].

When Harraden met Baptiste, it was Greek meeting Greek, for the former was as famous a privateer as the Frenchman, and as he goes on to say,

"The said Baptiste being notoriously known to have been a most mischievous enemy to this Country last warr, having taken a great number of vessells from the Merchts: of this Province Several Merchts: and Gentlemen of good worth promis'd yo<sup>r</sup> Petitioner, he should be very well rewarded if he could take s<sup>d</sup> Baptiste. But now so it is may it please yo<sup>r</sup> Excellency and Honors, that yo<sup>r</sup> Petitioner did pursuant to his s<sup>d</sup> Commission find out & take s<sup>d</sup> Baptiste and bring him Prisoner to Boston, but in our way home met with a ffrench man of War of seaventy-five men who were fitted out from Port Royal on purpose to take yo<sup>r</sup> Petitioner

\* Doc. Rel. à l'Hist. de la Nouvelle France, Vol. III, p. 316.

† *I. e.*, Queen Anne's War.



(as the Capt. himself boasted when we hailed him). but we killed the Captain and 13 or 14 of his men (as the French themselves reported) and sent her back to Port Royal, Monsieur Baptiste having had the satisfaction to be a spectator of the action whereby (as he humbly conceives,) he did a very considerable service for his Country, the Satisfaction whereof he looks upon to be a sufficient reward for all the Pains and hazard he has sustained in the enterprize. But his particular personal Loss has been very great for besides that the Sloop furniture &c: cost him near four hundred pounds which is all lost. \* . . . he is moreover by the Loss of his Sloop put out of all employment, & all means to support himself and family taken away from him whereby he is reduced to great straits."

Thus the fortunes of war brought Baptiste for the third time to Boston jail, from which he was not soon again to escape.

The jail being overcrowded, some of the principal French prisoners of this period were sent down to the Castle in the harbor. †

December 2, 1703, the Representatives in asking the Governor "for the Redressing of several things," and evidently feeling that Baptiste is not well guarded,

"pray that John Battiste prisoner at y<sup>e</sup> Castle be Removed into, and kept in y<sup>e</sup> Roome there formerly prepared for him."

Doubtless the matter was promptly investigated, as I find that at the next "meeting of the Council, Dec. 13, the Hon. Thomas Povey, Commander of the Castle, made answer 'As to the keeping of Battiste, he is kept in the same place where he always has been.'"

The news of his capture made a great stir in Acadia, as is proved by the following letters. The first is from Tibierge, the Company's agent at Naxouat, to Mr. John Nelson at Boston :

Port Royal, 22nd, Aug. 1702.

Sir.

The advices received here, that Mr. Baptiste has been taken by one of yo<sup>r</sup> vessells armed for war by order of yo<sup>r</sup> Govt, gives me opportunity of writing you these lines to pray you that if y<sup>e</sup> S<sup>d</sup> Mr Baptiste has need of your Succour as far as the sum of fifty of sixty livres, to furnish him with it and take his receipt for it. I will satisfy you with honour for the said Summ, In re-

\* Goodell, Acts and Resolves, Vol. VIII, p. 278.

† Now Fort Independence.



paying it to yo<sup>r</sup> Order where you please. I shall be very much obliged to you for this favour which I expect from you Being most truly

S<sup>r</sup> yo<sup>r</sup> most humble and most obed<sup>t</sup> Serv<sup>t</sup>

TIBIERGE.

De Brouillant writes to Dudley and to the Council at the same date.

Sir.

I had reason to believe that after I had sent you one of my officers to advise you of the honor that the King had done me in giving me the Government of this Province . . . you would have honoured me Sir with answering and advising me what you could doe on those overtures I made you; but very far from that under pretence of some vessels taken by the Indians, you have sent on our coast Privateers to take our French fishermen, although those taken [by the Indians] were returned to you, which in rigour, had been good prizes, not only respecting the declaration of warr but alsoe because you have noe right to come a fishing on our lands; I doe not believe that you would demand that vessell taken by Mr. Baptiste which was found without Passeport or Commission trading in the harbours of our coast for peltry feathers and other effects . . . which is directly contrary to the Treaty . . . soe that I believe myselfe to be well grounded in demanding the restitution of the French vessells taken on our coasts, with the Effects of the men taken . . . and by name Mr. Baptiste whom I demand as a subject of the King, and protest in reprisal of the violence and ill treatment that shall be done him. I expect that you will the more readily reflect on the vertue of my demand, in that I did not deferr one moment in sending you the vessells which I took out of the Indians' hands, at the time you demanded them and was just about . . . to advise you of my design to return them to you . . . that soe I might correspond faithfully with the engagement which the gentlemen of the Boston Council had made with me in engaging me in a neutrality . . . in Letters which they wrote me. . . . where you may remark that they assure me that they are *obliged* that those of your nation shall not begin any irruption. You cannot suspect me of any, since as I have already said, I have sent back to you your vessells with their Effects, and the men belonging to their crews without standing on my good right to retain them by reason of the warr: . . .

I am Sir, your most obedient and faithful Serv<sup>t</sup>

BROUILLANT.

De Brouillant also wrote to Baptiste who had written him after his capture:

I have received your letter, and am very sorry for your accident. I have not been wanting in my care to get your liberty, but the courser went too well. I have sent to Boston to reclame the vessells, you and the crews, by virtue of the word which the Gentlemen of the Council of Boston gave me, that they would not make any irruption on their side; I have done as much on ours, since I have returned them the vessells taken from them, except that which contrary to the treatys of the Crownes of England and ours





traded with our Frenchmen and Indians without any commission or passeport I hope they will give me a reason for that.

Be at quiet expecting your destiny which can't be bad, since you have done nothing but by my orders. Expect that I will interest the King in your retention, and that I will take such just measures to have you again, that the English gentlemen shall find them agreeable.

Your family is in health. Do not disturb yourself about it, yo<sup>r</sup> wife writes you. LeFèvre will deliver you two Louis d'ors, and I have caused Mr. Nelson to be wrote to, to furnish your wants. I hope he will doe it. I am always, with all my heart Sir, Yours.

BROUILLANT.

Port Royal 25th Aug. 1702.

In Dudley's reply to De Brouillant's letter he says :

I have by your Messenger, Mr. LeFebore, received two letters, one for myself and the other for the gentlemen of her Majesty's Council of this Province but you have reserved the date of both of them so as they may be pretended to be written before the commencement of the warr and thus might have been the . . . for the restoring the sloopes and men lately taken from the subjects of the French King, but as the matter now stands I have nothing further to say to it. . . . In the meantime I must desire that the subjects of her Majesty the Queen . . . may have the good fortune to keep themselves out of the Inconveniences of a captivity, though never so easy and short. This is in answer to yours Received the fifteenth of September instant.\*

All this was dated in the summer of 1702, as is proved by a letter from De Brouillant to the French Minister dated October 30, 1702.†

The Acadian Governor is evidently in a great rage. He says that he is "so piqued by the bad treatment of the Acadian French by the English that if his Majesty will give him a large enough force, he will wager his head that he will make a successful enterprise against Boston. He had engaged the Acadians in fishing the length of the coast, and this year, would have had at least 15 or 20 barks employed there, if an English corsair ‡ had not seized those who had begun to do it.§ He had at once armed a barque, under the command of Lieutenant Neuville || to try to overtake this corsair. That officer was killed in the conflict. . . . Having been informed that an armament was fitting out at Boston for an attack on Acadia, he has made his people work holidays and Sundays, to put Port Royal in a state of defence, and sent a man ¶ overland to Boston, under pretext of reclaiming the fishermen that have been taken, but really to find out exactly what

\* All the above letters may be found in Mass. Archives, Vol. II, pp. 603 to 612.

† Doc. Rel. à l'Histoire de la Nouvelle France, Vol. II, p. 395.

‡ Harraden's vessel.

§ I. e., Baptiste, see Harraden's petition above.

|| Brother of Portneuf.

¶ LeFèvre.



preparations are making. He has charged this man to reclaim by name the *Sieur Baptiste*, (who thoroughly knows the Acadian coast, and who was seized on a vessel that he had put out to fish in order to induce others to do the same,) on information he had received that the Boston government intended to hang him because he had formerly been with the English.

A later letter to the French Minister, from the Governor and Intendant at Quebec, between whom and the Acadian Governor there was jealousy,\* notes the return of *LeFèvre*, "who had been sent to Boston to negotiate the return of the vessels and prisoners that the English had taken from Acadia," and says that "the Boston governor had laughed at *Brouillant's* offer to return as many to him when he should catch them."

The letter also notes that "*LeFèvre* had been shut up while he stayed in Boston to prevent his finding out what was going on."

On the night of William's death, Queen Anne had told the Privy Council that she should carry on the war for which he had been preparing which was accordingly declared on the 4th of May, 1702. [O. S.] It was in the autumn of that year that *LeFèvre* was sent to Boston, as we have seen.

Next in the sequence of events is the tragedy we commemorate to-day: a tragedy perpetrated in retaliation for the seizure of *Baptiste*.† *Mr. Williams* reached Montreal towards the last of April, 1704.

"At my first coming to Montreal," says the Redeemed Captive, "the Governor told me I should be sent home as soon as *Captain Battis* was returned, and not before; and that I was taken in order to his redemption."

"The miserable devastations made on *Deerfield*," and other atrocities of which he had been a witness, caused the impetuous *Capt. Church* to say that if *he* were commander-in-chief of these provinces he "would soon put an end to these barbarities, . . . making it his whole business to fight and destroy the savages, as they did our poor neighbors. . . . His blood boiled within him, making such impulses on his mind, that he forgot all former treatments, which were enough to hinder any man, especially the said *Major Church*, from doing any further service. Notwithstanding which, having a mind to take some satisfac-

\* *Doc. Rel. à l'Hist. de la Nouvelle France*, Vol. II, p. 402.

† Other reasons for the attack may be found, *ante*, pp. 12, 13 — and *post* pp. 477, 478. [EDITOR.]



tion on the enemy, his heart being full, he took his horse and rode from his own habitation,\* seventy miles, to wait upon his Excellency, and offered his services to the Queen, the Governor and the country, which the Governor readily accepted, and desired Major Church to draw up a plan of action." Church's commission made him "Colonel of all the forces raised, . . . and Captain of the First Company of the said forces."

Among the forces, was a company under our old acquaintance, Capt. John Harraden.

The expedition sailed about the middle of May and "got safe into Montinicus, undiscovered by the Enemy."†

It is not my purpose to give the details of the Fifth and Last Expedition of Capt. Church,—except as they throw light upon persons and places we meet in connection with this story of Baptiste.

The next morning after their arrival at Matinicus, Church sent two whaleboats to Green Island, one to one part, and the other to the other, so that they might miss nothing. Here they met with one whom Church calls *LaFaure* and Penhallow, *LaFebure*, whom I believe to be none other than our old friend *LeFèvre*.

He with his two sons, Thomas and Timothy, and a Canada Indian, were gathering ducks and eggs. They at once threw down their eggs, and running for their boats, put out to sea. Soon overtaken, they were quickly captured, kept apart, and carried to Church, who finding papa *LeFèvre* "very surly and cross, so that he could gain no intelligence from him," set up two stakes at some distance apart, surrounded by large heaps of wood, and ordering his Indians to put on their war paint, he had Thomas and Timothy bound to the stakes, and proceeded to examine them separately.

Taking Timothy first, Church promised to spare his life and take him into his service, if he would tell the truth, to which Timothy agreed. After some questions, Church asked Timothy whether his brother did not know more than he did, when he divulged the fact, that Thomas had a commission from the Governor of Canada, to command the Indians gathered at a place where some French officers, lately arrived from Canada, were to take command of those that were going to fight the

\* Tiverton, R. I.

† Montinicus Island about 20 miles south of Fox Island, Penobscot Bay.





English, and that a quantity of ammunition and stores had been sent to his father, and brother Tom, for that army; and that the Canada gentlemen were Monsieur Gourdeau and Mr. Sharkee, who were at Passamaquoddy, building a fort. Tom being questioned, and told that the savages should roast him if he did not tell all he knew, solemnly promised that he would, and would pilot Church to everything he knew. This melodrama being played out, Church ordered the whaleboats to be got ready, and went directly and seized the stores. At dusk, piloted by Tom and Timothy, Church's men paddled to the main land at the mouth of the Penobscot, and visited every habitation thereabouts both of French and Indians.

In this they were assisted "by one De Young whom they carried out of Boston jail for the same purpose, and he was serviceable to them." Penhallow writes this name D'Young. It has been printed D. Young—I have no hesitation in saying that the name is Dion, formerly *Guion*.

Two Acadian brothers, Joseph and François Guyon, well-known pilots and filibusters of that period had been captured with their crew and committed to Boston jail at about the same time as the seizure of Baptiste by Harraden.\* Their surname being the same as that of Baptiste, their exploits similar and contemporaneous, it is sometimes difficult to distinguish between them.

At Penobscot, Church killed or took every one, both French and Indians. Among the captives was Castine's daughter. The prisoners all corroborated the statement of Tom and Timothy, that there were no more Indians thereabouts, but "enough of them" at Passamaquoddy. Paddling at night and resting by day, Church scoured the coast with his whaleboats.

On June 7, 1704, they entered the west harbor at Passamaquoddy.

On an island there they seized a French woman and her children (who evidently knew more than she would tell); and what other prisoners they could, including "old Lotrell and his family."

Leaving Col. Gorham to guard these prisoners, Church moved up the river in the darkness of the night, with difficulty by reason of the fierceness of the current. The two pilots,

\* See Mass. Archives for statement, petitions and list of the crew of the brothers Guion.





Guion and Fellows, to discourage him, told him that a part of Lottrell's family had been drowned there.

Nothing daunted, Church went on, and at daybreak Le Fèvre's son directed them to Gourdeau's hut, who came out and was granted quarter for himself and family.\* From Gourdeau, Church learned that "Monsieur Sharkey" (*sic*)† lived several leagues up the river, but was coming down that day to advise with him, about the Indian army that was to go westward. Church, knowing that delays are dangerous, left Gourdeau under guard, and pushed on in search of Sharkee, whom they took with his family. Then with a store of fish and beaver, and the other prisoners, they sailed away in the transports for Minas. On June 20, Church demanded the surrender of Minas,

"because of many cruelties . . . . you and the Indians have been guilty of towards us . . . . particularly the horrid action at Deerfield this last winter, in killing . . . . and scalping, without giving any notice at all, or opportunity to ask quarter . . . . and carrying the remainder into captivity in the height of winter of which they killed many in the journey; and exposed the rest to the hardships of cold and famine worse than death itself."

The pilot, Fellows, after lying about the depth of the creek, gave Church the slip, and while waiting for the tide to serve, he was attacked,—but finally fired the town, and digging down the dams, "let the tide in" and flooded the fields. Cruising among the islands on his way back to Mount Desert, Church found the wife of one Dubois, whom he had formerly carried captive to Boston. She was glad to see him, and with her two sons, told him that there were no Indians left there.

In his speech to the General Court, August 16, 1704, Dudley thus summarizes Church's last expedition: ‡

"Gentlemen,

Since your Last recess the forces eastward under Colonel

\* Jacques Gourdeau Seigneur de Beaulieu. He and his family, with much peltry, seized by Church.

† René Louis Chartier Sieur de Lotbiniere. He and his shallop were carried to Boston by Church. Also his family, and a store of fish and beaver. He had been commissioned to form an expedition against the English.

‡ Mass. Archives, Vol. 108, p. 21.



Church, with the Assistance of her Majestyes ships have past thro' all the Eastern parts of Lacadie & Nova Scotia & have burnt and Destroyed all the french settlements except The Town of port Royall & Killed their Cattle & broken their dames & have brought home about 100 prisoners & a good plunder so that I am not sensible there are five houses left in any part of the french settlements out of sight of the fort, nor any maner of support for the Inhabitants which was what we projected in the spring, and the forces are returned & Disbanded without the Loss of any more than six men for which we have all reason to render thanks to Almighty god."

Even before Church's return, our Government had begun negotiations for the return of our captives.

April 10th and again August 21st, Dudley sent letters by way of Albany to the Canadian Governor, remonstrating against his unlawful and unchristian method of carrying on war; demanding the withdrawal of these Christian captives from the hands of the savages; offering an equal exchange of prisoners; and threatening reprisals if he does not receive a guarantee of better treatment for his people.

Impatient at receiving no answer to these letters, Dudley on the 26th of September (1704) proposes to his Council to send "Arthur Jeffrey, attended with two French prisoners of War by way of St. John's river to Quebec . . . to concert a method of exchange." \*

In many papers read before this society, I have quoted at length the correspondence of the two governments in relation to the exchange of prisoners of war. I shall, therefore, on this occasion, omit the repetition of this correspondence, quoting only that which relates to Baptiste.

Dudley's plan of sending Arthur Jeffrey to Canada was frustrated by the appearance in Boston of John Sheldon and John Wells of Deerfield. "Very urgent to have License to travail thither." †

Fortunately for them, within the week, Captain John Livingston arrived in Boston, and arrangements were made with him to conduct Mr. Sheldon and Wells.

Duplicates of Dudley's letters of April and August being pre-

\* Council Records, 1703-1708, p. 79.

† Council Records, 1703-1708, p. 125.



pared, and a third written December 20th, 1704, Sheldon and Wells took the Bay Path for Deerfield, and the last of the month, strode bravely down the Albany road, to push on over Hoosac mountain to Albany.

Pause a moment to think of it,—you who amid all the comforts of modern civilization have found it just now difficult to endure the rigor of a Deerfield winter. We have a glimpse of them at Albany before they plunged into the pathless forest, in a scrap of paper containing an account on which is indorsed in Sheldon's handwriting, "what i paid to captain levenston at hotsoen river."

The governor of Canada received the envoys with the courtesy of a Frenchman but, "knowing Mr. Dudley's resolution not to set up an Algiers trade, by the purchase of prisoners of the Indians, he dares not take the responsibility. As to exchanging those in the hands of the French, he hardly sees on what basis that can be arranged . . . Moreover, there is Baptiste."

In closing a letter written April 2d, 1705, to his son John in Deerfield, Mr. Sheldon says, "i may let you noe i haint seno none of my children but here they are gone a huntin."

This letter was sent with others, April 7th, by Samuel Hills, a Wells captive, who gladly gave his parole for this chance to visit his friends in New England. He was escorted by two Frenchmen named Dubois. De Vaudreuil's letter is an irritating pretense in excuse for his delay in sending back our captives. Early in May, however, escorted by the Sieur de Courtemanche, a distinguished officer, with eight French soldiers, Sheldon and his companion with five redeemed captives, one of his own children, his son John's wife, Esther Williams and two others unknown, set out on their journey home.

By his artful selection of a few captives for release, De Vaudreuil had quieted Mr. Williams, and rid himself of John Sheldon for a time. His instructions to Courtemanche were primarily to "demand absolutely the return of Baptiste *without which there could be no exchange*," . . . and finally, "to protest against the retention of one Allain, who went with a passport from Sieur de Brouillant to effect an exchange, and is illegally held."

In his letter to Dudley, sent by Courtemanche, De Vaudreuil says,





"The *Sieur Brouillant* in giving me an account of his dealings with you, tells me that for 17 English that he has sent back to you, you have returned him only 10 French; and besides you will not give up the man named *Baptiste*, whom you took even before war was declared, because under *De Brouillant's* order he had seized one of your boats which was without permission, within our limits. As he did only his duty I am sorry to tell you that it is useless to talk about exchange if *Baptiste* is not in it."

On the 14th of June, 1705, "His Excellency acquainted the Council with the advances he had made in his proposals to *Mr. Courtemanche* relating to the exchange, . . . and that the whole affair stuck at *Baptiste*, which *Mr. Courtemanche* insisted on as a particular article in his instructions and declined to do anything unless *Baptiste* was included."

The governor asks advice of his council and desires that "certain of them with the Representatives take the matter into consideration, without speaking of the same without doors."

The next day the Representatives sent a message to *Dudley* "That he should use his utmost endeavors to obtain the exchange without releasing of *Baptiste*. But if finally it cannot be obtained without, that *Baptiste* be exchanged Rather than our Captives be retained in the hands of the Enemy." \*

Notwithstanding the injunction of secrecy, it was noised abroad that the Governor intended to give up *Baptiste*. Whereupon a strong remonstrance against his release was sent in by the leading "Merchants, Traders and Sailors in y<sup>e</sup> Town of Boston and other's in y<sup>e</sup> Province of the Massachusetts Bay." †

The petitioners say,  
 "Whereas by the Providence of God, Wee of these parts have beene hitherto Signally Preserv'd from any Attacks or Insults on our Sea-Coasts by the French, Which we chiefly Attribute unto the Good Success Wee have had in taking and Since by the due retention of One *Baptiste* A pretended ffrenchman Whose former Piracies Murder's and Villanies, have been Notorious, which together with his Circumstances, readiness and Capaccity of further mischief to her majesties good Subjects In these Parts, the sence of which Constrains from us this our humble Application To prevent as farr as in us lies the Dangerous Conse-

\* Council Records, Vol. 91, p. 145.

† Mass. Archives, Vol. 71, p. 152.



quence which will unavoidably attend his Release, Whereof wee are (to our Great Surprise & Greif) inform'd That your honours have in a manner Concluded: Which doubtless must arise for want of Due knowledg of these following Circumstances relating to y<sup>e</sup> Prisoner Which Wee here humbly Offer. 1st that said Baptist is not by birth a Subject to y<sup>e</sup> French King, therefore cannott, as such be reclaimed by any of his Governours.

2dly That in y<sup>e</sup> Late Warr he submitted himself under the Obedience of the Crown of England, and as a Protestant was here receiv'd by the French Chh; and as such was Imploy'd in Divers Sea Services Whereby he's becom knowing in all our Coasts, harbours, and Circumstances.

3dly That after having remain'd with us a Considerable Time upon some disgust or rather his own Wicked Inclination Did Confederate himself With some of the ffrench Prisoners With whome he Took and Surpris'd Diver's Vessells without any commission and having hereby Effectually recommended himself unto the French (to whom other waies by his former Thefts and Piracies he Stood a criminal) he was by the Governor of St. Johns recommended unto the cheif Ministers of State in France who finding him Proper to Annoy us, was Immediately preferr'd to a small ship of Warr in which (thro the Goodness of God) he miscarried, was by us taken before he cou'd do anything Notable upon us on which the Peace then Immediately Ensuing Wee neglectfully omitted the due Inquiry & Punishment of his crimes, and at the Generall release of the ffrench prisoners, he made his escape amongst them.

4th That his Braggs and Threats even before and since the breaking out of this P'sent Warr, have been verry frequent and Notorious.

5tly That, Whether in Sincerity or otherwaies itt matters not, but so itt is, that sometime since in the last winter, he did before severall Witnesses, as also by writeing under his own hand Signify to the Governr his Solem'n repentance and Greif for what he had formerly Don against our Nation & that could he be but reconciled he was willing and readdy to enter into the English Service, and as a mark of his faithfulness Did then give Memoirs on Divers heads, relating to y<sup>e</sup> Warr, offering to Prosecute them to Effect in his own Person.

6tly That besides what the Nature of the thing in respect of



our own Preservation does require: The French have given very Notable & recent examples of the Method for Detaining such Prisoners of War who shall have the misfortune to fall under their suspicions . . . and by only changing this Style of a Prisoner of War into that of a Prisoner of State, and then without rendering or assigning any other reason, keep them During their Pleasure which Seldom Terminates until the end of the War as was Lately acted with Mr. Nelson.\*

7thly The foregoing Circumstances being Duly Considered Wee humbly Conceive that it is Inconsistent with the Honour of Her Majtes and of this Government, as well as the safety thereof, to give up into the Enemies hands a Pson so circumstanced, especially Since with his own Consent, Wee might Improve him in our Service and happily if Prudent Measures were taken he himself would Chuse to remaine, Which Wee presume Cannott be Deny'd him

8ly Were there nothing else but the manner and the Urgency of the French Demanding off him is a very Sufficient reason why wee shou'd Preserve him to ourselves

9ly All the objections that Wee can Conceive reasonably to be made, are either the release of or Prisoners with them or the charge of theirs with us, To which we humbly answer: . . . that y<sup>e</sup> Same Instant demand was prest upon us the Last year, by Monsieur de Brouillant Governr of Port Royall, but when he saw that his Arguments could work no Effect, he then desisted and So Submitted to a totall exchange without any further mention off him. And if our Impatience do not prevent the same with better reason may be expected from Canada, For that wee have in our Possession more men; and those of Better Consideration, than they have of ours (except Mr. Williams for whom may be some especiall provision made towards his Subsistence). And as to the charge of maintaining the French pr'oners here Doubtless Methods might be found out by Im-

\* John Nelson, a gentleman of high social position in Boston, and a political leader. Being sent by Phips to induct the English governor into office at Port Royal, he was seized, while returning, by a French vessel and carried to Villebon and later to Quebec. During his captivity there he sent important information to the Boston Government for which those whom he employed were executed in his presence, and he was sent to the Bastille in Paris and imprisoned over four years as a "Prisoner of State." Nelson was one of the signers of this Petition of the Merchants, and possibly framed this clause of the Petition.





ploying & Setting of them To work, as they do to ours, So that the most of this Charge will thereby be taken off."

After much fruitless discussion, Dudley in his turn drew up proposals for the exchange, making generous concessions. His letter to De Vaudreuil is most conciliatory. Replying, point by point, he says,

"As to Baptiste, I believe that the *Sieur de Courtemanche* has learned so many things about him and his infamous deeds, that all things considered, you will agree that he is a rascal who does not deserve that you should want him back, and perhaps you will think that he is not worth my Keeping. This is why I have resolved to send him back. . . . So if my terms are accepted and the exchange takes place, I will have him taken with the others, and that will be the end of that matter."

These were harassing days for Dudley.

Meanwhile *Courtemanche* was making himself agreeable in Boston where he was dined and wined. We may imagine him going out to Cambridge to commencement, seven miles by way of Brighton, with the Governor in his state carriage, escorted by six halberdiers with swords.

*Courtemanche* falling ill, or perhaps indisposed to return on foot to Canada, Capt. Vetch, with an eye to trade, offers to convey him in his vessel to Quebec. *Courtemanche* orders Samuel Hill to accompany him by sea. The two Dubois are sent home by land. Young William Dudley sails too, as the guest of *Courtemanche*, the Governor not doubting that his terms will be accepted.

But "the best laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley."

The negotiation of the exchange was unsuccessful. Young Dudley returned crestfallen to his father on the 21st day of November, with Stephen Williams, Jonathan Hloit and a few other Deerfield captives.

He brought new proposals from the French government. These were rejected by our Legislature as "not consistent with Her Majesty's honor," and again it was left to Dudley to answer De Vaudreuil.

To set an example of generosity, and to avoid their subsistence during the winter, Dudley sent home early in December, 57 Port Royal captives, retaining Baptiste and others of importance. Then, on the 25th of January 1706, he sent





John Sheldon as envoy on another dreary winter journey to Canada.

Though the despatches carried by Sheldon were not satisfactory to Vaudreuil, he felt himself in honor bound to release some English captives in return for those sent by Dudley.

At last, reluctantly, he sent forty-three\* with Mr. Sheldon in the *Barque Marie* to Port Royal, with orders to the Governor to retain them there till all the French prisoners without distinction should be returned there; Mr. Williams being left behind in Canada, until the fact of Baptiste's release should be assured. The Intendant threatened "if Captain Maure should bring back word that Battis was in prison he would put him in prison and lay him in irons."

Leaving the prisoners at Port Royal, Maure was to proceed at once to Boston with Mr. Sheldon and his attendants, the two Frenchmen†, also returning to Boston with De Vaudreuil's ultimatum. The date of the sailing of the *Marie* is not given. It was probably soon after De Vaudreuil's letter to Dudley was written, "At Quebec, June 2, 1706."‡ In this letter he says he has not said anything about exchange, because Vetch and young Dudley simply made proposals of peace.

"However, Sir, considering what you have done in sending fifty-seven prisoners to Port Royal . . . of which I have no information except through you, . . . although no formal exchange has been signed on either side, I send by the *Marie*, commanded by Thomas Maure, forty-three of your prisoners to Port Royal, with orders to the *Sieur de Brouillant*, to send them to you. . . . I also send orders to *Sieur de Brouillant*, to send you the *Marie* with Mr. Sheldon, and to keep your prisoners that I sent to him, and to send them back to you only when you shall have sent back all the French prisoners without distinction. Messieurs Marchand and Kartier, whom you sent me, have offered themselves for this journey.

I will inform you in regard to the treaty of exchange that I will change nothing in it, and if you choose to accept it as it is, you will keep the copy of it which I have signed, and will send me back the other, signed by yourself. The two copies have been given to M. Marchand, who will have the

\* Mr. Sheldon says 44, Penhallow 45.

† Chartier and Marchand.

‡ Doc. Rel. à l'Histoire de la Nouvelle France, Vol. II, p. 452.



honor of presenting them to you. In it I demand of *you all* our captives, and I *absolutely will not send back yours, until mine shall have arrived at Port Royal.*

I have been very much surprised, sir, not to learn of the sending back of Mr. Baptiste to Acadia, relying on what you had written me, that you would send him back to Port Royal. I learn on the contrary, that he is still in prison,—and also that you treat with the same severity, the man named Fenoe [Le Fèvre], and it is said still worse, since his children have not yet been allowed to see him. If you continue, Sir, to keep Messieurs Baptiste and Le Fevre in prison, and do not treat my prisoners without distinction, I shall be obliged to change my conduct in regard to yours, and I warn you that they shall answer to me, for your treatment of mine. . . . I confess that the manner in which you treat Messieurs Baptiste and le Fevre, seems to me the more severe, compared with the kindness shown to your prisoners in this country,—the pains I have taken to get them out of the hands of the savages and the humanity shown by my people in buying them out of slavery.

I send you back two named James Adams and Timbulectoo Fletcher.\*

As to the Frenchmen who you say have escaped from Boston we will not talk about them, since four Englishmen † have escaped from us, for whom I demand no reparation."

De Vaudreuil then goes on to demand the return by the Marie of all the French prisoners and by name,

["le Sieur Gordeau, and his family, Dion and Pierreottiere Le Fevere and his children and De Chauffour."]‡

The Marie was detained a long time at Port Royal. Whether De Brouillant, notwithstanding the strict instructions he had received to the contrary, took the responsibility of forwarding the captives with Mr. Sheldon, we know not; but they arrived with him in the Marie at Boston on the 1st day of August, 1706.§

\* James Adams and Pendleton Fletcher of Wells, Me.

† Nims, Petty, Kellogg and Baker.

‡ Louis d'Amours des Chauffours, Sieur de Jemsee, brother of De Vaudreuil's wife.

§ Mr. Sheldon in his Hist. of Deerfield says Aug. 2d, following the date given in John Sheldon's petition. Sewall in his letter to Rev. John Williams, Aug. 22, says they arrived on the 2d. [Arrived Aug. 1st, landed Aug. 2d.—EDITOR.]



On the 2d Dudley informed his council of the letters "received yesterday by a Flag of Truce with 40 odd English prisoners."

A week after the arrival of the *Marie*, the Council advised Dudley to reject the proposals brought by her, "and yet send away the French prisoners without exception to Port Royal and Quebeck, and demand ours in return."

A guard was put on board the *Marie*, the prisoners, some of whom were scattered in other towns, were collected in Cambridge, also under guard, Captain Bonner and his vessel were taken up. Mr. Samuel Appleton of the Council was appointed as bearer of dispatches. Mr. Appleton also carried a letter to the Rev. John Williams from his friend Samuel Sewall, which I cannot forbear quoting:

Boston, Aug. 22, 1706.

Sir:

The receiving Mr. Sheldon and your Letters, and not you; the Receiving many of the captives and not you,—caused in me a mixture of joy and sorrow. . . . It puts me in mind of the Poet's description of our mortal State *Nulla est sincera voluptas*. . . . Well! God's times are best, and I endeavor to wait and hope that your merciful Return will be a plain Instance of it. As you prayed earnestly for those that returned bad, so you will be glad to hear that they Landed well here the 2d inst. I took the Widow Hall into my House.

It was a great pleasure to see Mr. Willard baptize Ebenezer Hinsdal and Seaborn Burt, two little sons born in the passage. The captives most of them began their journey homeward the 12th inst. I spake with one to-day who met them well at Plainfield . . . I have sent you a new Psalm Book with a plain cover, of which I ask your acceptance. The Perils to be gone through by Sea and Land hind'red my Sending one more costly. Inwardly 'tis as Golden as any.

Towards the last of the month, the Brigantine *Hope*, convoyed the *Marie*, with Baptiste and all but one of the French prisoners, out of Boston harbor. Who this one was, appears in the following letter from the Governor and Intendant of Canada to the French minister:

Quebec, Nov. 3, 1706.

The Sieur Dudley having sent a part of the prisoners to Port Royal they \* had sent a boat to Boston with a part of the English captives. This boat [*i. e.*, The *Marie*] arrived a few days ago in this port with an English brigantine [*i. e.*, The *Hope*] that comes for the rest of the captives, the Sieur Dudley having sent to Port Royal all the French he had, *except Mr. Guion*, who has taken service with the English and will not return to this country,

\* *I. e.*, De Vaudreuil & Raudot.





fearing the penalty that his treason merits, since it was he who piloted the English to Port Royal two years ago, and as every one knows, caused the destruction by them of Minas, Beaubassin and many private dwellings. Messieurs De Vaudreuil and Raudot have sent home by this brigantine, all the English here who wished to return.” \*

Replying to the above letter, the minister says that “His Majesty desires De Vaudreuil to do all in his power to get back this man in order to punish him for leading the English to Port Royal.” †

In December, 1706, Daniel Auger de Subercase succeeded De Brouillant, as Governor of Acadia. Not long after, he despatched a sloop with Captain Du Forillon to Boston under flag of truce, with 34 or 35 English prisoners. Detained at Ogunquit, Maine, to give an account of himself, Du Forillon ‡ arrived in Boston on the 18th.

He was delayed there while the French captives were being collected, that had been taken by our cruisers since the sailing of the *Marie*, and accounts adjusted.

The French Minister writing to Mr. Subercase that he approves of his sending Du Forillon with the English prisoners taken at Newfoundland, adds §

“I am very glad that the Boston Governor has sent back the man named Baptiste, who has been a captive there for four years.

You might employ him in teaching navigation to the youth of the country since they prefer this trade to the cultivation of the soil.”

One smiles at Baptiste as an instructor of youth,—but as we shall see he soon found work better suited to his talents.

Even while Du Forillon was in Boston, Dudley wrote to Gov. John Winthrop of Connecticut, urging his coöperation in fitting out an expedition against Port Royal. Although Connecticut declined, the expedition sailed. The list of officers is most interesting, containing Massachusetts names, then as now distinguished. ||

\* Doc. Rel. à l'Histoire de la Nouvelle France, Vol. II, p. 462.

† *Ibid*, p. 471.

‡ Louis Aubert de la Chenuye du Forillon.

§ Doc. Rel. à l'Hist. de la Nouvelle France, Vol. II, p. 475.

|| Among the captains are an Appleton, a Wainwright, Otis and Putnam; a Jackson and an Ellis as surgeons; a Moody and Barnard as chaplains.



Among the “pylots good for Nova Scotia is one Christopher Browne, a prattling old fellow, chiefly knowing on y<sup>e</sup> land, amongst y<sup>e</sup> habitations at Port Royal.”

The fleet sailed from Nantasket on May 13, 1707, anchoring in Port Royal Basin on the 26th. The story is one of bad management and want of harmony among the officers, and distrust and insubordination among the soldiers, which could not fail of an ignoble ending.

The fleet broke up, and one by one the ships made their way home. The Province Galley, awaiting further orders at Casco Bay, sent three messengers to Dudley. They were met on landing at Scarlett's wharf by a crowd of women who cried, “Welcome soldiers Shame on you! Pull off those iron spitts that hang at your sides. Wooden ones is y<sup>e</sup> fashion now.” A mob with wooden daggers followed them to the town-house. By afternoon, hundreds of boys, with wooden swords, a red rag for a flag, and a little drum, marched out to the Neck and waited for them to come in from the Governor's in Roxbury, escorting them back to the town house, shouting “Port Royal! Port Royal!”\*

English and French accounts agree that the English might have had an easy victory.

Subercase says that his men fled at the first encounter with the enemy. He then sent the Sieur Baptiste with about fifty men, who unfortunately fell into an ambuscade near a little stream,—but held their ground bravely, firing repeatedly and killing several English. Then seeing that about three hundred of the English were attempting to cut him off, Baptiste beat a retreat, and Subercase sent a shallop to take him off. Later on, Subercase with two hundred and fifty men, accompanied by De La Tour, De La Ronde, Faillant and Baptiste undertook to prevent the English from crossing the Gaspereau, but his horse being killed under him, and being unable to rally his panic-struck men,—the English crossed the river.†

A French deserter said in Boston that “the English might have taken the fort if they had stayed there, for there were but two mortars, and one of those broken: and that Subercase and Battis said they had but so many days' provision and must have surrendered. There was a break in the Fort

\* Goodell, Mass. Acts & Resolves, Vol. VIII, p. 727.

† Doc. Rel. à l'Histoire de la Nouvelle France, Vol. II, p. 478.



walls which was mended while the English were considering whether they should go home or not."

Sunday October 1, 1710, was a memorable day. Then Port Royal was delivered into English hands.

One almost pities the Grande Monarque, old and feeble, writing to his plenipotentiaries who were arranging the terms at Utrecht,

"the King will give up both Acadia and Cape Breton if necessary . . . but by this double cession, Canada will become useless, as access to it will be closed; the fisheries will come to an end, and the French marine be utterly destroyed."

Then he goes on to offer this and that concession, if the English will only give Acadia back to him. But the best terms his ministers could make for him were that he might keep Cape Breton.

Its best harbor, then known as Port a l'Anglois, was later chosen as the site of a mighty fortress, named in honor of the French King, and ever memorable in New England annals as Louisburg. In 1714, by his order, the French of Newfoundland were sent back to what he calls "my Isle Royale, vulgarly called Cape Breton."

Notwithstanding many efforts made by him to induce the Acadian French also to remove to his Isle Royale, most of them preferred to remain in Acadia, and, says Mr. Parkman, "while declaring with sincerity their devotion to their 'invincible monarch,' as they called the King who had just been compelled to surrender their country, they clung tenaciously to the abodes of their fathers."

With a few exceptions they were free to go or stay,—enjoying under the Treaty of Utrecht "the free exercise of their religion, according to the usage of the Church of Rome;" and they stayed until the political intrigues of their priests, who labored to keep them in the interest of France, finally led to their expulsion.

I cannot doubt that Baptiste remained in Acadia, and with his usual adaptability to circumstances, served the English or the French, according to his own interest. Remembering that at the time of his release, the French Minister had written to M. Subercase that the Acadian young men appeared to prefer a sailor's life to that of a farmer, we cannot for a moment suppose that Baptiste spent the rest of his life in haying, picking apples and digging dykes.



Piracy, as it is baldly called in our archives, had become alarmingly common in New England waters and the pirates of this early day were by no means from over seas, but from Boston and other New England seaports.

Indeed as early as 1632, one Dixey Bull, "a man of note upon the coast, had turned pirate, and inducing sixteen others to join him, took several vessels off Pemaquid."

In 1686 piracy flamed up again, and two crews of desperate young men under Thomas Hawkins and William Coward (a strange misnomer) were seized and tried before Judge Sewall in Boston.

The next year Sewall's brother's sloop was taken by the French, and Sewall wrote "to Mr. Nelson to see if Brother might have his ketch again." In 1691 William Kidd was commissioned by Governor Bradstreet "to suppress an Enemy privateer now on this coast." The later career of Captain Kidd as he sailed, will never be forgotten in New England.

May 1, 1724, Sewall writes in his diary:\*

"After Lecture I heard the good news of Andrew Harraden and others, rising up and subjugating Phillips the Pirate."

Briefly, the story as told in the Boston News Letter of that week, is that on the 11th of April, 1724, Andrew Harraden in a sloop off Cape Ann, was boarded by John Phillips, a notorious pirate. Four days later, Harraden and John Fillmore † with six others before seized by Phillips, overpowered the pirate crew and took them to Boston jail. They were tried and "Ten of the crew being forced men were acquitted by the Honorable Court." Two were hung, and two reprieved for a year. A John Baptiste was one of the "forced men" acquitted.

Whether this was our Baptiste, I can not say. He was doubtless roving the sea at that period, and it is a striking fact that a John Baptiste should again have been captured by a Harraden. You may find it hard to believe that our Baptiste, if again in Boston jail could have got out on the plea of being "forced" into the pirates' service. To this it might be said, that our government had had enough trouble on his account and might not have cared to re-open the subject with the French.

In our archives ‡ there is "A Petition of Samuel Doty, Mari-

\* Sewall's Diary, Vol. III, p. 335.

† Great-grandfather of Millard Fillmore of our day.

‡ Council Records, XIII, p. 241, & House Journal, p. 30.





ner, Master of the Sloop Tryal and his Company, Shewing that in August last They were taken in the harbor of Marlagash to the Eastward of Cape Sables by one *John Baptist* and others a Piratical Crew, that Some Time after the Petitioners were taken, they rose upon the Pirates, And by the good Providence of God they Overcame them, and brought Eight French and Indians to Boston, And delivered them up to Justice, where five of them were tried and Convicted of Piracy, and have Suffered the Pains of Death . . . .”

Circumstances indicate that this was our Jean Baptiste. If so, he again escaped the halter, and I believe he helped to pilot the English fleet to the siege of Louisburg. The very name of Louisburg brings up such a picture of New England character, such a superb example of New England pluck that I must beg pardon for yielding just here to my pedagogical instinct to urge the Deerfield Academy girls and boys to study the siege of Louisburg. As Mr. Parkman tells the story, it is more thrilling than any romance. He says,

“Perhaps there was not one officer among them, whose experience of war extended beyond a drill on muster day, and the sham fight that closed the performance.”

A gentlemen then living in Boston wrote that “the Louisburg expedition had a lawyer for contriver, a merchant for general, and farmers, fishermen and mechanics for soldiers.”

Stephen Williams, a Deerfield born boy, was in it as chaplain to one of the regiments, and “though sorely smitten with homesickness, he sturdily kept his post.” He wrote in his diary that an English officer told him “that he had tho’t y<sup>e</sup> New England men were Cowards, but now he tho’t that if they had a pick axe and spade, they w’d dig y<sup>e</sup> way to Hell, and storm it.”

Seth Pomeroy, gunsmith of Northampton, then seventy years old was there, desperately seasick day and night on the passage, but doing grand work after landing.

Lieut-Colonel William Williams of Old Deerfield stock, raised a company for Louisburg, was too late for the siege but did garrison duty there that winter. And there was the redoubtable Parson Moody of York, Maine, as Pepperell’s chaplain the oldest man in the army, who, according to a tradition in York to this day, carried an axe with him and was actually seen hacking and hewing at the altar and images of the French church. I



wonder if it were he that brought home as a trophy the small iron cross from that church, which long surmounted a porch of the college library at Cambridge. At the dinner which Pepperell gave his officers in celebration of the victory, it fell of course to Parson Moody to ask the blessing. Contrary to the expectation of those who knew his habitual long-windedness, he simply said,

"Good Lord we have so much to thank thee for, that time will be too short, and we must leave it for eternity. Bless our food and fellowship on this joyful occasion, for the sake of Christ our Lord, Amen."

From an "abstract, in journal form, of various news since the sailing of the ships for France in December 1745.\* We learn that one Mr. Douville of the island of St. John, scared by the rumors that the English were soon coming, had removed with his family to Quebec; that in the summer he had learned from two of his neighbors at St. John, much news about affairs at Louisburg. Among other things that the English had several French pilots, to wit: Jasmin an Acadian, † Brisson, a native of Nantes, who is with his family at Louisburg, and some others."

This Brisson, a little later, was captured at Fort La Jole. ‡ He was piloting two ships with English soldiers, who were collecting cattle for the proposed expedition against Canada. Being carried before De Ramezay at Beaubassin, Pierre Brisson reported English gunships with regulars collecting at Louisburg. He said also that "they were expecting there, fourteen ships and three bomb ketches for Quebec, and that Admiral Warren had gone to New York to collect the militia of that quarter for the same place."

"That the Frenchman named *Baptiste Dion* had told him that he was to have 2,000 livres for piloting the English fleet to Quebec, and that the man named *Jasmin*, also a Frenchman, 1,000 livres for the same business. He said also that he was expected to take the cattle to Louisburg on the 24th of July." De Ramezay sent Brisson and seven English taken with him to Quebec, where they told the same story, adding that they had paid cash for the cattle to the settlers on the Island. There is good reason for believing that Brisson was at this time in the

\* Doc. Rel. à l'Histoire de la Nouvelle France, Vol. III, p. 281.

† Friend and comrade of Baptiste.

‡ Now Charlotte Town, P. E. Island.



service of Capt. John Rouse, then attached to Admiral Townsend's fleet, and doing duty near Annapolis and Minas.

After the capture of Louisburg, small parties of French and Indians continually harassed our frontier. Their captives reported that a great expedition was fitting out in New England against Canada. John Beaman, taken at Vernon told his captors that active preparations were making for an attack on Canada, that warships and men were all ready, that bounties in addition to their regular pay as soldiers were offered to the farmers.

French documents of the period show that Canada was panic-stricken, but pushed her preparations for defense with energy.

It was a needless alarm, for though it was true that Shirley, flushed with the success of the Louisburg expedition, and supported by the English ministry, was collecting an armament for an invasion of Canada, the Duke of Newcastle after long delay, wrote him that the Canadian expedition was "impracticable and that he must stand on the defensive and attempt no further conquest." Massachusetts thus rudely awakened from her dream of victory, was further disturbed by the rumor of a French fleet on its way to recapture Louisburg and Acadia, and burn Boston. It behooved us to be ready. Our harbor defenses were strengthened; our militia encamped on Boston common, and as usual a Fast Day was appointed. Thomas Prince in the Old South Meeting House, held forth on that solemn occasion, and prayed fervently and long, for the destruction of the hostile fleet.

The result is grandly told by Mr. Longfellow in his "Ballad of the French Fleet."

#### I

A fleet with flags arrayed  
Sailed from the port of Brest,  
And the Admiral's ship displayed  
The signal: "Steer south-west."  
For this Admiral d'Anville  
Had sworn by cross and crown  
To ravage with fire and steel  
Our helpless Boston town.

#### II

There were rumors in the street,  
In the houses there was fear  
Of the coming of the fleet,  
And the danger hovering near;





And while from mouth to mouth  
 Spread the tidings of dismay,  
 I stood in the Old South  
 Saying humbly: "Let us pray."

## III

"O Lord! we would not advise;  
 But if in thy providence,  
 A tempest should arise  
 To drive the French fleet hence,  
 And scatter it far and wide,  
 Or sink it in the sea,  
 We should be satisfied,  
 And Thine the glory be."

## IV

This was the prayer I made,  
 For my soul was all on flame;  
 And even as I prayed  
 The answering tempest came.  
 It came with a mighty power,  
 Shaking the windows and walls,  
 And tolling the bell in the tower  
 As it tolls at funerals

## V

The lightning suddenly  
 Unsheathed its flaming sword,  
 And I cried: "Stand still and see  
 The salvation of the Lord!"  
 The heavens were black with cloud,  
 The sea was white with hail,  
 And ever more fierce and loud  
 Blew the October gale.

## VI

The fleet it overtook,  
 And the broad sails in the van  
 Like the tents of Cushan shook,  
 Or the curtains of Midian.  
 Down on the reeling decks  
 Crashed the o'erwhelming seas;  
 Oh, never were there wrecks  
 So pitiful as these.

## VII

Like a potter's vessel broke  
 The great ships of the line;  
 They were carried away as a smoke,  
 Or sank like lead in the brine.



O Lord! before thy path  
They vanished and ceased to be,  
When thou didst walk in wrath  
With thine horses through the sea.

It is said that on a clear day with a smooth sea, one may see the ships as they lie rotting there; the difficulty being, as it seems to me, to find a clear day and smooth sea in that place.

The rumor of this great fleet, the largest that had ever crossed the Atlantic raised false hopes among the Acadians, that they were to come again under French rule,—and 50 of them offered themselves at Chibuctou, to pilot the fleet to Annapolis.

What more probable than that Jasmin and Baptiste should have been among the number?

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## THE ADVENTURE OF LIBERTY.

BY G. GLENN ATKINS OF BURLINGTON, VT.

Mr. Atkins began by contrasting the conditions under which the people of Deerfield were met with the conditions holding exactly two hundred years ago. He spoke of having retraced in his coming from Burlington the route which John Williams and his captors followed in their long and heart-breaking journey to Canada. He also spoke of the scene which they must have faced, if, as is quite likely, they came out onto Lake Champlain from the Winooski as a winter's sun set red in the western sky and glowed behind the serried summits of the Adirondacks.

He went on to say that the attempt to retell the story of the tragic night two hundred years ago with any fullness of detail would, in such a presence and such a time, be sheer presumption; he would therefore consider the larger aspect of the greater historical movement of which the Deerfield massacre was but a single tragic incident.

He said in part that the Deerfield massacre was but a play of pawns in the great game between the English and the French for the supremacy of a continent. Hertel de Rouville and his Indians moved against Deerfield, not because Deerfield could ever be a menace to the French or because there would be any military profit in its destruction. The aim of the enterprise



was not military but political. "I have sent no warriors toward Albany," writes Vaudreuil, "because we must do nothing that might cause a rupture between us and the Iroquois, but we must keep things astir in the direction of Boston or else the Abenakis will declare for the English." The object of the expedition was to fully commit the Abenakis to hostility against England and to convince them that the French would back their quarrel.

We are able now to see the full significance of the long strife which constitutes so largely the heroic charm of a hundred years of the life of New England and New France, a strife fought to its end, upon the most splendid stage upon which any historic drama was ever played out, a stage bounded on the one side by the broken Atlantic coast, on another by the whitenesses of the far north, on another by the mystery of the unexplored heart of a continent, and on another still by a semi-tropic Gulf of Mexico; a stage traversed by the noblest rivers which flow toward any sea; broken by hoary, archaic mountain ranges; gemmed with sleeping lakes, enriched by inland seas and clothed with the primeval forests and with a wilderness robe. Upon this stage were grouped in hostile and long continued combinations Indian and Jesuit, the French courtier, the couriers of the woods, English regulars, New England militiamen, New England farmers, women of the French court and the mothers of the New England hamlets.

The end of the drama was something more than the possession of an imperial domain; it was the question of racial supremacy, and now upon land, now upon sea, now with the sword, now with the crucifix, now by soldier, now by diplomat, the momentous question was being fought to an issue whether the new world should be French or English, Latin or Anglo-Saxon, autocratic or democratic, imperial or free, and freedom won because it was freedom; in other words, the French and Indian wars were in the full current of that great human adventure whose sources are to be sought in the reformation, and whose widening tides have flowed through all the centuries since, the adventure of liberty. For liberty is an adventure not alone in the literal, but in the wider and nobler meaning of the word.

The Englishmen who dared, for conscience sake, the trackless sea, the unexplored forest, were adventurers not only in the sense that they were willing to cut themselves loose from safe



and established conditions and chance the dangers of the wave and the forest, but they were adventurers in the far nobler sense that they were willing to detach themselves from ancient order and well-grounded precedent in the profound conviction that they were equal to their own destiny, could manage their own affairs. The men who pushed up into Deerfield were adventurers in this double sense; they were equal not only to the adventures of the frontier and the Indian, the untilled meadows and uncleared hills, but they were equal to the adventure of untried social conditions and the establishment of a state. The men whom they fought were adventurers, but never in the same sense, for they loved the adventure of license, of quick gain, the boundless freedom and the chances of the battlefield; the Englishman subordinated his adventure to law and bore within himself the daring and the love of liberty which was always to be held in subjection to the cause of humanity and the stability of the state.

Not only the pioneer work, therefore, out of which the conflict between the French and English sprang, but the very spirit which led the English to the New World and set them to the building of a new state was that noblest adventure, the adventure of freedom, in which they were willing to take chances, run risks, undergo hardships and break with precedent in the hope of establishing after the impulses of their own free spirit a social order in which the state should be for men and men for freedom, for service, and for the kingdom of God. And one may pass on to say that the whole French and Indian war, which was in itself a war waged and won by a people profoundly committed to the great adventure of freedom, was only the beginning of two centuries of history whose whole issue has been in the same direction, facing the same ultimates.

Scarcely had the English pioneers won, as against the French, room and right to shape their lives and their statutes in accordance with their profounder impulses, when the colonists found themselves driven by the same spirit to challenge the mother country. It was impossible that a New England completely hemmed in by a French empire should ever work out its rightful destiny, equally impossible that the thirteen colonies checked by English caprice and held down by English stupidity could ever be true to those same permanent impulses, or rightly found a state. The Revolutionary War was a part of





the great adventure of liberty; Englishmen questioning English precedent, separating themselves from the English constitutional fabric and hewing out for themselves a new road not only of national life but of constitutional procedure, and all this for the sake of a nobler and fuller liberty.

The echoes of the French and Indian wars were hardly dead before the unsettled farmers fired the shot which was heard around the world, and before the guns of the American Revolution had reverberated for the last time and become silent the stupendous clamor of the French Revolution began and the French Revolution was only another stage in the adventure of liberty. Now the French people break with their past, challenge precedent, overthrow kings, take their own fortune in their own hands, face the future, and walk new and shining roads. Napoleon and the Napoleonic wars were only an interlude in the drama. The great service of Napoleon was that he kept France from being ground under the heel of reactionary Europe, and when he himself was overthrown at Waterloo all the real gains of the French Revolution were permanently assured not only for France, but for Europe. No reactionaries could check the rising tide; no unworthy kings could be kept permanently upon any throne. In England liberty had her way through constitutional procedure and great reaches of change and reform. In Europe liberty came riding successive waves of revolution, but always liberty did come, always more and more the elemental humanities, sheer human right and the worth of men triumphed as against caste, tradition, or any artificial distinction which tried to introduce or preserve any classification of men except the divine classification of wisdom and folly, sin and righteousness.

In America slavery was an attempt of the fathers to make exception to the wide principle of the humanities and to defend the fortress of caste washed on every side by the waves of freedom and that attempt was vain; freedom had her way. Our own Civil War was just one more chapter in the tremendous story, one more stand of caste as against humanity, and privilege as against manhood. All the amendments which sprang out of the time of reconstruction were simply an attempt on the part of the white men to include the black within the terms of the great adventure and to stake for the sake of the negro all the possibility of travail of strife which the white man had



been for 200 years laying down as a condition of his own freedom.

And now that the 200 years are rounded out and democracy everywhere has become a regnant fact in modern life the voice of the reactionary is beginning to be heard in the land, and for the first time in 200 years we are getting men in America who are beginning to be afraid of freedom. The reason for this is not far to seek. We are beginning to see very clearly how tremendous are the responsibilities and problems of freedom; we are beginning to see as never before the risks and uncertainties; we are beginning to see by what ceaseless vigilance liberty must be maintained; and we are beginning above all to see that liberty and law are inseparable, that these old principles of obedience and subordination must run through a free state as through any state which ever has, or ever can, endure; and because we see all this so clearly, because it bulks so big, and because we are paying the penalty of misadventure in lynchings, in mobs, in anarchy, in the great unassimilated masses of population, in debauched cities, and most of all in the unsettled social conditions of the south some of us are beginning to cry "halt," are beginning to question whether liberty is worth while and are wondering whether there is not some safer and easier road to the gates of the kingdom of God.

Now I think that we are first of all to recognize, therefore, the positive element of adventure in every kind of liberty. Liberty cannot be the safest way, the easiest thing, but liberty is and ought to be incomparably the best thing. In church life, for example, an infallible authority is safer and easier. In all the ferment of question and doubt and speculation which to-day makes Protestantism a lumpy and storm-swept sea, one does not wonder that people are constantly turning back from a sea which they fear to navigate, or constantly seeking the safe harbors of authority, and are crying out against freedom of thought as an unsettlement of the sanctities of life; but there are certainly goals which cannot be reached save as one sails stormy seas. No one can for a moment doubt that a free faith, based upon its own convictions, armored in its own strength and getting its power from first-hand contact with truth, is so unspeakably better than any peace which comes through surrender or in safety which comes through cowardice, that all the restlessness and even



shipwreck of the centuries since the Protestant Reformation have not been too great a price to pay for the great essential body of faith into which, after all, we have come.

Republics are worth revolutions; democracy is worth the possibility of lawlessness; and a state in which men serenely and effectually govern themselves is so unspeakably higher than a state in which men are placidly governed that I, for my part, do not regret one drop of blood, or one fire signal, or one travail pain, or all the vast waste and strife through which men have come even to that nobler measure of free and regnant manhood which now holds; and we have, to one man's way of thinking, no option but the option of fighting to the end; and because that is true, there is laid upon us the obligation of being true to those obligations upon which, as upon a rock, the American state is based and I believe there is laid upon us an obligation of contending for the veracity of those principles forever where ever they are challenged.

Dr. Lyman Abbott said, in Boston the other night, that the qualifications which the southern states are framing about the suffrage are not the denial of the right of suffrage and that the negro is not being disfranchised, but Dr. Abbott knows and every sane man knows that behind all this is the settled determination to remove the negro as a factor in the southern political life, not because he is ignorant but because he is black, and any man who defends the detail of that procedure without assailing the principle, stands by and consents.

Suffrage ought to be saved from ignorance, from shiftlessness and from crime, black or white, bond or free, north or south, east or west, but the contention that any body of men because their skins are black are to be debarred under any conditions from participation in our national life is an un-American contention. We have no alternative but to take the risks clean through and raise the negro to a wise and efficient manhood; and I do not believe that we shall ever come to that without holding before him as a perpetual incentive the one right of manhood, the participation in the state. We have taken the risks of freedom and citizenship for the negro. We cannot turn back. We cannot deny. We must fight the battle to the end.

The same thing holds true in our cities. We have taken the risk in Boston, in New York, in Chicago, in San Francis-





co, of self-government. It involves waste, crime, partial failure, yet a self-governed city is so incomparably nobler than a city of other government that the end is worth the cost.

One seeks, therefore, on this historic spot and in this historic event the reaffirmation of those convictions and impulses which have rewritten in two centuries the story of humanity in lifting men above the clay. Liberty, which is the inner obedience to the inner law, is the divinest thing in life because it is the life of God in the lives of men. It can be attained only by the discipline of experience and by the risk of setting men free to work it out. In the latest of these great adventures we find ourselves. Its problems, its perplexities, and its dangers surround us on every side; its great shining goals lift themselves into the light ahead of us. By the grace of all that courage which upon the battle-field of successive generations has won fuller and fuller advance for humanity let us, good soldiers of liberty, commit ourselves anew to that adventure, and at whatever cost fight till men are free.



# OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF THE ASSOCIATION, 1870-1905.

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[The date following the name is that of first election; the succeeding numerals the term of service. \* Deceased.]

## *President,*

GEORGE SHELDON, Deerfield, 1870: 36.

## *Vice-Presidents,*

C. ALICE BAKER, Boston, 1901: 3.  
ROBERT R. BISHOP, Newton, 1891.  
\*EDGAR BUCKINGHAM, Deerfield, 1881.  
\*JOSEPH D. CANNING, Gil, 1870.  
\*SAMUEL CHILDS, Woodbury, Ct., 1881: 2.  
\*HENRY CHILDS, Buffalo, Ct., 1881: 2.  
\*JAMES M. CRAFTS, Whitely, 1870: 4.  
\*AUSTIN DEWOLF, Greenfield, 1877.  
\*JOSEPH P. FELTON, Greenfield, 1885.  
\*P. VOORHEES FINCH, Greenfield, 1880: 2.  
\*JAMES S. GRINNELL, Greenfield, 1887.  
\*EBEN A. HALL, Greenfield, 1893: 3.  
\*ALLEN HAZEN, Deerfield, 1887: 3.  
\*SILAS G. HUBBARD, Hatfield, 1890.  
SAMUEL O. LAMB, Greenfield, 1873: 11.  
\*ROGER HOOKER LEAVITT, Charlemont, 1871: 4.  
\*JAMES SMITH REED, Marion, Ohio, 1885: 4.  
\*HARRIET CLAPP RICE, Leverett, 1874: 2.  
JOHN SHELDON, Greenfield, 1897.  
\*JOHN MONTAGUE SMITH, Sunderland, 1879: 4.  
FRANCIS M. THOMPSON, Greenfield, 1886: 15.  
\*JOHN P. WATSON, Leverett, 1877: 3.  
\*JOSEPH WHITE, Williamstown, 1882.

## *Recording Secretary,*

\*NATHANIEL HITCHCOCK, Deerfield, 1870: 31.  
MARGARET MILLER, Deerfield, 1901: 5.

## *Corresponding Secretary,*

\*EDGAR BUCKINGHAM, Deerfield, 1883: 11.  
\*ROBERT CRAWFORD, Deerfield, 1870: 13.  
HERBERT C. PARSONS, Greenfield, 1895: 6.  
MARY ELIZABETH STEBBINS, Deerfield, 1901: 5.  
\*CATHERINE BROOKS YALE, Deerfield, 1894.



*Officers and Members of the Association.**Treasurer,*

- \*NATHANIEL HITCHCOCK, Deerfield, 1870: 31.  
JOHN SHELDON, Greenfield, 1901: 5.

*Life Councillors,*

- \*FREDERICK L. AMES, Boston, 1892.  
\*GEORGE ALBERT ARMS, Greenfield, 1882.  
C. ALICE BAKER, Cambridge, 1876.  
\*HENRY CHILDS, Buffalo, N. Y., 1870.  
\*MARY HEMENWAY, Boston, 1885.  
\*JONATHAN JOHNSON, Greenfield, 1878.  
ELIZABETH MARVIN KAUFFMANN, Berlin, Prussia, 1903.  
MARY ANN SAWYER, St. Albans, Vt., 1883.  
ELLEN LOUISA SHELDON, Greenfield, 1905.  
GEORGE SHELDON, Deerfield, 1883.  
JENNIE MARIA ARMS SHELDON, Deerfield, 1901.  
\*LYDIA CUTLER STEBBINS, Deerfield, 1872.

*Councillors,*

- Aiken, John A., Greenfield, 1893: 3.  
\*Allen, Julia A., Deerfield, 1877: 2.  
\*Arms, Aaron, Bellows Falls, Vt., 1872: 2.  
\*Avice S., Greenfield, 1899.  
\*Frances W., Greenfield, 1880.  
\*George A., Greenfield, 1877: 6.  
Jennie M., Greenfield, 1896.  
Oscar B., Greenfield, 1873: 3.  
\*Otis B., Bellows Falls, Vt., 1882: 2.  
Winthrop T., Deerfield, 1889.  
\*Avery, Walter T., New York, N. Y., 1879: 4.  
Baker, C. Alice, Cambridge, 1871: 7.  
\*Catharine C., Cambridge, 1879.  
Ball, Frances W., Deerfield, 1901: 4.  
\*Bardwell, Jarvis B., Shelburne, 1873: 3.  
Barrett, George P., Portland, Me., 1897.  
\*Bartlett, George B., Concord, 1886.  
Billings, Henry W., Conway, 1893.  
Birks, Richard E., Deerfield, 1903: 3.  
Bishop, Robert R., Newton, 1894: 2.  
\*Brooks, Silas N., Chicago, Ill., 1871.  
\*Brown, Lorenzo, Vernon, Vt., 1873: 2.  
Bryant, Chauncey, G'd, 1881: 2.  
\*Buckingham, Edgar, D'd 1870: 10.  
\*Canning, Josiah D., Gill, 1871: 4.  
\*Carter, Samuel, Brooklyn, N. Y., 1880: 4.  
\*Champney, James Wells, Deerfield, 1880: 6.  
Chase, Ellen, Brookline, 1894: 2.  
\*Childs, Dexter, Deerfield, 1873: 3.  
\*Henry, Buffalo, N. Y., 1883: 2.  
\*Robert, Deerfield, 1870: 26.  
Samuel, Deerfield, 1901: 2.  
Coleman, Emma L., Boston, 1883: 3.  
\*Corss, Charles, Lock Haven, Pa., 1888: 2.  
\*Cowing, Julia A., Deerfield, 1874: 2.  
\*Crafts, Chester G., Whately, 1880: 5.  
\*James M., Whately, 1876: 3.  
\*Crawford, Robert, Deerfield, 1882: 14.  
Crittenden, George D., Shelburne, 1861: 3.  
Cutler, William S., Greenfield, 1893: 4.  
\*DeWolf, Austin, Greenfield, 1873: 4.  
Everett, Edward J., Deerfield, 1901: 2.  
Farren, Barney N., Montague, 1885: 2.  
\*Felton, Joseph P., Greenfield, 1896.  
Fessenden, Franklin G., Greenfield, 1896.  
\*Field, Phinehas, Charlemont, 1870: 4.  
Putnam, Greenfield, 1883: 3.  
\*Reuben W., Shelburne, 1887: 3.  
\*Finch, P. Voorhees, Greenfield, 1870: 14.  
\*Fisk, D. Orlando, Shelburne, 1870: 3.  
Fuller, George Spencer, Deerfield, 1902: 4.  
Furbush, Caroline C., Greenfield, 1900: 4.  
\*Grinnell, James S., Greenfield, 1892: 3.  
Griswold, Freeman C., Greenfield, 1889: 2.  
\*Hager, Charles, Deerfield, 1875: 2.  
\*Hall, Eben A., Greenfield, 1873: 8.  
Hammond, George W., Boston, 1889: 3.  
Harris, William L., Deerfield, 1904: 2.  
Hawks, Edward Allen, Deerfield, 1901: 5.  
\*Frederick, Greenfield, 1871: 6.  
\*Susan Belle, Deerfield, 1872.  
Winfield S., South Hadley, 1881: 3.



- \*Hazen, Allen, Deerfield, 1885: 2.  
Hildreth, John L., Cambridge, 1895: 2.  
\*Hitchcock, Henry, Galesburg, Ill., 1879: 2.  
\*Hollister, Joseph H., Greenfield, 1876: 3.  
\*Holton, Ezra L., N'd, 1873: 2.  
Horr, George W., Athol, 1895: 4.  
\*Hosmer, George H., Bridgewater, 1880: 2.  
James Kendall, St. Louis, Mo., 1879: 6.  
Hoyt, John Wilson, Cincinnati, Ohio, 1892: 3.  
\*Hubbard, Silas G., Hatfield, 1882: 2.  
Huntington, Eunice K., Cleveland, Ohio, 1880: 4.  
\*Hyde, William, Ware, 1883: 2.  
\*Johnson, Jonathan, G'd, 1870: 8.  
\*Jones, Charles, Deerfield, 1877: 25.  
\*Kimball, Delancy C., Leverett, 1887: 2.  
Kingsley, Elbridge, Hatfield, 1896.  
Lamb, Samuel O., G'd, 1874: 13.  
\*Leavitt, Roger Hooker, Charle-  
mont, 1873: 2.  
\*Lincoln, Luther J. B., Hingham, 1879: 6.  
Lowell, Charles R., Greenfield, 1903.  
\*Marshall, James F. B., Weston, 1892.  
Moors, John F., Greenfield, 1880.  
\*Munn, Asa B., Chicago, 1890.  
\*Philo, Deerfield, 1882: 3.  
Newcomb, Eugene A., Greenfield, 1894: 10.  
\*Parsons, Albert C., Northfield, 1872: 4.  
Herbert C., Greenfield, 1891: 7.  
Phillips, Henry M., Sp'gfield, 1883: 5.  
\*Simeon, Greenfield, 1880: 4.  
\*Smith R., S'd, 1874.  
Plimpton Henry R., Boston, 1893: 2.  
\*Porter, Ransom N., D'd, 1873: 3.  
\*Pratt, Frank J., Greenfield, 1881: 4.  
\*Martha Goulding, Deerfield, 1876: 6.  
Putnam, Annie Cabot, Boston, 1903: 3.  
\*Reed, James Smith, Marion, O., 1882: 2.  
\*Rice, David, Leverett, 1877: 2.  
\*Rice, Harriet C., Leverett, 1872: 2.  
\*Levi W., Greenfield, 1870: 3.  
\*Sarah C., Greenfield, 1882.  
Rumrill, Anna C., Springfield, 1893: 2.  
\*Russell, John Edwards, Leicester, 1898: 2.  
Ryerson, Julia Newton, New York, N. Y., 1882.  
Sawyer, Mary Ann, St. Albans, Vt. 1879.  
Sheldon, Ellen L., Greenfield, 1890: 5.  
John, Greenfield, 1881: 4.  
\*William, Deerfield, 1876: 4.  
Smead, Elihu, Newtonville, 1884.  
\*Smith, James, Whately, 1881.  
\*John M., Sunderland, 1874: 9.  
\*Zeri, Deerfield, 1874: 11.  
\*Snow, Newell, Greenfield, 1880: 4.  
Solley, George W., Deerfield, 1900: 3.  
Stebbins, Albert, Deerfield, 1879: 10.  
\*Lydia Cutler, Deerfield, 1872.  
\*Moses, Deerfield, 1870: 3.  
Stratton, Mary Turner, Northfield, 1876.  
\*Taft, Henry Walbridge, Pittsfield, 1877: 8.  
Thompson, Francis M., Greenfield, 1877: 5.  
\*Thornton, R. S., Montague, 1897.  
\*Tilton, Chauncey B., Deerfield, 1875: 6.  
\*Warner, Whitney L., Sunderland, 1887: 2.  
Watson, Charles Herbert, Boston, 1902.  
\*John P., Leverett, 1876.  
\*Wells, Elisha, Deerfield, 1881: 6.  
\*Henry, Shelburne, 1883: 2.  
Laura B., 1901: 3.  
\*Wentworth, Mary P., Deerfield, 1896: 5.  
\*White, Joseph, Williamstown, 1885.  
\*Williams, Almon C., D'd, 1899: 2.  
Arthur, Brookline, 1885: 2.  
Charles E., Deerfield, 1879: 8.  
\*Electa Lucilla, Deerfield, 1888: 2.  
\*Wright, William Westwood, Geneva, N. Y., 1883: 2.  
Wynne, Madeline Yale, Deerfield, 1901: 2.  
\*Yale, Catherine B., D'd, 1890: 9.

*Corresponding Members,*

- \*Hon. Charles C. Baldwin, LL. D., Cleveland, Ohio.  
Hubert Howe Bancroft, Historian, California.  
\*Hon. Benjamin H. Hall, Troy, N. Y.  
President G. Stanley Hall, Worcester, Mass.  
Hon. Stephen A. Hubbard, Hartford, Conn.  
Hon. Edward Y. Jones, Bingham-  
ton, N. Y.  
Daniel Seagrave, Esq., Worcester, Mass.  
\*Hon. Henry Wyllys Taylor, Can-  
andaigua, N. Y.  
Henry F. Waters, A. M., Salem, Mass.  
\*Justin Winsor, LL. D., Cambridge, Mass.





*Life Members,*

- \*Allen, Catherine E., Deerfield, 1874.  
 \*Arms, George A., Greenfield, 1870.  
   Jennie Maria, G'd, 1889.  
   \*Otis Bardwell, Bellows Falls, Vt., 1882.  
   \*Seneca, Troy, N. Y., 1871.  
 \*Avery, Walter T., New York, 1871.  
 Baker, C. Alice, Cambridge, 1870.  
   \*Catharine C., 1872.  
 Barrett, George P., Portland, Me., 1893.  
 \*Bartlett, George B., Concord, 1871.  
 Bishop, Robert R., Newton, 1890.  
 Catlin, George, Chicago, Ill., 1899.  
 \*Champney, James Wells, Deerfield, 1879.  
 Chase, Ellen, Brookline, 1890.  
 Childs, Alfred Henry, Deerfield, 1870.  
   \*Robert, Deerfield, 1870.  
   Rodolphus, Dover, Ill., 1873.  
 \*Comstock, Cornelia C., New Canaan, Conn., 1886.  
 \*Coras, Charles, Lock Haven, Pa., 1887.  
 Cressey, Noah, Amherst, 1870.  
 Delano, Elizabeth Reed, 1882.  
 \*Doggett, George N., Chicago, 1872.  
 Farren, Barney N., Montague, 1884.  
 Fessenden, Franklin G., Greenfield, 1895.  
 \*Fithian, Eliza Barnard, St. Louis, Mo., 1884.  
 Fuller, Agnes Gordon, Deerfield, 1905.  
 Furbush, Caroline C., Greenfield, 1895.  
 \*Hawks, Belle Sheldon, D'd, 1880.  
   \*Frederick, Greenfield, 1879.  
   \*William H., Greenfield, 1879.  
 \*Hitchcock, Henry, Galesburg, Ill., 1872.  
   \*Nathaniel, Deerfield, 1870.  
 Horr, George W., Athol, 1893.  
 Hosmer, James Kendall, Yellow Springs, Ohio, 1871.  
 \*Hoyt, Catherine Wells, Deerfield, 1876.  
   \*Henry, Boston, 1870.  
   John W., Cincinnati, O., 1887.  
 \*Hyde, William, Ware, 1884.  
 \*Kimball, Delancy D., Leverett, 1877.  
 Lamb, Samuel O., Greenfield, 1880.  
 Leavitt, John H., Waterloo, Iowa, 1903.  
 \*Lincoln, Luther J. B., Deerfield, 1879.  
   \*Mary Agnes, Deerfield, 1879.  
 \*Marshall, James F. B., Weston, 1888.  
 Morton, Levi K., New York, 1903.  
 Phillips, Henry M., Springfield, 1882.  
   \*Smith Robinson, Springfield, 1871.  
 \*Pratt, Franklin Josiah, Greenfield, 1880.  
   \*Martha Goulding, Deerfield, 1872.  
 \*Reed, James Smith, Marion, O., 1872.  
 \*Richardson, John J., G'd, 1879.  
 \*Russell, John Edwards, Leicester, 1897.  
 Sawyer, Mary Ann, St. Albans, Vt., 1879.  
 Sheldon, Ellen Arms, Greenfield, 1880.  
   George, Deerfield, 1870.  
   George Arms, Greenfield, 1900.  
   Jennie Edith, Greenfield, 1900.  
   John, Greenfield, 1880.  
   \*Susan Stewart, Deerfield, 1870.  
 \*Smith, Cornelia Allen, Phila., Pa., 1892.  
   \*James, Whately, 1879.  
 \*Snow, Newell, Greenfield, 1879.  
 \*Stebbins, Evander G., Deerfield, 1870.  
 \*Stone, Mary Lowell, Cambridge, 1888.  
 \*Taft, Henry Walbridge, Pittsfield, 1873.  
 Thompson, Francis M., Greenfield, 1882.  
 \*Thornton, R. S., Montague, 1896.  
 Watson, Charles Herbert, Boston, 1900.  
 \*Wells, Henry, Shelburne, 1880.  
 \*White, Joseph, Williamstown, 1880.  
   Salome Elizabeth, New York, N. Y., 1880.  
 \*Whitney, James S., Brookline, 1872.  
   Laurinda C., Brookline, 1872.  
 \*Williams, Almon C., Deerfield, 1886.  
   Sophronia Reed, Chicago, Ill., 1882.  
 \*Wright, William Westwood, Geneva, N. Y., 1880.  
 \*Yale, Catherine Brooks, Deerfield, 1888.

*Full Membership,*

- Abercrombie, Elizabeth, Brookline, 1900.  
   William Hyslop, Brookline, 1900.  
 Aiken, John Adams, Greenfield, 1891.  
 \*Allen, Catherine Elizabeth, Deerfield, 1874.  
   Orin Pierre, Palmer, 1892.  
 \*Ames, Frederick L., Boston, 1892.



- Anderson, Lafayette, Shelburne, 1872.  
 \*Arms, Aaron, Bellows Falls, Vt., 1870.  
     \*Avice Stebbins, G't'd, 1871.  
     \*Frances Ward, Greenfield, 1871.  
     \*George Albert, Greenfield, 1870.  
     Jennie Maria, Greenfield, 1889.  
     Lillie J., Bellows Falls, Vt., 1872.  
     Obed S., Deerfield, 1871.  
     \*Otis Bardwell, Bellows Falls, Vt., 1882.  
     \*Seneca, Troy, N. Y., 1871.  
     Winthrop Tyler, Deerfield, 1885.  
 \*Avery, Walter Titus, N. Y., 1871.  
 Baker, Charlotte Alice, Cambridge, 1870.  
     \*Catharine Catlin, Cambridge, 1872.  
 Ball, Frances Williams, D't'd, 1900.  
 \*Barber, H. H., Meadville, Pa., 1905.  
     Hervey, Warwick, 1873.  
 \*Bardwell, Jarvis B., Shelburne, 1870.  
 \*Barnard, Lemuel, Canandaigua, N. Y., 1875.  
 Barney, Edward, Deerfield, 1870.  
 Barrett, George P., Portland, Me., 1893.  
 \*Bartlett, George B., Concord, 1871.  
 Bemis, Robert E., Chicopee, 1891.  
 Billings, Henry William, Conway, 1892.  
 Birks, Richard E., Deerfield, 1903.  
 Bishop, Robert R., Newton, 1890.  
 Boyden, Frank D., Deerfield, 1885.  
 Brooks, Silas N., Bernardston, 1870.  
 \*Brown, Lorenzo, Vernon, Vt., 1872.  
     Mrs. N. H., Dorchester, 1888.  
 Bryant, Chauncey, Greenfield, 1872.  
 \*Buckingham, Edgar, Deerfield, 1870.  
 Buddington, Henry A., Greenfield, 1872.  
 \*Canning, Josiah D., Gill, 1870.  
 \*Carter, Samuel, Brooklyn, N. Y., 1878.  
 Catlin, George, Chicago, Ill., 1899.  
 \*Champney, James Wells, D't'd, 1879.  
 Chase, Ellen, Brookline, 1890.  
 Childs, Alfred H., Deerfield, 1877.  
     \*Dexter, Deerfield, 1870.  
     \*Henry, Buffalo, N. Y., 1870.  
     M. Anna V., Deerfield, 1900.  
     \*Robert, Deerfield, 1870.  
     Rodolphus, Dover, Ill., 1873.  
     Samuel, Deerfield, 1900.  
 Coleman, Emma Lewis, Boston, 1881.  
 \*Comstock, Cornelia Carter, New Canaan, Conn., 1886.  
 \*Corss, Charles, Lock Haven, Pa., 1887.  
 \*Cowing, Julia A., Deerfield, 1871.  
 \*Crafts, Chester G., Whately, 1872.  
     \*James Munroe, Whately, 1870.  
 Crafts, Seth B., Whately, 1872.  
 \*Crawford, Robert, Deerfield, 1870.  
 Cressey, Noah, Amherst, 1876.  
 Crittenden, George D., Shelburne, 1870.  
 Cutler, Nahum S., Greenfield, 1892.  
 Delano, Elizabeth Reed, New Bedford, 1882.  
 Denio, Herbert W., Westfield, 1905.  
 \*DeWolf, Austin, Greenfield, 1870.  
 \*Doggett, George Newell, Chicago, Ill., 1872.  
 \*Dwight, William, Bernardston, 1870.  
 \*Eastman, Samuel Sheldon, Greenfield, 1870.  
 Everett, Edward J., Deerfield, 1901.  
 Farren, Barney N., Montague, 1884.  
 \*Felton, Joseph P., Greenfield, 1870.  
 Fessenden, Franklin G., Greenfield, 1895.  
 \*Field, Phinehas, Charlemont, 1871.  
     Putnam, Greenfield, 1875.  
     \*Reuben W., Buckland, 1886.  
 \*Finch, Peter Voorhees, Greenfield, 1870.  
 \*Fisk, David Orlando, Shelburne, 1870.  
 \*Fiske, Mrs. George I., Boston, 1888.  
     \*George S., Boston, 1888.  
 \*Fithian, Eliza Barnard, St. Louis, Mo., 1883.  
 Forbes, Frank P., Greenfield, 1905.  
 Freeman, Hattie E., Boston, 1891.  
 Fuller, Agnes Gordon, Deerfield, 1905.  
     \*George, Deerfield, 1871.  
     George Spencer, Deerfield, 1901.  
 Furbush, Caroline C., Greenfield, 1895.  
 \*Goss, Elbridge H., Melrose, 1871.  
 Gray, O. W., Bernardston, 1891.  
 \*Grinnell, George, Greenfield, 1875.  
     \*James Seymour, G't'd, 1886.  
 Griswold, Freeman C., Greenfield, 1888.  
     \*Whiting, Greenfield, 1874.  
 \*Hager, Charles, Deerfield, 1872.  
 \*Hall, Eben A., Greenfield, 1870.  
 Hammond, Ellen L., Boston, 1887.  
     George W., Boston, 1887.  
 \*Harding, Wilbur F., Greenfield, 1870.  
 Harris, William L., Deerfield, 1899.  
 Hawks, Edward Allen, D't'd, 1900.  
     \*Frederick, Greenfield, 1870.  
     \*Susan Belle, Deerfield, 1880.  
     Susan Belle, Jr., Deerfield, 1900.  
     \*William H., Greenfield, 1879.  
     Winfield S., South Hadley, 1878.  
 \*Hazen, Allen, Deerfield, 1885.  
 \*Hemenway, Mary, Boston, 1885.  
 Hildreth, John L., Cambridge, 1891.  
 \*Hitchcock, Henry, Galesburg, Ill., 1872.



- \*Hitchcock Nathaniel, D'f'd, 1870.  
 \*Hollister, Joseph Harvey, Greenfield, 1870.  
 \*Holton, Ezra L., Northfield, 1872.  
 Horr, George W., Athol, 1893.  
 \*Hosmer, George Herbert, Bridgewater, 1871.  
     James Kendall, Yellow Springs, O., 1871.  
 \*Hoyt, Catherine Wells, Deerfield, 1870.  
     \*Henry, Boston, 1870.  
     John Wilson, Cincinnati, Ohio, 1887.  
 \*Hubbard, Silas G., Hatfield, 1882.  
 Huntington, Eunice Kimberley, Cleveland, Ohio, 1870.  
 \*Hyde, William, Ware, 1884.  
 \*Johnson, Jonathan, Montague, 1870.  
 \*Jones, Charles, Deerfield, 1876.  
 Kauffmann, Elizabeth Marvin, Berlin, Prussia, 1903.  
 \*Kimball, Delancy C., Leverett, 1877.  
 Kingsley, Elbridge, Northampton, 1876.  
 Lamb, Samuel O., Greenfield, 1870.  
 Leavitt, John H., Waterloo, Iowa, 1903.  
     \*Roger Hooker, Charlemont, 1871.  
 Leavitt, Helen A. R., —, 1881.  
 Lee, Samuel H., Greenfield, 1871.  
 \*Lincoln, Luther J. B., Hingham, 1872.  
     \*Mary Agnes, Hingham, 1879.  
     \*Mary Willard, Hingham, 1884.  
 Lowell, Charles R., Greenfield, 1902.  
 \*Luey, Lester L., Greenfield, 1902.  
 \*Lyman, Daniel, Mendota, Ill., 1878.  
 \*Mark, George W., Greenfield, 1870.  
 \*Marshall, James F. B., Weston, 1888.  
 Merriam, Edwin D., Greenfield, 1870.  
 Miller, Ellen, Deerfield, 1904.  
     Margaret, Deerfield, 1900.  
     Simeon, Deerfield, 1870.  
 Montague, Abbie T., Sunderland, 1904.  
 \*Moors, John Farwell, Greenfield, 1871.  
 Morton, Levi K., New York, 1903.  
 Munger, Orett L., Chicago, Ill., 1895.  
 \*Munn, Asa B., Chicago, Ill., 1887.  
     \*Charles H., Greenfield, 1871.  
     George A., Holyoke, 1893.  
     \*John, New York, N. Y., 1871.  
     \*Philo, Deerfield, 1870.  
 Newcomb, Eugene A., Greenfield, 1893.  
 Nims, E. D., Roff, Indian Territory, 1903.  
     Franklin Asa., Greeley, Cal., 1903.  
 Orr, Mary Moore, Deerfield, 1904.  
 \*Parsons, Albert C., Northfield, 1890.  
     Herbert C., Greenfield, 1890.  
 Phillips, Henry M., Springfield, 1882.  
     \*Simeon, Greenfield, 1872.  
     \*Smith Robinson, Springfield, 1871.  
 \*Pierce, William, Charlestown, 1872.  
 Plimpton, Henry R., Boston, 1891.  
 \*Porter, Ransom N., Deerfield, 1870.  
 \*Potter, George W., Greenfield, 1871.  
 \*Pratt, Franklin Josiah, Greenfield, 1880.  
     \*Martha Goulding, Deerfield, 1870.  
 Putnam, Annie Cabot, Boston, 1900.  
 \*Reed, James Smith, Marion, Ohio, 1882.  
 \*Rice, David, Leverett, 1873.  
     \*Harriet Clapp, Leverett, 1871.  
     \*Levi W., Greenfield, 1870.  
     \*Sarah C., Greenfield, 1880.  
 \*Richardson, John J., Greenfield, 1873.  
 Root, Asahel Wright, Deerfield, 1903.  
     \*Hiram, Deerfield, 1873.  
 Rumrill, Anna Chapin, Springfield, 1889.  
 \*Russell, Edmund W., Greenfield, 1871.  
     \*John Edwards, Leicester, 1897.  
 Ryerson, Julia Newton, New York, N. Y., 1881.  
 \*Sanderson, George W., Amherst, 1871.  
 Sawyer, Mary Ann, St. Albans, Vt., 1871.  
 \*Severance, Harvey, Deerfield, 1870.  
     Martha L., Greenfield, 1905.  
     William S., Greenfield, 1905.  
 Sheldon, Ellen Louisa, Greenfield, 1880.  
     George, Deerfield, 1870.  
     George Arms, Greenfield, 1900.  
     Jennie Edith, Greenfield, 1900.  
     Jennie Maria Arms, Deerfield, 1901.  
     John, Greenfield, 1870.  
     \*Susan Belle, Deerfield, 1870.  
     \*Susan Stewart, Deerfield, 1870.  
     \*William, Deerfield, 1870.  
 Smead, Amelia, Newtonville, 1881.  
     Elihu, Newtonville, 1881.  
 \*Smith, Albert, Gill, 1900.  
     \*Cornelia Allen, Philadelphia, Pa., 1892.  
     \*James, Whately, 1879.  
     \*John Montague, Sunderland, 1873.  
     \*Zeri, Deerfield, 1870.  
 \*Snow, Newell, Greenfield, 1879.  
 Solley, George W., Deerfield, 1898.  
 Stebbins, Albert, Deerfield, 1878.





- \*Stebbins, Alfred Baxter, Deerfield, 1878.  
Charles Henry, Deerfield, 1900.  
\*Evander G., Deerfield, 1870.  
Joseph, South Boston, Va., 1899.  
\*Lydia Cutler, Deerfield, 1872.  
Mary Elizabeth, Deerfield, 1900.  
\*Moses, Deerfield, 1870.  
\*Stevens, Humphrey, Greenfield, 1872.  
\*Stockbridge, Levi, Hadley, 1873.  
\*Stone, Mary Lowell, Cambridge, 1888.  
Stratton, Mary Turner, Northfield, 1874.  
\*Taft, Henry Walbridge, Pittsfield, 1873.  
Thompson, Francis McGee, Greenfield, 1871.  
\*Thornton, R. S., Montague, 1896.  
\*Tilton, Chauncey B., Deerfield, 1874.  
\*Wait, Thomas, Greenfield, 1870.  
\*Ware, Frances Stebbins, Deerfield, 1870.  
\*Warner, Whitney L., Sunderland, 1873.  
Watson, Charles Herbert, Boston, 1900.  
\*John P., Leverett, 1872.  
\*Wells, Curtis B., Springfield, 1871.  
\*Elisha, Deerfield, 1871.  
\*Wells, George M., Deerfield, 1870.  
\*Henry, Shelburne, 1880.  
Laura Baker, Deerfield, 1900.  
\*Samuel F., Deerfield, 1870.  
\*Wentworth, Mary P., Deerfield, 1896.  
\*White, Joseph, Williamstown, 1880.  
Salome Elizabeth, Brooklyn, N. Y., 1886.  
Whiting, Julia Draper, Deerfield, 1901.  
Margaret Christine, Deerfield, 1904.  
\*Whitney, James S., Brookline, 1872.  
Laurinda C., Brookline, 1872.  
\*Williams, Almon C., Deerfield, 1885.  
Arthur, Brookline, 1881.  
Charles E., Deerfield, 1878.  
\*Electa Lucilla, Deerfield, 1885.  
Philomela Arms, Deerfield, 1903  
Sophronia Reed, Chicago, Ill., 1882.  
Wing, Albert L., Greenfield, 1904.  
\*Wright, Luke, Deerfield, 1870.  
\*William Westwood, Geneva, N. Y., 1880.  
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\*Yale, Catherine Brooks, Deerfield, 1888.



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